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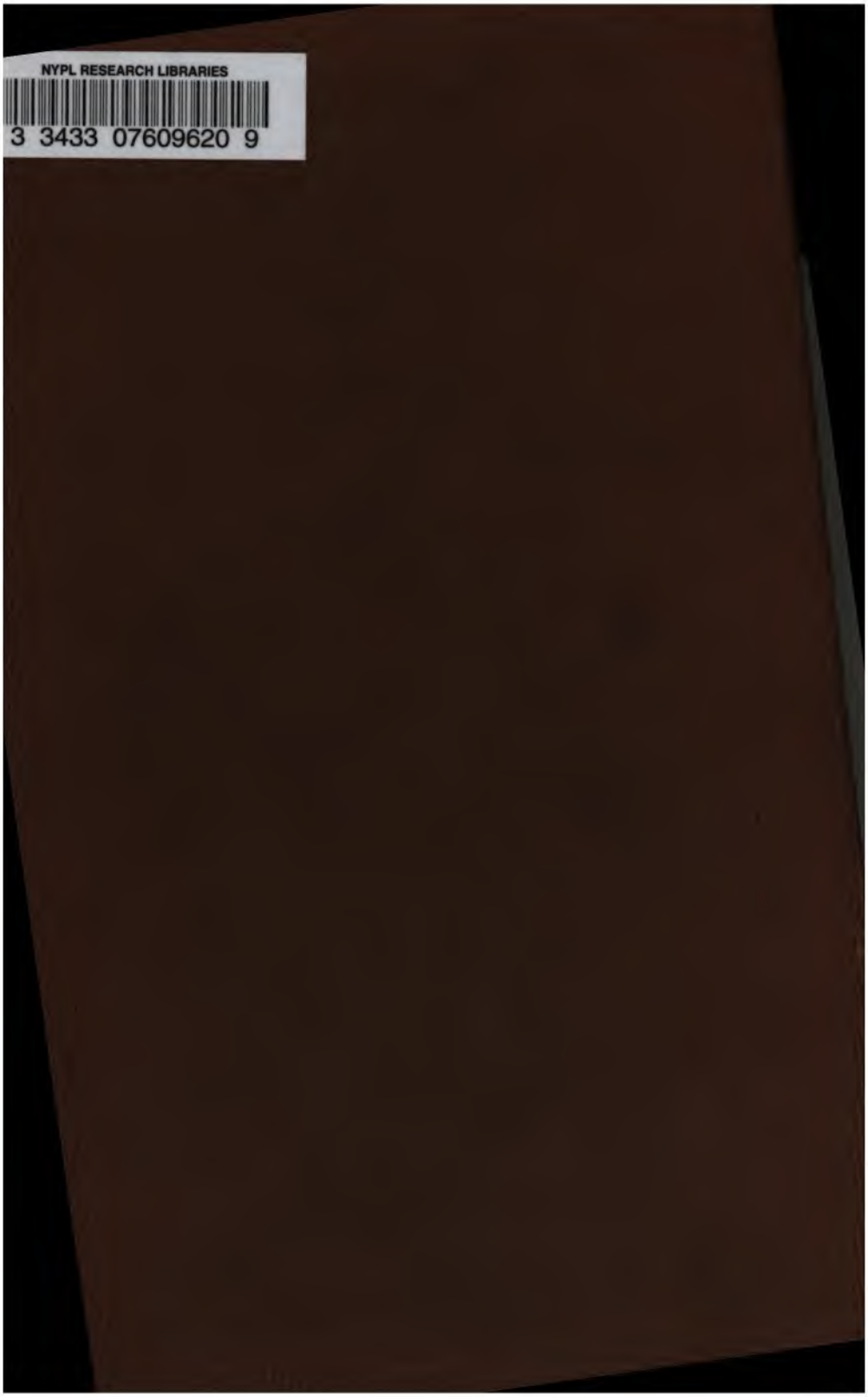
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Swift

SWIFT'S WORKS,

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES.

1808.

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.

WITH

Notes, Historical and Critical.

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CORRECTED AND REVISED BY

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POEMS

BY

DR. SWIFT.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who wont to weed the court of Gosford knight;*
While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots,
That rais'd between the stones their daily shoots;
As at their work they sate in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly-flowing strain,
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than strongest weeds that grow these stones betwixt:
My spud these nettles from the stones can part;
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

* Sir Arthur Acheson.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faster grows,
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again; but, O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake:
(I spare the thistles for sir Arthur's * sake)
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rushy mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside;
Nor need I blush; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug:
A longer ha'p'orth † never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry door this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt:
Dennis ‡ was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

* Who was a great lover of Scotland. F.
† Halfpennyworth. F. ‡ Sir Arthur's butler. F.

DERMOT.

DERMOT.

When you saw Tady at long bullets play,
You sate and lous'd him all a sunshine day:
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lice as his between your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch;
Dermot, how could you touch these nasty sluts?
I almost wished this spud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Oonah once I kiss'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold;
Him on my lap you never more shall see;
Or may I lose my weeding knife—and thee!

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues * to bear thee dry to mass!
But see, where Norah with the sowins † comes—
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

* Shoes with flat low heels. F. † A sort of flummery. F.

ON THE

FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HOLE,*

WITH THE DOCTOR † AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. The Ladies treated the Doctor.

SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY. 1728.

FAIR ladies, number five,
Who, in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
To feast on ale and steaks;

While he sits by a grinning,
To see you safe in Sot's hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole;

Alas! I never thought,
A priest would please your palate;
Besides, I'll hold a groat,
He'll put you in a ballad;

Where I shall see your faces
On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like Graces,
Than Venus like an owl.

* An alehouse in Dublin famous for beef-steaks. F.
† Dr. Thomas Sheridan. F.

And

And we shall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe,
To think, such ladies fine
Should be reduc'd so low,
To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parson cheated!
Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits choose gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
With fantail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z—ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knock the doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
Egad! I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch;*
And at the Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
I'll treat you with burgundy.

* Dr. Sheridan was a schoolmaster. F.

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BEAU.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD.

YOU little scribbling beau,
What demon made you write?
Because to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment so scurvy,
I wish we had you here;
We'd turn you topsyturvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we chose;
We're sure a single parson
Is worth a hundred beaux.

And you would make us vassals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To silver clocks and tassels;
You would, you Thing of Things!

Because around your cane
A ring of diamonds is set;
And you, in some by lane,
Have gain'd a paltry grisette:

Shall we, of sense refin'd,
Your trifling nonsense bear,
As noisy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

We

We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and swear 'tis true,
There's more in one child's rattle,
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY

TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

WHY, how now dapper black,
I smell your gown and cassock,
As strong upon your back,
As Tisdal * smells of a sock.

To write such scurvy stuff!
Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine ladies, when they write,
Nor scold, nor keep a splutter:
Their verses give delight,
As soft and sweet as butter.

But Satan never saw
Such haggard lines as these:
They stick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk cheese.

* A clergyman in the North of Ireland, who had made proposals of marriage to Stella. F.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY. 1728.

SIR, 'twas a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal--
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a womanhater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs! remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here several verses are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The journal of a modern dame,
Is, by my promise, what you claim.

My

My word is past, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors say not quite so soon)
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks, if it be time to rise;
Of headach and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her nightgown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to-day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card!
Four matadores, and lose codille!
Depend upon't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says, his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?"—"First, show him up."

"Your

"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*
And, madam, there's my lady Spade
Has sent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what she won;
And has she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down these ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals:
I thank my stars, they all are light;
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill-success repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She slipt spadillo in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
"Observe this pattern; there's a stuff;
I can have customers enough.
Dear madam, you are grown so hard—
This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan."
This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."

She

She answers, in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back a while:
I never can have time to dress,
No woman breathing takes up less;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day—
But really 'tis my spouse's way!
He's so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends:
I wish ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit!
But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her evening tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty with blushing face;
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal, ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;

Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
A hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
A hundred thousand were too few?
Or how should I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their inuendoes, hints, and slanders,
Their meaning lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general scandal charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I;
I must conceal my author's name:
But now, 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes;
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says,
That Florimel wears iron stays:

Chloe,

Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women should be such coquettes:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence:
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lapdog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
Not schoolboys at a barring out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election ale.
Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down:
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.

But

But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits:
"And was not Tom this morning sent?
I'd lay my life he never went:
Past six, and not a living soul!
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen!
How shall we pass the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops:
This head of mine, lord, how it swims!
And such a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap"—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run, and light the ladies up:
It must be one before we sup."
The table, cards, and counters, set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit-up all night;
"Whoever comes, I'm not within."—
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.
How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;

With

With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see spadillo rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red;
In ready counter's never pays,
But pawns her snuff box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays;
Your fan a moment, if you please.
Stand farther, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
"Lord! madam, you have lost codille:
I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you that threw the game away:
When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore;
I saw you touch your wedding ring
Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you mean to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
"That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."

"And

"And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five you scor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I guess'd the hand; it seldom fails:
I wish some folks would pair their nails."
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form:
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.
The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat,
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
"A frosty morn—past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But, first, the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears,
(Who now again quadrille forswears)
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX * AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. I OWN, 'tis not my bread and butter
But prithee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to Hell the jacobites?
When if you search the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the priests and friars—
T. 'Twixt you and me, G--d d—n the liars!
M. The tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
T. G—d d—n the liars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aside.*
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish up
As popish craft? did he not rail on't?
Show fire and faggot in the tail on't?
Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?

* A fictitious name. See the history of this poem in the Intelligencer, No VIII. F.

M. These wrangling jars of whig and tory,
Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Marall,* gaping on,
Not minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under,
Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian,
Thersites (he was your relation,)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and jacobites, and treason,
Thy busy never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side, so d—n'd a nuisance,

* A character in one of Dryden's comedies. H.

That,

That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the Devil drove, they fly.
T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours; but, d—n my blood!
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious:*
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me the statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The tories' terror, scourge and flail.
M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The tories! you are their delight;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim you have a taste I know,
And often see a puppetshow:
Observe the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the scene;
But, when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How Solomon decides the cause,

* King William III. H.

Which the true mother, which pretender;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the stage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to stir their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again:
O what a pleasure mixt with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the stage:
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap:
The duke of Lorraine drew his sword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And sells the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the dragon;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his nose;
The reason why, no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him if they could;
While, teasing all, by all he's teas'd,
How well are the spectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd and plague the rest.

Thus,

Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppetshows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound;
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers on, the tories,
You still divert with merry stories;
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If tories must have all the sport,
I fear you you'll be disgrac'd at court.
T. Got? D—n my blood! I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—
Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the tories Jacks,
And sons of whores—behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,

Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,
And fret the tories' soul to death,
I did but lose my precious breath;
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Consume my vitals! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a passing by!"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred?
Will none of the tory dogs pursue,
When through the streets I cry halloo?
Must all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds!
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And, when I roar, "a plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualify'd to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy?
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town!
Or, blest with such engaging parts
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts!

Thy

Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:
Your parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;
I wish they had been well apply'd,
But now observe my council, *(viz.)*
Adapt your habit to your phyz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says, *optat ephippia*;
(There's Latin too, that you may see
How much improved by Dr.———)
I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry;
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair:
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal, and so curl'd;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know;
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, you keep the rear;
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;

Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine;
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air:
Some teach us in these dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro:
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonnyclabber;
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human kind;
The various scenes of mortal life;
Who beats her husband, who his wife:
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.

One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;
One shows how bravely Audouin dy'd,
And at the gallows all deny'd;
How by the almanack 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time so long mispent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debas'd my mind:
I give myself entire to you:
G—d d—n the whigs and tories too!

TIM* AND THE FABLES.

MY meaning will be best unravell'd,
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The monkey who had seen the world:
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)

* See an account of Tim in "The Intelligencer," No. X. F.

The

The monkey was completely drest,
The beau in all his airs exprest.
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in't,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Just as they look'd in the original.
"By —," says Tim, and let a f—t,
"This graver understood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
I well remember, when I sad for't.
My very face, at first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written.
The merry tale, with moral grave,
He now began to storm and rave:
"The cursed villain! now I see
This was a libel meant at me:
These scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such jacobites as he deserve—
D—n me! I say, they ought to starve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

TOM and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.

Dick

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the best at farting.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was best at borees;
Tom would pray for every whig,
And Dick curse all the tories.

Dick would make a woful noise,
And scold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the black-guard boys,
And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly skipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
But Dick could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd physician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealouss noes and ays
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK, A MAGGOT.

As when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hasel snout:
So when the grandson of his grandsire
Forth issuing wriggling, Dick Drawcansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal:
For, as he shakes his wainscot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phyz in show,
Like a fresh t—d just dropt on snow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

Foulest brute that stinks below,
Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For would'st thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year.

Fresh

Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow
Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that locks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out:
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout.
So t—ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body's clothed like thy soul:
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As shrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart I fear
Thou would'st be pelted worse than they're.

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just,
That thou should'st take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries, "Dust to carry out?"

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules.
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C——,
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise,
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of idiots roaring to the boys;
To better judgment still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in;
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.
But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scours the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare,
He'd have them try'd at the assizes
For priests and jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And listing troops for the pretender.
But Dick can f—t, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by the ears,
Next moment in the house of peers;
Now scolding at my lady Eustace,
Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.

Presto!

Presto! be gone! with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the antichamber thrusting
His nose to get the circle just in,
And d—ns his blood, that in the rear
He sees one single tory there:
Then, woe be to my lord lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.

EPITAPH,

ON GENERAL GORGES,* AND LADY MEATH.†

UNDER this stone lies Dick and Dolly.
Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear:
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a year;
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms cross'd;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he lost;
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cried:
To live without both full three days he tried;
But liked neither loss, and so quietly died.

* Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath. F.

† Dorothy, dowager of Edward, earl of Meath. She was married to the general in 1716; and died April 10, 1728. Her husband survived her but two days. F.

Dick

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt water;
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

Meath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so late;
The son laughs, that got the hard-gotten estate;
And Cuffe* grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest——*sic transit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY latest tribute here I send,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I consign you down to fame
A character to praise or blame:
And if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due.
Give future time the satisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,

ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass,
That you, who know music no more than an ass;

* John Cuffe, of Desart, esq. married the general's eldest daughter. F.

That

That you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and scrapers?
To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true protestant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,
Will sure the pretender and popery bring in.
No protestant prelate, his lordship or grace,
Durst there show his right or most reverend face:
How would it pollute their crosiers and rochets!
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets.

[*The rest is wanting.*]

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD

ON BALLYSPELLIN.* 1728.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you've been
A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
When she's at Ballyspellin.

* A famous spa in the county of Kilkenny, where the doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite lady. ANDERSON.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyspellin.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As Rose, or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at Ballyspellin.

We men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling:
The reason's plain; the ladies reign,
They're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream, which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in,
With so much grace, I'm sure no place
Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politics, no subtle tricks,
No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puft with wind,
Do all come here pellmell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyspellin.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
No sextons here are knelling:
Come, judge and try, you'll never die,
But live at Ballyspellin.

Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyspellin.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's sake,
All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unless I should bring Hell in;
But, since I'm here to Heaven so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin!

ANSWER.* BY DR. SWIFT.

DARE you dispute, you saucy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise,
You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you flounce, I here pronounce,
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and sours the blood
When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they went,
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honest doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling:
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
You met at Ballyspellin.

* This answer was resented by Dr. Sheridan as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the spa. ANDERSON.

Our

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowins make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript,
To wash herself our well in,
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear;
Of Holland not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling;
Because he gets a few grisettes
At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the Bell inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
She came from Enniskellin:
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles of Ballyspellin.

How would you stare, to see her there,
The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now, as I live, I would not give
A stiver or a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good cudgélling:
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
To force in Ballyspellin.

PARODY

ON A CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY.

WRITTEN IN LATIN BY HIMSELF.*

THE very reverend dean Smedley,
Of dulness, pride, conceit, a medley,

Was

*INSCRIPTION,

BY DEAN SMEDLEY. 1729.

Reverendus Decanus, JONATHAN SMEDLEY,
Theologia instructus, in Poesi exercitatus,
Politioribus excultus literis;
Parce pius, impius minime;
Veritatis Indagator, Libertatis Assertor;
Subsannatus multis, fastiditus quibusdam,
Exoptatus plurimis, omnibus amicus,
Auctor hujus sententiæ, PATRES SUNT VETULÆ.
Per laudem et vituperium, per famam atque infamiam;
Utramque fortunam, variosque expertus casus,
Mente sana, sano corpore, volens, lætusque,

Lustris

Was equally allow'd to shine
As poet, scholar, and divine;
With godliness could well dispense,
Would be a rake, but wanted sense;
Would strictly after Truth inquire,
Because he dreaded to come nigh her.
For Liberty no champion bolder,
He hated bailiffs at his shoulder.
To half the world a standing jest,
A perfect nuisance to the rest;
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the best wishes they could give him.
To all mankind a constant friend,
Provided they had cash to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a laconic sentence,
By cutting of his phrase, and trimming,
To prove that bishops were old women.
Poor Envy durst not show her phiz,
She was so terrified at his.
He waded, without any shame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every sharping trick for bread,
And after all he seldom sped.
When Fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the dice:

Lustris plus quam XI numeratis,
Ad rem familiarem restaurandam augendamque,
Et ad Evangelium Indos inter Orientales prædicandum,
Grevæ, idibus Februarii, navem ascendens,
Arcemque *Sancti* petens *Georgii*, vernale per æquinoxium,
Anno Æræ Christianæ MDCCXXVIII,
Transfretavit,
Fata vocant—revocentque precamur.

But, if she turn'd against his play,
He knew to stop *à quatre trois.*
Now sound in mind, and sound in *corpus.*
(Says he) though swell'd like any porpoise,
He hies from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he sinks a score)
To the East Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchase an estate;
Where, after he has fill'd his chest,
He'll mount his tub, and preach his best,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next.
Lest that the reader should not know
The bank where last he set his toe,
'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ship,
And gave his creditors the slip.
But lest chronology should vary,
Upon the ides of February,
In seventeen hundred eight and twenty,
To Fort St. George a pedlar went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is spent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

PAULUS: AN EPIGRAM.

BY MR. LINDSAY.*

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

"A SLAVE to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's heats,
In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;
While smiling Nature, in her best attire,
Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
Can he, who knows that real good should please,
Barter for gold his liberty and ease?"—
Thus Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
Forgets the sun, and dozes on the laws.

THE ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

LINDSAY mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right.
Then, why these quarrels to the sun,
Without whose aid you're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
Did Paulus e'er the sun forget;

* A polite and elegant scholar; at that time an eminent pleader at the bar in Dublin, and afterward advanced to be one of the justices of the common pleas. H.

The

The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unsavoury steams?
The sun, you say, his face has kiss'd:
It has; but then it greas'd his fist.
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inspiring poets' brains
With pennyless and starveling strains;
Not for his boasted healing art;
Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more substantial cause—
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grandam Earth;
By Phœbus first produc'd to light:
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright:
Then offer'd at the shrine of Justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees.
Nor, when we see Astræa stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she has in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests' the lawyers' gold.
Now, should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At least, that such complaints are wise:

'Tis

'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, since the truth must needs be stretched
To prove that lawyers are so wretched;
This paradox I'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindsay's sake;
By topics, which, though I abomine 'em,
May serve as argument *ad hominem:*
Yet I disdain to offer those
Made use of by detracting foes.
I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs:
I own, his conscience always free,
(Provided he has got his fee)
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no sin.
Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always overwitted.
And though the Gospel seems to say,
What heavy burdens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to their labour,
Always for saving their own bacon;
No doubt, the text is here mistaken:
The copy's false, the sense is rack'd:
To prove it I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonstration show
What burdens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And cropsick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine;

Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag:
Then, from the bar, harangues the bench,
In English vile and viler French,
And Latin, vilest of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuse,
With periods long, in terms abstruse!
What pains he takes to be prolix!
A thousand lines to stand for six!
Of common sense without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge:
And, what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse:
While he at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country mansion down;
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despises rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains sides.
Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on,
To state this question *pro* and *con*.
My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they jump,
To be but rascals in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;

Well

Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And in his client's just defence,
Must deviate oft from common sense;
And make his ignorance discerned,
To get the name of council learned
(As *lucus* comes *a non lucendo,*)
And wisely do as other men do:
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit;
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard, where dulness overrules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man, who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue at discretion,
To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly save your stake;
And will you venture both anew,
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish, praters;
For, as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who scrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pokets pick'd;
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd;

Disclaim

Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense;
And join'd in friendship with a strict tye,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe.*

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN AN EMINENT LAWYER,† AND DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK II. SATIRE I.

"Sunt quibus in Satirâ," &c.

WRITTEN BY MR. LINDSAY, IN 1729.

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are persons who complain
There's too much satire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters:
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expose
Either in verse or humourous prose;
And to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleas'd to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,

* Richard Tighe, esq. a privy counsellor, and member of the Irish parliament. He incurred the displeasure of the Dean, who took several opportunities to censure him. N.

† Mr. Lindsay. F.

Your

Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Christian folks;
Or, if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
Take subjects safer for your wit
Than those on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing sect;
Assert that Hyde, in writing story,
Shows all the malice of a tory;
While Burnet, in his deathless page,
Discovers freedom without rage.
To Woolston recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chains which fetter freeborn minds;
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Must I commend against my conscience
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense;
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wisdom Fate,
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That Force free Virtue should enthrall?
Or shall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muses' bower?

LAWYER.

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow:
"Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive and dead;
And such as know what Greece has writ,
Must taste your irony and wit;
While most that are, or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate;
And you on Drapier's hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 1729.

AN ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice, which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupifying draughts:
I found my head began to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow, it dy'd in flame.

ON PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER.* 1729.

AS a thorn bush, or oaken bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,
Above the door, on country fair,
Betokens entertainment there;
So bays on poets' brows have been
Set, for a sign of wit within.
And, as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an alehouse bush for spite;
The laurel so, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which tears
Those sacred leaves that lightning spares.
And now t'exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
(Which, measur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,
A trophy, on his temple-side)
Paddy repin'd to see him wear
This badge of honour in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,

* Dr. Sheridan was publisher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper, written principally by himself; but Dr. Swift occasionally supplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation those papers received, attacked them violently both in conversation and in print; but unfortunately stumbled on some of the numbers which the Dean had written, and all the world admired; which gave rise to these verses. H.

Forming his Muse by Smedley's * model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
Hums like a hornet at his nose.
At length presumes to vent his satire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The eagle in the tale, ye know,
Teas'd by a buzzing wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to rest
Securely in the thunderer's breast:
In vain; even there, to spoil his nod,
The spiteful insect stung the god.

AN EPISTLE TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY, 1729.

"Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
Propter quod, vulgus, crassaque turba rogat."

MART. Epig. lib. ix.

THOU wise and learned ruler of our isle,
Whose guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
When next your generous soul shall condescend
T'instruct or entertain your humble friend;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On some high theme you learnedly enlarge;
Of all the ways of wisdom reason well,
How Richlieu rose and how Sejanus fell:

* See p. 38. N.

Or,

Or, when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and some delighted friends;
When, mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,
Like that your wit shall flow, your genius shine;
Nor with less praise the conversation guide,
Than in the public councils you decide:
Or when the Dean, long privileg'd to rail,
Asserts his friend with more impetuous zeal;
You hear (whilst I sit by abash'd and mute)
With soft concessions short'ning the dispute;
Then close with kind inquiries of my state,
" How are your tithes, and have they rose of late?
Why, Christ Church is a pretty situation,
There are not many better in the nation!
This, with your other things, must yield you clear
Some six—at least five hundred pounds a year."
Suppose, at such a time, I took the freedom
To speak these truths as plainly as you read 'em:
You shall rejoin, my Lord, when I've replied,
And, if you please, my Lady shall decide:
" My Lord, I'm satisfied you meant me well:
And that I'm thankful, all the world can tell:
But you'll forgive me, if I own the event
Is short, is very short, of your intent:
At least, I feel some ills unfelt before,
My income less, and my expenses more."
" How, Doctor! double vicar! double rector!
A dignitary! with a city lecture!
What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what fines
—what rent!
Why, Doctor!—will you never be content?"
" Would my good Lord but cast up the account,
And see to what my revenues amount;

My titles ample; but my gain so small,
That one good vicarage is worth them all:
And very wretched sure is he, that's double
In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
Add to this crying grievance, if you please,
My horses founder'd on Fermanah ways;
Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,
Where every step endangers every bone;
And, more to raise your pity and your wonder,
Two churches—twelve Hibernian miles asunder:
With complicated cures, I labour hard in,
Beside whole summers absent from my garden!—
But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
I'd change with Charley Grattan for his school*—
What fine cascades, what vistoes, might I make,
Fixt in the centre of th' Iernian lake!
There might I sail delighted, smooth and safe,
Beneath the conduct of my good sir Ralph:†
There's not a better steerer in the realm;
I hope my Lord, you'll call him to the helm."—
"Doctor—a glorious scheme to ease your grief!
When cures are cross, a school's a sure relief.
You cannot fail of being happy there,
The lake will be the Lethe of your care:
The scheme is for your honour and your ease;
And, Doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
Meanwhile, allowing things below your merit,
Yet, Doctor, you've a philosophic spirit;
Your wants are few, and, like your income, small,
And you've enough to gratify them all:

* A freeschool at Inniskillen, founded by Erasmus Smith, esq. See Journal to Stella, March 29, 1713. N.

† Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Erin. F.

You've

You've trees, and fruits, and roots, enough in store:
And what could a philosopher have more?
You cannot wish for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"
"My Lord, I've not enough to buy me books—
Or pray, suppose my wants were all supplied,
Are there no wants I should regard beside?
Whose breast is so unmann'd, as not to grieve,
Compass'd with miseries he can't relieve?
Who can be happy—who should wish to live,
And want the godlike happiness to give?
That I'm a judge of this, you must allow:
I had it once—and I'm debarr'd it now.
Ask your own heart, my Lord; if this be true,
Then how unblest am I! how blest are you!"
"'Tis true—but, Doctor, let us wave all that—
Say, if you had your wish, what you'd be at."
"Excuse me good my Lord—I won't be sounded,
Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.
My Lord I challenge nothing as my due,
Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.
Yet this might Symmachus himself avow,
(Whose rigid rules * are antiquated now)—
My lord! I'd wish to pay the debts I owe—
I'd wish besides—to build, and to bestow."

* Symmachus bishop of Rome, 499, made a decree, that no man should solicit for ecclesiastical preferment, before the death of the incumbent. H.

AN EPISTLE.

UPON AN EPISTLE FROM A CERTAIN DOCTOR TO A CERTAIN GREAT LORD.

BEING A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR DR. DELANY.

AS Jove will not attend on less,
When things of more importance press:
You can't, grave sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low Hiberian bard,
Should cool your heels a while, and wait
Unanswer'd at your patron's gate;
And would my Lord vouchsafe to grant
This one, poor, humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his secretary,
As Falstaff acted old king Harry;
I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print;
Folks shrug, and cry, "There's nothing in't."
And, after several readings over,
It shines most in the marble cover.
How could so fine a taste dispense
With mean degrees of wit and sense?
Nor will my lord so far beguile
The wise and learned of our isle;
To make it pass upon the nation,
By dint of his sole approbation.
The task is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the sense of all mankind:
Who think your Muse must first aspire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You've cause to say he meant you well:
That you are thankful, who can tell?

For

For still you're short (which grieves your spirit)
Of his intent; you mean, your merit.
Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?
Smedley * thou Jonathan of Clogher,
"When thou thy humble lay dost offer
To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
Thy thanks and verse devoid of art:
Content with what his bounty gave,
No larger income dost thou crave."
But you must have cascades, and all
Ierne's lake, for your canal,
Your vistoes, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our speaker for your coxon:
It's pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.
How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie)
"Who only askssome pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure;
The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers:
No gay parterre with costly green
Must in the ambient hedge be seen;
But Nature freely takes her course,
Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
No sheers to check her sprouting vigour,
Or shape the yews to antic figure."

* See the Petition to the Duke of Grafton. N.

But you forsooth your all must squander
On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville, yonder:
And when you've been at vast expenses
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your assets fail, and cash is wanting;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
No wonder, when you raise and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demolish'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And set the house to Rupert Barber.
You sprang an arch which in a scurvy
Humour, you tumbled topsyturvy.
You change a circle to a square,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis?*
To fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect;
Mounts, walks, on high; and in a hollow
You place the Muses and Apollo;
There shining 'midst his train, to grace
Your whimsical poetic place.
These stories were of old design'd
As fables: but you have refin'd
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real Muses, gods, and streams.
Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,
That you're don Quixote redivivus?
Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only Winter's rain supplies.

O! couldst

O! couldst thou, by some magic spell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well!*
Here may it reassume its stream,
And take a greater Patrick's name!
If your expenses rise so high;
What income can your wants supply?
Yet still your fancy you inherit
A fund of such superior merit,
That you can't fail of more provision,
All by my lady's kind decision.
For, the more livings you can fish up,
You think you'll sooner be a bishop:
That could not be my lord's intent,
Nor can it answer the event.
Most think what has been heap'd on you
To other sort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your flim-flams,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.
Though now your depth must not be sounded,
The time was, when you'd have compounded
For less than Charley Grattan's school!
Five hundred pound a year's no fool!
Take this advice then from your friend,
To your ambition put an end.
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you build and you bestow.
Be modest; nor address your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.
A passage may be found,† I've heard,
In some old Greek or Latian bard,

* See the verses on the sudden drying up of St. Partrick's Well, Vol. XVI. p. 396. N.

† Hor. lib. 1. ep. xvii.

Which says, "Would crows in silence eat
Their offals, or their better meat,
Their generous feeders not provoking
By loud and unharmonious croaking,
They might unhurt by Envy's claws,
Live on, and stuff to boot their maws."

A LIBEL

ON THE REVEREND DR. DELANY, AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the great
Choose for companions *tête-à-tête*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his lordship was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke;
And how you laugh'd at every joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man;
That you and he are cup and can:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.
Suppose my lord and you alone;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now:
Or, mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with "Name your toast:"
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.

For,

For, as their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit, are but a kind
Of panders to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, shall you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,
And dissappoint the sole design,
For which he summon'd you to dine.
Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later scene,
Took proper principles to thrive:
And so might every dunce alive.*

* This picture is unfair and overcharged; for the honour of Government, Congreve had several good places conferred on him, and, in the latter part of his days, enjoyed an affluent fortune; but it was when he had disclaimed authorship, and chose to be considered as a private gentleman, as he told Voltaire. H.

Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.
Thus Gay, the hare with many friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends:
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth:*
Who paid his courtship with the crowd,
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.
Thus Addison, by lords carest,
Was left in foreign lands distrest;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a squire:
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To business shap'd the poet's quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit:

* William duke of Cumberland, son to George II. H.

His

His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.
  True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play:
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forg'd up in colleges and schools.
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You show your skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage whig and tory:
You, as a critic, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
  Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and show your wit;
To snuff the lights and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension?
He overpays in condescension.
  But, reverend doctor, you we know
Could never condescend so low;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;

Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.
This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And show us England is our master:
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
The offals of a church distrest;
A hungry vicarage at best;
Or some remote inferior post,
With forty pounds a year at most?
But here again you interpose—
Your favourite lord is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations,
And characters to dedications:
For, keep him in, or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt;
His learning, though a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it Philips writ.
I own, he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place;
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
Betwixt a true and spurious merit;

Can

Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the most that friendship can;
I hate the viceroy, love the man.
  But you, who, till your fortune's made,
Must be a sweetener by your trade,
Should swear he never meant us ill;
We suffer sore against his will;
That, if we could but see his heart,
He would have chose a milder part:
We rather should lament his case,
Who must obey, or lose his place.*
  Since this reflection slipt your pen,
Insert it when you write again;
And, to illustrate it, produce
This simile for his excuse:
  "So to destroy a guilty land
An *angel sent by Heaven's command,
While he obeys almighty will,
Perhaps may feel compassion still;
And wish the task had been assign'd
To spirits of less gentle kind."
  But I, in politics grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state;
Who look on courts with stricter eyes
To see the seeds of vice arise;
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though flattering knaves may call it bitter;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would show you many a statesman's face:

* "So when an angel by divine command," &c.
ADDISON's Campaign.

Fresh

Fresh from the tripod of Apollo,
I had it in the words that follow;
Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his excellence:
" So, to effect his monarch's ends,
From Hell a viceroy devil ascends;
His budget with corruptions cramm'd,
The contributions of the damn'd;
Which with unsparing hand he strows
Through courts and senates as he goes;
And then at Beelzebub's black hall,
Complains his budget was too small."
Your simile may better shine
In verse, but there is truth in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And statesmen, by ten thousand odds,
Are angels, just as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

" —— Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi." Juv.

AS some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,

Till

Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops.
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print you see him dread
Each popgun levell'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is destin'd to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
Concluding, that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

Though splendor gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows in the dark,
Yet, in yourself when smooth and round,
They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,
How pain they might from pleasure part:
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail;
Thus fame and censure, with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd,
To pay the penalty annex'd?

DISCARDED

'Tis eminence makes envy rise:
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
You say, the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish senate's praises sing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions how they weed 'em;
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots, up to shoeboys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
How oft am I for rhyme to seek!
To dress a thought, may toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
While every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.

How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.
A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes,
Point out the surest men to rise;
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob;
Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
Than suffer men of parts to rise;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight;
For, as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers,
Prononnce all men of wit freethinkers.
Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times;
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
For though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:

By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate:
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For afterbirth a sooterkin;
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue;
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muse's fame;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite?
Show me the same numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yesterday:

You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poet's nest;
What spunging house, in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.
Suppose you have them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.
You have been libell'd—Let us know,
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise:
And praise bestow'd in Grub-street rhymes,
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 1729.

TO form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best:
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Because they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his son:
But this I think will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire;
For Jove, as every schoolboy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose;
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a Heathen.
Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.

Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s.

Behold

Behold his glittering faulchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow;
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milkwhite steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches:
As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire.
Then from his arms hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard bowls:
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along
Made trebly-dreadful in your song.
Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus has lock'd his temple door;
Though not a coffeehouse we read in
Has mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy headful:
For, must thy hero not be dreadful?
Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can shine both day and night.

The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Pœbus Royal, every day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.
  Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
"How from his altitude he stoops
To raise up Virtue when she droops;
On Learning how his bounty flows,
And with what justice he bestows:
Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
Be witness if I tell a flam,
What prodigies in arts we drain,
From both your streams, in George's reign.
As from the flowery bed of Nile"—
But here's enough to show your style.
Broad inuendoes, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss:
For, when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt and cover marbled)
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay so well,
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
  Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea; you see him ride in't;
And, if provok'd, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.

He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them,
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white:
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satiric wit.
But you some white-lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your interest lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn;
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes:
For princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero must be told,

In

In him such virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false, and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of Gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal snout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdu'd;
O, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.—
Of Gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.
Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed:
First of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The Graces, and their mistress Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great grandam:
Six thousand years has liv'd the Goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Besides your songsters oft have shown
That she has Graces of her own:
Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Just three, and every Grace a daughter;

Here

Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their English German cousins:
Beside a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre, all her own;
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light;
And only with her brother linkt
Can shine, without him is extinct.
But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And sees a son in every God,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.
Now sing his little highness Freddy,
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede!
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.
But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little duke behind;

A Cupid

A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants, to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lillyput:
A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough;
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.
Hail queen of Britain, queen of rhymes!
Be sung ten hundred thousand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew
If their own happiness they knew:
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young!—in song.

What

What though the royal carcase must,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust;
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And Patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul:
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late.
When he goes out, you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown;
Or, whom you once sang up sing down.
Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport;

For, since they talk'd with doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That sound divine the truth has spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold, or meanings double.
Supposing now your song is done,
To mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune:
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

BOUTS RIMÉZ.*

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

OUR schoolmaster may rave i' th' fit
Of classic beauty *hæc & illa*,
Not all his birch inspires such wit
As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

* Rhimes disposed in order, which are given to a poet, together with a subject, on which he is obliged to make verses, using the same words, and in the same order. The extravagance of a poet, named du Lot, gave occasion to this invention, about the year 1649. The most odd, out of the way rhimes were chosen; and every one endeavoured to fill them up as exactly as possible.—Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, No. 60, adduces them as an instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French; and observes, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Mr. Sarasin, in "La Defaite des Bouts Riméz." W. B.

Let

Let nobles toast, in bright champaign,
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar, or sars'parilla.

At Goodman's Fields I've much admired
The postures strange of monsieur Brilla;
But what are they to the soft step,
The gliding air, of Domitilla?

Virgil has eternized in song
The flying footsteps of Camilla:
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
He might have dream'd of Domitilla.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla:
And deuce take London! if some knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla.

Wheeler, sir George, in travels wise,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But O! the empress has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Piled on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd let
To verse—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
To the fair sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th' snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNIES, UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

NOW the active young attornies
Briskly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horses of their clients;
Like so many little Mars's
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen hilted, lately burnish'd,
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey coats complete,
And with boots so very greasy,
And with saddles eke so easy,
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day,
Bridles destin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, sir,
And with powder'd caps and whigs, sir,
And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambric ruffles not their own;
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,
Shirts bewrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters.
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies,

And

And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—*
And with very little pence,
And as very little sense;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler;
From the vintner and the tailor,
Like the felon from the jailor;
Into this and t' other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder all to pillage:
Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
Thorough stinking lanes and alleys,
Some to — kiss with farmers spouses,
And make merry in their houses;
Some to tumble country wenches
On their rushy beds and benches;
And if they begin a fray,
Draw their swords, and —— run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot,
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to sup their porridge,
And vacation's over—then,
Hey, for London town again.

* A cant word for pawning. H.

THE PUPPETSHOW.

THE life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a puppetshow invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worship was to puppets paid;
In antic dress the idol stood,
And priest and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in timber foolish man,
And consecrate the block to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might rise from human forms;
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man's a blockhead, have confest:
Powel * and Stretch * the hint pursue;
Life is a farce, the world a jest.

* Two famous puppetshow-men.—In the year 1715 was published, "A second Tale of a Tub; or, the History of Robert Powel, the Puppetshow-man," written by Thomas Burnet, esq. youngest son to bishop Burnet: who was bred to the law, and, beside the piece here mentioned, was the author of many other political pamphlets against the ministry of the four last years of queen Anne, for some of which he was taken into custody by the messengers; and was suspected of being one of the Mohocks that attacked young Davenant. See Journal to Stella, March 8, 1711-12. N.

The

The same great truth South Sea has prov'd
On that fam'd theatre, the alley;
Where thousands, by directors mov'd,
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now;
The former was buffoon above,
The latter as a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age,
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators rang'd in state,
Are oft but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue,
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
Thy image shalt preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a farce in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor pedantry for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
And shows some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confest the greater fool.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR MALT-HOUSE.

1729.

THUS spoke to my lady the knight * full of care,
" Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn,† while it sticks in my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack ‡ or malthouse, we now must consider.

First, let me suppose I make it a malthouse,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us:
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year;
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sir-loin.

* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written. F.

† A large old house, two miles from sir Arthur's seat. F.

‡ The army in Ireland was lodged in strong buildings, called barracks, which have lately been introduced into this country likewise. H.

If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
Thus ended the knight; thus began his meek wife:
"It must, and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes
But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull rums.*
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah,† who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be drest,
Cry'd, "Madam, why surely my master's possest.
Sir Arthur the malster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. F.

† My lady's waiting woman. F.

But,

But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.*
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
"Dear madam, had you but the spirit to teaze,
You might have a barrack whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this to be sure sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
"Now see, when they meet how their honours behave;
'Noble captain, your servant'—'Sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much'—'The honour is mine.'—
'Twas a sad rainy night'—'But the morning is fine.'

* Two of sir Arthur's managers. F.

'Pray, how does my lady?'—'My wife's at your service.'—
'I think I have seen her picture by Jervas."—
'Goodmorrow, good captain.'—'I'll wait on you down.'—
'You sha'nt stir a foot.'—'You'll think me a clown.'—
'For all the world captain.'—'Not half an inch farther.'—
'You must be obey'd!'—'Your servant, sir Arthur!
My humble respects to my lady unknown.'—
'I hope you will use my house as your own.'
"Go bring me my smock and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
"Pray madam be quiet: what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day, to be sure, the captain will come,
At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettledrum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow.
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys holla.
See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace:
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:

At

At last comes the troop, by word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries,
STAND!
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen.
The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle.)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it has spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin;
Pray, captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.
The captain salutes you with congée profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.
Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us,
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us,
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to day:
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year;
If I had expected so worthy a guest—'
'Lord! madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, madam; the kingdom must grant—'
'You officers, captain, are so complaisant!'

"Hist,

"Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming"—
No, madam: 'tis only sir Arthur a-humming.
To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The dean and the doctor * have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose,
To peep at the captain in all his fine *clo'es.*
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;
And, 'madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose:
But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
G—d d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s! by their looks they never keep Lent:
Mister curate, for all your grave looks I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band,'
(For the dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the captain suppos'd he was curate to Jinny)

* Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood. F.

'When-

'Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G—d d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;
A *scholard*, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose;
Your Noveds,* and Bluturks, and Omurs, and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation:
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me.
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life:
So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.'
"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers. F.

So

So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the dean,
As who should say, 'Now, am I skinny * and lean?
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your ladyship walk?"
Her ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cry'd, "Hussy, why sure the wench is gone mad!
How could these chimeras get into your brains?—
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter I charge ye:
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

* Nicknames for my lady. F.

DRAPIER'S-HILL.

1730.

WE give the world to understand,
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land;
A purchase, which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a year;
Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound:
And, from his endless hoarded store,
To build a house, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur too shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's Hill:
That, when a nation, long enslav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was sav'd;
When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs * are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper,
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In spite of envy, flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

* Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier. F.

THE DEAN'S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount:
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself, I find,
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
No fault of mine, the scheme is ended:
Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
I have a hundred causes ready:
All risen since that flattering time,
When Drapier's hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind:
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, Fields Elysian?
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?
But here my lady will object;
Your deanship ought to recollect,
That, near the knight of Gosford plac'd,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plumbs;

Though

Though I should see him twice a day,
And am his neighbour cross the way:
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?
Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friends withhold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold;
Their knowledge to themselves confin'd
Is the same avarice of mind;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.
But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To understand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My spirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of words intelligible;

And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust?
  Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms a union in the mind:
But here I differ from the knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting cale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding pies.
  The neighbours wonder why the knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes:
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, seated in an easy chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here Poor Pomona sits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Those thankless and officious cares
I us'd to take in friends' affairs,

From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain:
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound:
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire:
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage:
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves:
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine:
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will?

A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH.*

1730

RESOLV'D my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;

* The lady of sir Arthur Acheson. F.

But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.
Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind:
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign;
How well, to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits rais'd,
By you so oft, so highly prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To show my face with scornful air;
Let others match it, if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard, who humbly deigns to choose
Me for the subject of his Muse!
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.
My heart with emulation burns
To make you suitable returns:
My gratitude the world shall know:
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A Panegyric on Dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter still,
"By lady Anne of Market-hill!"
I thus begin: My grateful Muse
Salutes the Dean in different views;

Dean,

Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
Robert and Darby's * coadjutor;
And, as you in commission sit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit;†
In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And first as Dean:
Envy must own, you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give dean Daniel place.
In you such dignity appears,
So suited to your state and years!
With ladies what a strict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance!
By your example and assistance,
The fellows learn to know their distance.
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me snipe and slattern;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.
Proceed we to your preaching ‡ next;
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superior learning shines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera not so full pit
Is seen as when you mount our pulpit.
Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station,

* The names of two overseers. F.

† My lady's footman. F.

‡ The author preached but once while he was there. F.

814257 You A

You ne'er were known, by passion stirr'd,
To give the least offensive word:
But still, whene'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well become St. Patrick's Dean,
Such reverential awe express,
That cowboys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port,
As clearly shows you bred at court!
Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene.
When to the vault you walk in state,
In quality of butler's mate;
You next to Dennis * bear the sway:
To you we often trust the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart:
What pints may best for bottles pass,
Just to give every man his glass:
When proper to produce the best;
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you to steal your master's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother serving-men;

* The butler. F.

But

But that is with a good design,
To drink sir Arthur's health and mine:
Your master's honour to maintain;
And get the like returns again.
  Your usher's post must next be handled:
How blest am I by such a man led!
Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though draggled round, I scorn to fret:
From you my chamber damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.
  Now as a jester I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size;
There's none so ignorant or weak
To take offence at what you speak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his grace;
With Teague O'Murphey, or an earl;
A duchess, or a kitchen girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagan * take every joke.
  I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my tutor.
Poor I, a savage bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,

* The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill. F.

Already have improv'd so well,
That I have almost learnt to spell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me speak so fine.
How enviously the ladies look,
When they surprise me at my book!
And sure as they're alive at night
As soon as gone will show their spite:
Good lord! what can my lady mean,
Conversing with that rusty Dean!
She's grown so nice, and so penurious,
With Socrates and Epicurius!
How could she sit the livelong day,
Yet never ask us once to play?
But I admire your patience most;
That when I'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive:
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavory smelling.

Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter * never man made,
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their milk for babes of grace;
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter;
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it,†
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ache:
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.
Your reverence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the skull,
Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes. F.

† It is a common saying, when the milk burns to, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it. F.

But, squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
  But you have rais'd your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks;
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells, the he's and she's,
Here pay their vows with bended knees:
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single;
And when she feels an inward motion,
Come fill'd with reverence and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,
As who should say, to pluck a rose.
  Ye, who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!
  Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a while.

Thee

Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?
When Saturn rul'd the skies alone,
(That golden age to gold unknown)
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars smoking round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd;
And here thy daily votaries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;
Though sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink:
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower abstersive grew,
Thy favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.
But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then gluttony, with greasy paws,
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.

She

She sent her priests in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragouts;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;
And, for our homebred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caviare.
This bloated harpy, sprung from Hell,
Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First, lolling Sloth in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale Dropsy, with a sallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
And lordly Gout, wrapt up in fur:
And wheezing Asthma, loth to stir:
Voluptuous Ease, the child of wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.
None seek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But, in their cells and vaults obscene
Present a sacrifice unclean;
From whence unsavory vapours rose,
Offensive to thy nicer nose.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade.
Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches side;
When from the homeliest earthen ware
Are sent up offerings more sincere,

Than where the haughty duchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar box?
  Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,
Whose offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;
Nor seldom grace the flowery downs,
With spiral tops and copple crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
  Hither, by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread:
Here, when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here, by the sacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
  Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design:
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injur'd offering out.
  But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head:
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
  Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accosting said, "Go shake your cream.*
Be humbly minded, know your post:
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.

* In the bottle to make butter. F.

The

Thee best befits a lowly style:
Teach Dennis how to stir the guile:*
With Peggy Dixon † thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot aad spit.
Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth and pare thy nails:
At nicely carving show thy wit;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye,
And every guest be sure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
" But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his right:
And Smedley, flower of all Divines,
Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines."

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By disputing, I will never,
To convince you once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

* The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time. F.
† Mrs. Dixon, the housekeeper. F.

V. When

V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I suppose,
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X. You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs;
That with me shall break no squares.

XII. Never will I give advice,
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL.
1730.

FROM distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:
By faction banish'd, here unite,
A Dean,* a Spaniard,† and a knight;‡
Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well,
Condemn'd to live in service hard;
On either side his honour's guard:
The Dean to guard his honour's back,
Must build a castle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, sore against his will,
Must raise a fort at Market-hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and south are posted sentry;
While in his lordly castle fixt,
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches most resent,
To be his slaves, must pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
O Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
To smile on those who are least worthy:

* Dr. Swift. F.

† Col. Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain. See p. 119. N.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheson. E.

Weigh

Weigh but the merits of the three,
His slaves have ten times more than he.
Proud baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are thy services and sufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiss'd,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You lost a place and sav'd a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a year,
And fierce against the Whigs harrangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?
Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms:
Our forces let us both unite.
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's-mount descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.
New-river walk with friendly shade
Shall keep my host in ambuscade;
While you, from where the basin stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears;
Then, lest upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,

And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a stratagem contriv'd.
By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
She shall be caught as in a noose;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have power to stir an inch:
These gaudy shoes must Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;
The shoes put on, our faithful portress
Admits us in, to storm the fortress,
While tortur'd madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
Stumbling at every step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes;
Which when the brute puts aukward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.
But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault:
The valiant Dennis* you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon:†
Then, if we once can seize the key
And chest that keeps my lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion!
And, soon as we have gain'd possession,
We'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two;

* The butler. F.

† The housekeeper. F.

Then

Then (let me see) we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer * to wear his hat:
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Lesley;
But, lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should overtop her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her:
And, when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
As all your politicians wise
Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

TRAULUS. PART I.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN.†

1730.

TOM. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus ‡ mean
By bellowing thus against the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and jacobite, and libeller:

* The agent. F.
† Son of Dr. Charles Leslie. See p. 110. N.
‡ Lord Allen. F.

Yet cannot prove a single fact?
ROBIN. Forgive him, Tom: his head is crackt.
T. What mischief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?
R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.
T. Such friendship never man profess'd,
The Dean was never so caress'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.
T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence;
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside, like mad Ulysses:
While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence comes these inconsistent fits?
R. Why Tom, the man has lost his wits.
T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps,
At peoples heels with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To says he's mad will not avail;

The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus, when he first harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.
R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly tim'd,
He shot before your foes were prim'd.
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean;
By G—! I'll bring you off as clean—"*
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session:
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own, his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possest,

* This is the usual excuse of Traulus, when he abuses you to others without provocation. SWIFT.

Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture to the Devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him legion.
Of brethren he's a false accuser;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his sire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The Dean had felt their stings before;
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.
What spirit, since the world began,
Could always bear to strive with man?
Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
And soon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet still the Dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS. PART II.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed;
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
View them on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates,
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire:
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:

Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
Lastly let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the mason's side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True indeed I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive and dead descend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or imps of Hell?

ROBIN AND HARRY.* 1730.

ROBIN to beggars with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse;
And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.
Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny and God's blessing;
But, always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.
Robin from noon to night will prate,
Run out in tongue, as in estate:
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice:
He need not tell a story twice:
And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five and fifty.
It so fell out, that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean cross'd;
(All for Love, or the world well Lost!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum.
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse;
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

* Sons of Dr. Leslie. Harry was a colonel in the Spanish service. See p. 110. N.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousnnd pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If gaffer Harry would endow her;
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a mess of broth.
Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But, when espous'd he ran the fate
That must attend the married state;
From gold brocade and shining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;
Nor twice a week will shave his beard.
Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

TO BETTY THE GRISETTE.

1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the Muse forget ye:

How

How thy face charms every shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, display'd,
Envy breeds in every maid;
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny speckled pippin,
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.
And, thy beauty thus despatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply,
And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all christian folks:
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing.
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouse upper regions;
Where in eighteenpenny gallery,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be scurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raise your snout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout;
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom having humbly kist
His grisly monarch's sooty fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing since the peace
The burial article decrease,
And, vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council, Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That Death should get a numerous breed;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.
A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megara takes
A perriwig of twisted snakes;
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
(Like toupets of this upper world)
With flowers of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the sable kind
In line direct hung down behind;

The

The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, a usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
But, loth his person to expose
Bare, like a carcase pick'd by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment case.
No new flux'd rake show'd fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying in.
With snuff was fill'd his ebon box,
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops,
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!
Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane:
The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimental message sends:
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangued, and welcom'd him to town.
But Death had business to dispatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His majesty of terrors came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To visit where she sate at cards:
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps;
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen except her own:

Charm'd

Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket glass drew slily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain.
Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft a week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied these Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades:
How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and six!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are ambition's aims!
Cease, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee:
For, when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;

He

He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the suds.

DAPHNE.*

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devis'd
Surer ways to be despis'd:
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:

* Lord Orrery, in his Remarks, has given a singular representation of his interview with Daphne. The lady, it seems, was proud of her portrait as drawn by the Dean; his lordship, in his politeness, could not see the least resemblance. She still persisting, that she had rather be Daphne drawn by him, than Sacharissa by any other pencil, lord Orrery had no other way of *retrieving his error*, than by whispering in her ear, as he was conducting her down stairs to dinner, that indeed he found "her hand as dry, as cold, as lead." I appeal to all the Daphnes in both kingdoms whether his lordship might not very safely have compounded the matter, and told her, that though her hand was cold, he still believed her heart was warm; as the fruitful earth preserves its central heat, while virgin snow adorns its surface. Something of this sort might have been expected from *tam elegans formarum spectator*. W. B.

Thick

Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say:
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier:
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she's most to blame.
Send me hence ten thousand miles,
From a face that always smiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy, keep your distance:
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.
Lose not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That she'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong;
And reprove her when she's right;
She may then grow wise for spite.
No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learnt her creed:
She's too cunning and too skilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errors:

That

That looks hideous, fierce and frightful;
This is flattering and delightful:
That she throws away as foul;
Sits by this, to dress her soul.
Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you,
Heaven forbid he should despise thee!
But will never more advise thee.

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE. BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

" —Quis iniquæ
" Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?" Juv.

IN ancient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have conn'd the records right)
A Peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
His subjects with delight obey:
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold;
Fair emblem of that monarch's guise,
Whose train at once is rich and wise;
And princely rul'd he many regions,
And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.
A pheasant lord,* above the rest,
With every grace and talent blest,
Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
The sceptre of a neighbouring hill.†
No science was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own:

* Lord Carteret, lord lieutenant of Ireland. F.
† Ireland. F.

In

In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if ancient tales say true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too,
Could read and write in prose and verse,
And speak like ***, and build like Pearce.*
He knew their voices, and their wings,
Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true sublime·
Their merits he could well descry,
He had so exquisite an eye;
And when that fail'd to show them clear,
He had as exquisite an ear.
It chanc'd as on a day he stray'd,
Beneath an academic shade,
He lik'd, amidst a thousand throats,
The wildness of a Woodlark's† notes,
And search'd, and spy'd, and seiz'd his game,
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.
Here some shrewd critic finds I'm caught,
And cries out, "Better fed than taught"—
Then jests on game and tame, and reads
And jests, and so my tale proceeds.
Long had he study'd in the wood,
Conversing with thew ise and good:
His soul with harmony inspir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
His brethren's good and Maker's praise
Were all the study of his lays;

* A famous modern architect, who built the parliament house in Dublin. F.

† Dr. Delany. F.

Were

Were all his study in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the great.
His friendship was the sure resort
Of all the wretched at the court;
But chiefly merit in distress
His greatest blessing was to bless.—
This fix'd him in his patron's breast,
But fir'd with envy all the rest:
I mean that noisy craving crew,
Who round the court incessant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of sons and cousins:
"Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
To every thought of common good,
Confining every hope and care
To their own low contracted sphere."
These ran him down with ceaseless cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit supply'd
Sufficient matter to deride:
"'Tis envy's safest, surest rule,
To hide her rage in ridicule:
The vulgar eye she best beguiles,
When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles:
Sardonic smiles, by rancour rais'd!
Tormented most when seeming pleas'd!"
Their spite had more than half expir'd,
Had he not wrote what all admir'd;
What morsels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!
How had his sense and learning griev'd them,
But that his charity reliev'd them!
"At highest worth dull Malice reaches,
As slugs pollute the fairest peaches:

Enrag'd he canvasses the matter,
Exposes all their senseless chatter,
Shows him and them in such a light,
As more enflames, yet quells their spite.
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high:
Sham'd by the wisdom of his notes,
They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE

OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

IN ancient times, the wise were able
In proper terms to write a fable:
Their tales would always justly suit
The characters of every brute.
The ass was dull, the lion brave,
The stag was swift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound would scent, the wolf would prowl;
A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.
Far otherwise a great divine
Has learnt his fables to refine:
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You see him first the peacock bring,
Against all rules, to be a king;
That in his tale he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wise.

Now,

Now, pray, observe the Doctor's choice,
A peacock chose for flight and voice:
Did ever mortal see a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his singing, Doctor, you know,
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
He squalls in such a hellish noise,
He frightens all the village boys.
This peacock kept a standing force,
In regiments of foot and horse:
Had statesmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind;
And this was thought the highest post;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roast.
The Doctor names but one at present,
And he of all birds was a pheasant.
This pheasant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ;
And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he says, and I allow,
Were scholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricassees and olios:
This Pheasant, by the Peacock's will,
Was viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
And, as he wander'd in his park,
He chanc'd to spy a clergy Lark;
Was taken with his person outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d:
Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleasant,
Himself the lark, my lord the pheasant:

A lark he is, and such a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And though he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;
Though 'tis a maxim you must know,
"Who does no ill, can have no foe;"
Yet how can I express in words
The strange stupidity of birds?
This lark was hated in the wood,
Because he did his brethren good.
At last the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the Doctor by the chin:
We all can find out what he means,
The worst of disaffected deans:
Whose wit at best was next to none,
And now that little next is gone,
Against the court is always blabbing,
And calls the senate-house a cabin;
So dull, that but for spleen and spite,
We ne'er should know that he could write;
Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Because himself is not preferr'd;
His heart is through his libel seen,
Nor could his malice spare the queen:
Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.
A noble lord * has told his pranks,
And well deserves the nation's thanks.
O! would the senate deign to show
Resentment on this public foe;
Our Nightingale might fit a cage,
There let him starve, and vent his rage;

* Lord Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus. F.

Or,

Or, would they but in fetters bind,
This enemy of humankind!
Harmonious Coffee,* show thy zeal,
Thou champion for the commonweal:
Nor on a theme like this repine,
For once to wet thy pen divine:
Bestow that libeller a lash,
Who daily vends seditious trash:
Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
But in the praise of virtue is dumb:
That scribbler lash, who neither knows
The turn of verse, nor style of prose;
Whose malice, for the worst of ends,
Would have us lose our English friends;
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove send this nightingale may fall,
Who spends his day and night in gall!
So, Nightingale and Lark adieu;
I see the greatest owls in you
That ever screech'd, or ever flew.

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.

* A Dublin garreteer. F.

Her parents and her friends consent.
The couple to the temple went:
They first invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas answer'd, "She would not be seen;"
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch;
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
The wedding-day you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom, drest to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigour;
A flourish'd nightcap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face:
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start;
Scarce run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds:
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.

While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks:
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make!
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
Then, on her fingers ends, she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise;
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.
  At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening work so fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is mawkish, and his stomach gone;
In threadbare gown, would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employ her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
  Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine;

Hath

Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire, as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.
If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.
But now, tho' scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor lady Jane has thrice miscarried:
The cause, alas, is quickly guest;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime.
Already dwindled to a lath:
No other way but try the bath.

For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infus'd a strong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find:
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much against the grain,
The Dean has carry'd lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent:
His money spent! a clownish reason!
And must my lady slip her season?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.
Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise:
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft' have found one there:
Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.

He keeps his distance in the gallery
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in swarms.
O, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN * TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
(A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true English dean.
A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape,
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber and would have caress'd her;
But she valued her honour much more than her life.
She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

* "*Dublin, June* 6. The Rev. Dean Sawbridge, having surrendered himself on his indictment for a rape, was arraigned at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, and is to be tried next Monday."—London Evening Post, June 16, 1730.—"*Dublin, June* 13. The Reverend Thomas Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes, who was indicted for ravishing Susanna Runkard, and whose trial was put off for some time past, on motions of the King's Counsel on behalf of the said Susanna, was yesterday tried in the Court of King's Bench, and acquitted. It is reported, that the Dean intends to indict her for perjury, he being in the county of Wexford when she swore the rape was committed against her in the city of Dublin." Daily Post Boy, June 23, 1730. N.

III.

The Dean he pursued, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company stood in defence of the dame,
They cudgell'd, and cuft him, and kick'd him down stairs.
His deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean, and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his deanship to ape
In every debauch, but committing a rape.

VI.

This protestant zealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principles sound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a tory should live above ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

VII. By

VII.

By old popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiæ;*
Who'd be dean of Fernes without a *commendam?*
And precedents we can produce, if it please ye:
Then why should the Dean, when whores are so cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape!

VIII.

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre, and rochet,
Whom wouldst though resemble? I leave thee a guesser.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's * shape,
For sodomy hang'd; as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
To hang him, all England would lend him their garters,
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing:
He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.

* A bishop of Waterford, of infamous character. H.

His

His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap.
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice:
Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
No devil nor Dean could ravish them then.
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Tied round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad:
She sends us our bishops, our judges, and deans,
And better would give us, if better she had.
But, lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good English dean is hang'd up for a rape.

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER, AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM. 1730.

THE thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,
The proverb says, "no fence against a flail."
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains;
For which her majesty allows him grains:
Though 'tis confest, that those, who ever saw
His poems, think them not all worth a straw!

Thrice

Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in thresh stubble
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

THE LADY'S DRESSING ROOM.*

1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Cælia spent in dressing;
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.
And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the armpits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side:
On such a point, few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia sweet and cleanly.
Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;

* A defence of "The Lady's Dressing Room," by some facetious friend of our author, is printed in Faulkner's edition; which, after a humorous travestie of ten lines only of "Horace's "Art of Poetry," decides clearly that there are ten times more slovenly expressions in those ten lines of Horace, than in the whole poem of Dr. Swift. N.

Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair:
A forehead-cloth with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flower, to stop the steams
Exhal'd from sour unsavoury streams;
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard by a filthy basin stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands:
The basin takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits, and here she spews.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd,
With dirt, and sweat, and earwax grim'd;
No object Strephon's eye escapes;
Her petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes,*

* Var. "marks of stinking toes." H.

Or

Or greasy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Cælia slept at least a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.
The virtues we must not let pass
Of Cælia's magnifying-glass;
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It show'd the visage of a giant:
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Cælia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite?
In vain the workman show'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes:
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go through thick and thin,
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.
As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew.

He

He still was comforted to find
That hope at last remain'd behind:
So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in search of hope.
O! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber seen!
O! may she better learn to keep
Those "secrets of the hoary deep."*
As mutton-cutlets, prime of meat,
Which, though with art, you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon the cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench:
So things which must not be exprest,
When plump'd into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell:
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.
Thus finishing his grand survey,
Disgusted Strephon stole away;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—!"

* Milton.

But

But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
And, if unsavoury odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in contrast.
I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky quean.
When Cælia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
(Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout;)
He soon will learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips rais'd from dung.

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry;
When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows; why should I repine?

ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

SIR Robert, weary'd by Will Pulteney's teazings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolv'd that Will and he should meet no more,
Full in his face Bob shuts the council-door;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb-wench.
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter—What shall I advise?
Ev'n quit the HOUSE, for thou too long hast sat in't,
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waste.
Yet still I fear your work is done but half:
For, while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.
A hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds
By often shifting into distant grounds;

Till,

Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of dogfish had him in the wind.
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den,
(He had not seen a hare the Lord knows when)
Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and Hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distrest!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest:
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear;
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.
Thus was the hare pursu'd, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to Hell before you die.
So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.*

* This hunting ended in the promotion of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but earl of Bath. H.

EPITAPH

ON FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG.*

Hic infra situm est corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG.
ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
UT HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
diu ac sæpè orando nil profecêre;
Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
† Saltem ut scias, hospes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSIS cineres
delitescunt.
" Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos."
A. D. 1731.

* The duke was unhappily killed, in crossing the river Boyne, July 1, 1690; and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a small monument to his honour, at their own expense. N.

† The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the epitaph wit were, " Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellulâ tanti ductoris cineres delitescunt." N.

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY.

1731.

TWO college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, and rapture sweet;
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other Peter.)
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his nose:
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn,
With threads of different colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown,
(A rug, for nightgown he had none)
His jordan stood in manner fitting
Between his legs, to spew or spit in;
His ancient pipe, in sable dy'd,
And half unsmok'd, lay by his side.
Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his last night's pot
On ember's plac'd, to drink it hot.

Why,

Why, Cassy, thou wilt dose thy pate;
What makes thee lie abed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their matins chant in every bush;
And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him some familiar thumps;
A college joke, to cure the dumps.
The swain at last, with grief opprest,
Cry'd, Cælia! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must—is Cælia dead?
How happy I, were that the worst,
But I was fated to be curst?
Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?
O, Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her sandy locks!
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.
O, Peter! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish;
But Cælia has contriv'd to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd:
Conceive the most envenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though she seem so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.

Friend

Friend Peter, this I could excuse,
For every nymph has leave to choose;
Nor have I reason to complain,
She loves a more deserving swain.
But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
A crime, that shocks all humankind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face:
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn;
And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to aftertimes—
"Here Cassy lies, by Cælia slain,
And dying never told his pain."
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark:
And there —behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand:
Lo, Charon, from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come! I come! Medusa see
Her serpents' hiss direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
"Avaunt—ye canot say 'tis I."*
Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cause;
And Cælia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.

* Macbeth. H.

To

To force it out, my heart must rend;
Yet when conjur'd by such a friend—
Think, Peter, how my soul is rack'd!
These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, since out it must;
But, when thou seest me laid in dust,
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown!)
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
Nor let the Zephyr's treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Discover Cælia's foul disgrace.
But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed—
And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my secret, and adieu.
No wonder how I lost my wits:
Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia, sh—!

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;

Never

Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up;
No cellar, where on tick to sup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bower;
Then, seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair;
Now picking out a chrystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it bye.
Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a play book smoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws,
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes;
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips;
With gentlest touch she next explores
Her shankers, issues, running sores;
Effects of many a sad disaster,
And then to each applies a plaster:
But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And smooth the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon't.

She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica seems transported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lie,
And snap some cully passing by;
Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, constables, and duns,
From whom she meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs,
Whose favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaster stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd;
And puss had on her plumpers p—ss'd.
A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas:
And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Must every morn her limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her arts
To re-collect the scatter'd parts?
Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herself again?

The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE.

1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
By every size of poets sung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years;
By Nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race:
And then so nice, and so genteel;
Such cleanliness from head to heel;
No humours gross, or frouzy steams,
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow:
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose.
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams to make maid's water:
You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the town.
Her armpits would not stain her gown:

At country-dances not a nose
Could in the dogdays smell her toes.
Her milkwhite hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and soft as wax.
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
While she engrosses every swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a case all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What swordknots! what poetic strains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!
But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a settlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and six, and house in town.
The bashful nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage rites.
Imprimis, at the templeporch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The smiling Cyprian Goddess brings
Her infant loves with purple wings:
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muses next in order follow,
Conducted by their squire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with silver tongue;
And Hebe, goddess ever young.

Behold,

Behold, the bridegroom and his bride,
Walk hand in hand, and side by side;
She, by the tender Graces drest,
But he, by Mars, in scarlet vest.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus sung th' epithalamium.
And last, to make the matter sure,
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
Luna was absent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzzas from all the boys,
That now the pair must crown their joys.
But still the hardest part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with so high a nymph he might
Demean himself the wedding-night:
For, as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
Were duly wash'd, to keep them sweet;
With other parts, that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.
The weather and his love were hot;
And, should he struggle, I know what—
Why, let it go, if I must tell it—
He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it;
While she, a goddess dy'd in grain,
Was unsusceptible of stain,
And, Venus like, her fragrant skin
Exhal'd ambrosia from within.
Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?

How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard, and hairy breast;
His nightcap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no softness to his face.
Yet, if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find!
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men;
To visit and to court them too:
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took colonel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he should lose his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife!
(For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a schoolboy tell,
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes!
While these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.
Now "ponder well, ye parents dear;"
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;
And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;
That, ere to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it every sup;
If not, they must in evil plight
Be often forc'd to rise at night.
Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
Nor let them taste what causes wind:

'Tis

'Tis this the sage of Samos means,
Forbidding his disciples beans.
O! think what evils must ensue;
Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And, when she once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, ev'n when she meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.
Carminative and diuretic
Will damp all passion sympathetic:
And Love such nicety requires,
One blast will put out all his fires.
Since husbands get behind the scene,
The wife should study to be clean;
Nor give the smallest room to guess
The time when wants of nature press;
But after marriage practise more
Decorum than she did before;
To keep her spouse deluded still,
And make him fancy what she will.
  In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to show how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune still assists the bold,
Resolv'd to make the first attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,
Permit a brutish man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, in word, and deed.

Yet some assign a different reason;
That Strephon chose no proper season.
Say, fair ones, must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first:
The bride must either void or burst.
Then see the dire effects of pease;
Think what can give the colic ease:
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed;
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.
Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cry'd out, Ye Gods! what sound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, ——?
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft' attends that lukewarm stream:
(Salerno both together joins,
As sov'reign medicines for the loins;)
And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose:
He found her while the scent increas'd,
As mortal as himself at least.
But soon, with like occasions press'd,
He boldly sent his hand in quest.
(Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on 't other side:
And, as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.

The

The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd)
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bowers,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.
How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed;
Can see each other do their need.
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life;
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With interest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less asham'd,
Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when abed to let out wind.
Fair Decency, celestial maid!
Descend from Heaven to Beauty's aid!
Though Beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the Lover's fire:
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birth-day gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry:
But, ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.
O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spy'd
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case;
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw, and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the privy;
And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent;
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.
Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign;
Is, after marriage, lost so soon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.

They

They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supréme,
Those arts, by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.
What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true!
Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some show they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a telltale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool;
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppetman inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire!
Shows Sheba's queen completely drest,
And Solomon in royal vest:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.
A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last;

And carefully observe the ground,
To build on some foundation sound.
What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a basis unsecure?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life:
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble?
On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good nature strive,
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then, come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO; OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED.

1731.

APOLLO, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ,
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chemists by their books;
As handsome as my lady's page;
Sweet five and twenty was his age.

His

His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of Heaven could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold:
I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more.
Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.
Three weighty causes were assign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His singing was another fault;
For he could reach to B in *alt:*
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such singers are like Nicolini.
At last, the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

1731.

ALL folks, who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a HELL, but dispute of the place:
But,

But, if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
The place of the damn'd—I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads, damn'd knaves,
Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitute slaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and damn'd squires;
Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends, and damn'd liars;
Damn'd villians, corrupted in every station;
Damn'd timeserving priests all over the nation;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant prelates and counsellors privy.
Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
For we know by these marks the place of the damn'd:
And HELL to be sure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for us that it is not at home!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.*

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seiz'd my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!

* This Poem was first printed (from the Dean's MS.) in a letter from lord Chesterfield addressed to Mr. Voltaire, dated Aug. 27, 1752. N.

Jove,

Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies,
And thunder roars and lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
" Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside;
And you, who never fell from pride:
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd:
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you)
—The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
—I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit."

JUDAS. 1731.

BY the just vengeance of incensed skies,
Poor bishop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conscience forc'd him to restore,
(And, parsons tell us, no man can do more)
Yet, through despair of God and man accurst,
He lost his bishopric, and hang'd or burst.
Those former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his master with a kiss:

But

But some have kiss'd the Gospel fifty times,
Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two inch-board,
Yet keep their bishoprics, and 'scape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.
As ancient Judas by transgression fell,
And burst asunder ere he went to Hell;
So could we see a set of new Iscariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas perish like the first,
Drop from the tree, with all his bowels burst;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place,
His habitation let all men forsake,
And let his bisopric another take!"

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY.* 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, disgrace the Muse's train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain!†
Fain would I think our female friend‡ sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.

* The dean having been told by an intimate friend, that the duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his grace's receivers and stewards (which however proved to be a mistake) wrote this Epistle to his friend. H.

† See the libel on Dr. Delany and lord Carteret. H.

‡ The countess of Suffolk. H.

Did

Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to choose
For thee, than make a drynurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old:
In leading strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side!
But princely Douglas, and his glorious dame,
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own, his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.
Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the sultan's dames,
Their passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of poets to the lust of gold.
With Pæan's purest fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below;
His meanest work: for, had he thought it fit,
That wealth should be the appanage of wit,
The god of light could ne'er have been so blind
To deal it to the worst of humankind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.
And first: to make my observation right,
I place a statesman full before my sight,
A bloated minister in all his gear,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this monster to my view,
To show the world his chief reverse in you.

Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;
With these the court and senatehouse he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me shew how Bob and you agree:
You serve a potent prince, as well as he.
The ducal coffers trusted to your charge,
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vassals easy, and the owner blest;
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.
Not so a nation's revenues are paid:
The servant's faults are on the master laid.
The people with a sigh their taxes bring,
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With servants, tenants, and the neighbouring squires.
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway;
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By telling noses with a party strong.
Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At least, before your master's debts are paid;
Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
Presume to treat him at his own expense.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
With interest, and a premium paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be supplied;

With

With hasty zeal behold the steward come
By his own credit to advance the sum;
Who, while th' unrighteous Mammon is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treasurer! what could he do more?
He lends my lord what was my lord's before.
The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:
The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.
But the state empiric acts a safer part;
And, while he poisons, wins the royal heart.
But how can I describe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
On weighty business to some neighbouring friend:
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should some imperious neighbour sink the boats,
And drain the fish-ponds, while your master dotes:
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench?
Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or sooth his pride.
Nor at an under rate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him, all is well;
Or swear it rotten, and with humble airs
Request it of him, to complete your stairs;
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue, of genuine ministerial kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich:

And,

And, when he gravely has undone a score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dext'rous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hushmoney sends to all the neighbours round;
His master, unsuspicious of his pranks,
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks.
And, should a friend attempt to set him right,
His lordship would impute it all to spite;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are sunk by premier ministers of state.
Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the father, rob the son.
A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs.
His policy consists in setting traps,
In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps;
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
In either case, an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.
A strong dilemma in a desperate case!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.
In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd;

Confounds

Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs:
For vengeance more embroils, than skill repairs.
So robbers (and their ends are just the same)
To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.
I knew a brazen minister of state,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, When will they turn out this odious rogue?
A juncture happen'd in his highest pride:
While he went robbing on, old master died.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the minister must out.
The court invited more than one or two:
Will you, sir Spencer? or, Will you, or you?
But not a soul his office durst accept;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:
And, such was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.
The candidate observ'd his dirty paws;
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:
But, when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
Thus, when a greedy sloven once has thrown
His snot into the mess, 'tis all his own.

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS.* 1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, archbishop of Hell.
And He was a primate, and He wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny;
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;
I wish I could find him out one more commodious,
But, this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there *incog.*
To give them by turns an invisible jog.
Our bishops, puft up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
In vain—for the devil a parson would stir.
So the commons unhors'd them; and this was their doom,
On their crosiers to ride like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.

* Occasioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of *commons.* F.

Lord

Lord Bolton's good grace, lord Carr and lord Howard,*
In spite of the devil would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.
When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apostles but one proved a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy forsooth must take up with their leavings;
If making divisions was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;
And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!
Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider our emblem is right;
The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them, "divide, and ye govern."

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton was archbishop of Cashell from 1729 to 1744; Dr. Charles Carr bishop of Killaloe from 1716 to 1739; and Dr. Robert Howard bishop of Elphin, from 1729 to 1740. N.

But courage, my lords, though it cannot be said
That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head;
I'll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see't)
If your stockings were off, you could show cloven feet.

But hold, cry the bishops, and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affections could ever be shown,
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building your spittals?
You are only to live four years without victuals.

Content my good lords; but let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bless the Church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the Commons, for biting the biters.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX.

ADDRESSED TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ.*
LATE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
O! too nice, and too severe!
Think not, that my country song
Shall displease thy honest ear.

* *Originally* annexed to the Presbyterians' Plea of Merit. 1731.

Chosen strains I proudly bring,
Which the Muses' sacred choir!
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.
Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Just precedence still maintains;
With sacred rapture still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.
Still the old triumphant song,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
Warns, instructs, and pleases well.
Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!
Gentle Sappho, love-sick muse,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
Melting rapture, soft desire.
Beauteous Helen young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
Fondly pleas'd to be undone.
For young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hostile blood.
Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly lived and died before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Waged the ten years famous war.
But their names, unsung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost, and gone,

Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known.
Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king without a name.
But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.
When the deep-cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription.
Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's cursed spite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night.
Sill thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.
Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand,
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.
Falsely we call the rich man great,
He is only so that knows,
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.
He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies:

Flies

Flies from death!—No, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.
This the sovereign man, complete;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art he.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.*

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1731.†

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHEFOUCAULT, "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplaît pas."

"In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that does not displease us."

AS Rochefoucalt his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They

* The verses on his own death, and the Rhapsody on Poetry, are the best of Swift's poetical productions, tho' they cannot be called true poetry. Dr. WARTON.

† These verses have undergone, perhaps, a stranger revolution than any other part of the Dean's writings. A manifestly spurious copy, containing 201 lines, under the title of "The life and Character of Dr. SWIFT," appeared at London, in April 1733; of which the Dean complained heavily, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated May 1; and, notwithstanding Swift acknowledged in that Letter he had written "a poem of near 500 lines upon

They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While Nature kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post:
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd?

the same maxim of Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it," many readers have supposed (not attending to the circumstance of there being *two* poems on the subject) that the Dean disclaimed the *Verses on his own Death.* The genuine verses having been committed to the care of the celebrated author of "The Toast," an edition was printed, in 1738-9, in which more than 100 lines were omitted. Dr. King assigned many judicious reasons (though some of them were merely temporary and prudential) for the mutilations: but they were so far from satisfying Dr. Swift, that a complete edition was immediately printed by Faulkner, with the Dean's express permission. The poem, as it now stands in this collection, is agreeable to Mr. Faulkner's copy. N.

Dear

Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad, the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in Hell?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy; stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain humankind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pultney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;

And,

And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven has bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, Dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first:
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind:
Forgets the place where last he din'd;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith!

Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
"For poetry he's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, His Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years;
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine:
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily howd'ye's come of course,
And servants answer "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:

"You

"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretels I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How * many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing pray'r is read;
"He hardly breathes"—"The dean is dead.
Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?

* He would send *many a message* is right: but the question *how*, seems to destroy the unity or collective nature of the idea; and therefore it ought to have been expressed, if the measure *would have* allowed it, without the article, in the plural number, *how many messages*. LOWTH.

Mere

Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grubstreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
"We must confess, his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years;
For, when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital parts were sound."

From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "the Dean is dead."
And lady Suffolk,* in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot;
I'm glad the medals† were forgot.
I promis'd, him I own; but when?
I only was the princess then:
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean. F.

† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the princess. They were to be sent in four months; but *****. See a letter of Dr. Swift's to the countess of Suffolk, dated Nov. 21, 1730. N.

Now Chartres, at sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:
O, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber,
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:

The

The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight:
And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
My lady Club will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart,)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come: he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the Dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo!
Departed:—and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for "Swift in Verse and Prose."
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago."—"The same."

He

He searches all the shop in vain.
" Sir you may find them in Duck-lane:
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past:
The town has got a better taste;
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em;
Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honour please to buy a set?
" Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician:
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart:
Those maids of honour, who can read,
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Has been rewarded with a pension.*

* *Wolston* is here confounded with Woolaston. H.

He

He does an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down:
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer:
A shame he has not got a mitre!"
Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
"The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill-received at court.
As for his works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those:
Nor, can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em;
As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind:
His vein, ironically grave,
Expos'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.
"He never thought an honour done him,
Because a duke was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despis'd the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.

He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends:
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.*
"With princes kept a due decorum;
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put thy trust:
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft' expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms,† just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;

But

* Dr. Delany, in the close of his eighth letter, after having enumerated the friends with whom the Dean lived in the greatest intimacy, very handsomely applies this passage to himself. H.

† In 1713, the queen was prevailed with, by an address from the house of lords in England, to publish a proclamation, promising three hundred pounds to discover the author of a pamphlet, called, "*The Publick Spirit of the Whigs*;" and in Ireland, in the

But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.
" Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valu'd not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound:
But kept the tenour of his mind,
To merit well of humankind:
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursu'd each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.*
" And, oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,

the year 1724, lord Carteret, at his first coming into the government, was prevailed on to issue a proclamation for promising the like reward of three hundred pounds to any person who would discover the author of a pamphlet, called, "*The Drapier's Fourth Letter*, &c." written against that destructive project of coining halfpence for Ireland; but in neither kingdom was the Dean discovered. H.

* Queen Anne's ministry fell to variance from the first year after its commencement: Harcourt the chancellor, and the secretary Bolingbroke, were discontented with the treasurer Oxford, for his too great mildness to the whigs; this quarrel grew higher every day until the queen's death. The Dean, who was the only person that endeavoured to reconcile them, found it impossible; and thereupon retired into Berkshire, about ten weeks before that event. H.

To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.*
When up a dangerous faction starts,†
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn league and covenant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand!
With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile, or the Tower,
Himself‡ within the frown of power;
Pursu'd by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of saints and fens;
A servile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.
" By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution;

* In the height of the quarrel between the ministers, the queen died, Aug. 1, 1714. H.

† On the queen's demise, the whigs were restored to power, which they exercised with the utmost rage and revenge; impeached and banished the chief leaders of the church party, and stripped all their adherents of what employments they had. H.

‡ Upon the queen's death, the Dean returned to Dublin: yet numberless libels were written against him in England; he was insulted in the street, and at night was forced to be attended by *his servants* armed. H.

While

While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merits were, to be his foes;
When ev'n his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.
"The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;*
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
"To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,†
Whose fury blood could never quench;

* Wood, a hardwareman from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum of 108,000*l.* which, in the consequence, must have left that kingdom without gold or silver. See Vol. VIII. H.

† Whitshed was then chief justice. He had some years before prosecuted a printer for a pamphlet written by the Dean, to persuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures. Whitshed sent the jury down eleven times, and kept them nine hours, until they were forced to bring in a special verdict. He sat afterward on the trial of the printer of the Drapier's fourth letter; but the jury, against all he could say or swear, threw out the bill. All the kingdom took the Drapier's part, except the courtiers, or those who expected places. Whitshed died Aug. 26, 1727, (having a few months before exchanged his place in the king's bench, which he had held ten or twelve years, for the same office in the common pleas): and archbishop Boulter says, his uneasiness upon some affronts he met with helped to shorten his days. These affronts were certainly the satires of the Dean and his friends. H.

As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs,* or old Tresilian;†
Who long all justice has discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
"In exile,‡ with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part;

* Sir William Scroggs, chief justice of the king's bench in the reign of king Charles the Second, was a man of low birth, and raised himself as much by means of his debaucheries, as of his abilities in his profession. He was preferred for professing loyalty; but, Oates's plot coming forward, he exerted himself very much on the side of that informer, though he afterward changed again, and was equally violent against him. For some dirty jobs, which he did to oblige the court, he was impeached in parliament; but the matter never was proceeded upon. While at the bar, he was always necessitous; but, during his preferment, he took care to secure a good fortune for himself, having in that period purchased the manor of Brentwood, in Essex. He afterward died, in Essex street, of a polypus in the heart. N.

† Sir Robert Tresilian was chief justice of England in the time of Richard the Second. He was adviser of many illegal acts in that reign, for which he was impeached, with several other judges and some noblemen, in parliament. Being convicted of the offences he was charged with, he was executed, February 19, 1388. N.

‡ In Ireland, which he had reason to call a place of exile: to which country nothing could have driven him but the queen's death, who had determined to fix him in England, in spite of the duchess of Somerset, &c. H.

Where

Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.
His friendships there, to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right, or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have held it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft' his wrath in vain:
******* squires to market brought;
Who sell their souls and **** for nought.
The ******* go joyful back,
To *** the church their tenants rack,
Go snacks with *******
And keep the peace, to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A gaol or turnpike to repair;
And turn the tax for public roads,
Commodious to their own abodes.
"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein;
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name:
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant;
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:

He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
"He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of whigs and tories:
Was cheerful to his dying day;
And friends would let him have his way.
"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And show'd by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better."

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS.*

TO DR. HELSHAM.†

Sir, Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice sick;
I'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick;

* This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the Dean hath perhaps been too severely censured. H.

† Richard Helsham, M. D. professor of physic and natural philosophy in the university of Dublin. See the Preface to Delany on Polygamy. N.

And

And the patientest patient ever you knew sick:
Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick:
She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue sick.
Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-sick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and you stew, sick?
Lady Santry got out of the church when she grew sick,
And, as fast she could, to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can you assure 'tis true) sick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such musicwould make a fanatic or Jew sick,
Yet, ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick.
Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew, sick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick;
But you learned doctors can make whom you choose sick:
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick;
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue sick,
And I got through the crowd, though not led by a clew, sick.
Yet hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick;

But

But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) sick,
And those to be sure, stuck together like glew sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

If I write any more, it will make my poor Muse sick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

The doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick:
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick:
And

And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick,
The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew sick,
And stopt the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you sick:
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew sick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clew sick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue sick.
There's a gamester in town, for a throw that he threw sick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he'll pursue sick;
I've known an old miser for paying his due sick;
At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick?
Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in lieu sick.

Of rhymes I have plenty,
And therefore send twenty.

Answer'd the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the Doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

" Can you match with me,
" Who send thirty-three?
" You must get fourteen more,
" To make up thirty-four:

" But,

" But, if me you can conquer,
" I'll own you a strong cur."*

This morning I'm growing, by smelling of yew, sick;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick;
Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick;
I hear, from good hands, that my poor cousin Hugh's sick;
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick:
And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuse) sick;
You see that I scorn to mention word musick.
I'll do my best,
To send the rest;
Without a jest,
I'll stand the test.

These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse sick;
I'll make you with writing a little more news sick;
Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick;
My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew sick;
An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick;
I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view sick.
Lord; I could write a dozen more;
You see, I've mounted thirty-four.

* The lines "thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helsham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen were afterward added on the same paper. N.

A LETTER

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR,

Pray discruciate what follows.

THE dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
When young is often due to the vicar.

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.

The dullest beast when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.

The dullest beast, and a party distress'd,
When too long, is bad as best.

The dullest beast and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge not for hares.

The dullest beast and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.

The dullest beast and fam'd college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

The dullest beast and a cobler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.

The dullest beast and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.

Of

Of serpent kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor mistress Dingley oft hath felt its bills.

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

The dullest beast, and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust,
There's nobody but a fool that would trust.

The dullest beast mending highways,
Is to a horse an evil disease.

The dullest beast and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend,
The cookmaid often has by the end.

The dullest beast and fish for lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.

Wednesday night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

EPIGRAM

ON THE BUSTS * IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE, 1732.

"Sic siti lætantur docti."

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
How are these venerable bustoes grac'd!
O queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd!
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
And rais'd the scientific head:
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE EPIGRAMS, AND SENT TO THE DRAPIER.

SINCE Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And since our good queen to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
Prithee go, and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

* Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaston. H.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

HER majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter!

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER BOOK FINELY BOUND, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1732.*

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

TO thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
Think not so poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;
Though pasteboards, glittering like a tinsell'd coat,
A *rasa tabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices, should provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A sinking country and an injur'd state,
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;

* It was occasioned by an annual custom, which I found pursued among his friends, of making him a present on his birth-day. ORRERY.

Then

Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise
Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes:
Each vacant space, shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.
The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more:
But lead us inward to those golden mines,
Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with shape and air;
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celestial mind!

VERSES

LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came,
To serve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long submitted to her will;
At length she lost me at quadrille.
Through various shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have rest at last;
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot Dean;

And sometimes got within his door,
But soon turn'd out to serve the poor;*
Not strolling Idleness to aid,
But honest Industry decay'd.
At length an artist purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.
This done, to Hermes I apply'd:
"O Hermes! gratify my pride;
Be it my fate to serve a sage,
The greatest genius of his age;
That matchless pen let me supply,
Whose living lines will never die!"
"I grant your suit;" the God replied,
And here he left me to reside.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A PAPER BOOK is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil.
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd:
As trophies of a Muse deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ,
In praise of long-departed wit,
Be grav'd on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes,
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.

* Alluding to five hundred pounds lent by the Dean, without interest, to poor tradesmen. F.

VERSES

SENT TO THE DEAN WITH AN EAGLE QUILL,

ON HEARING OF THE PRESENTS BY THE EARL OF ORRERY AND DR. DELANY.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON.*

SHALL then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend,
To music, painting, poetry, a friend.
'Tis I celestial harmony inspire,
When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling wire.†
I to the faithful canvas have consign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from Raphael's skydipt pencils rise
Such heav'nly scenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
O let me now aspire to higher praise!
Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays:
Nor thou, immortal bard, my aid refuse,
Accept me as the servant of your Muse;
Then shall the world my wondrous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchless pen revere.

* See a letter to Mrs. Pilkington, Jan. 1, 1732-3, in Vol. XII.
† Quills of the harpsichord.

AN INVITATION, BY DR. DELANY, IN THE NAME OF DR. SWIFT.*

MIGHTY Thomas, † a solemn senatus ‡ I call,
To consult for Sapphira ;§ so come one and all ;
Quit books, and quit business, your cure and your care,
For a long winding walk, and a short bill of fare.
I've mutton for you, sir ; and as for the ladies,
As friend Virgil has it, I've *aliud mercedes* ;
For Letty,‖ one filbert, whereon to regale ;
And a peach for pale Constance,¶ to make a full meal ;

* See Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs, Vol. III. page 65. N.

† From their diminutive size, the Dean used to call Mr. Pilkington "Tom Thumb," and his wife "his lady fair." N.

‡ To correct Mrs Barber's poems ; which were published at London, in 4to. by subscription ; with the addition of several poems by her son Constantine, afterward a very learned physician and president of the college of physicians in Dublin.—The Dean, in his will, bequeathed to Mrs. Barber "the medal of queen Anne and prince George, which she formerly gave me." N.

§ The name by which Mrs. Barber was distinguished by her friends. N.

‖ Mrs. Pilkington. N.

¶ Mrs. Constantia Grierson, a native of Kilkenny, who died in 1733, at the age of 27. She was well versed in Greek and Roman literature, history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. She gave a proof of her knowledge of the Latin tongue, by her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to the lord Carteret, and by that of Terence to his son, to whom she likewise wrote a Greek epigram. Lord Carteret obtained a patent for Mr. George Grierson, her husband, to be king's printer in Ireland ; and, to distinguish and reward her extraordinary merit, had her life inserted in it. See the preface to Mrs. Barber's poems. N.

And

And for your cruel part,* who take pleasure in blood,
I have that of the grape, which is ten times as good:
Flow wit to her honour, flow wine to her health:
High rais'd be her worth, above titles or wealth.

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST,

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been long of opinion, that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a stuttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffeehouses, who when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother citizens; but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by choosing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from

* Mrs. Van Lewen (Mrs. Pilkington's mother,) who used to argue with Dr. Swift, about his declamation against eating blood. N.

half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffeehouse orators, exclusive of the clergy; forty thousand politicians, and four thousand five hundred profound scholars; not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows, and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb whore. What are we to think of the fine-dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear the more hideous by the contrast of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call toupets* on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a figure before women; some of them with humpbacks, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted: I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constanly making the grossest blunders in every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology, and geography even of present times, compute, that London hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy kind, for one among us in Dublin; beside two thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized; whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the articles of dunces by forty to one; and what is more to our further mortification, there is not one distinguished fool of Irish birth or education, who makes any noise in that

* Wigs with long black tails, at that time very much in fashion. It was very common also to call the wearers of them by the same name. F.

famous

famous metropolis unless the London prints be very partial or defective; whereas London is seldom without a dozen of their own educating, who engross the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard of more, but give place to a new set. This has been the constant progress for at least thirty years past, only allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

The poem is grounded upon the universal folly in mankind of mistaking their talents; by which the author does a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesses: and yet he has gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals; the wolf, the ass, the swine, and the ape; all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning: so great is the pride of man!

WHEN beasts could speak (the learned say
They still can do so every day)
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins:
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:

I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.
The Ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin and shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he has, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd show his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
The Swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.
The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter;

Much

Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd;
Indeed the strictness of his morals
Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.
The Goat advanc'd with decent pace;
And first excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondness for the female kind:
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution;
But through a pious resolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of Chastity, as monks do now:
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
And strictly too, as doth his reverence.*
Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with humankind.
Some faults we own; but can you guess?
Why virtues carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The Lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
He never squeez'd a needy client;

* The priest his confessor. F.

And

And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool;
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job;
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.
The cringing Knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.
The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes:
But owns, he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit;
Would raise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The doctor, if you will believehim,
Confess'd a sin; (and God forgive him!)

Call'd

Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how Satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his medicines do no good
Supports their minds with heavenly food;
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.
The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere;
And having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good his master's glory,
Without regard to whig or tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view;
Yet he was seconded by few:

Though

Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion:
His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king, and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot;
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has tried;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
O! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him licence to retire,
And it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame)

He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he has liberty to choose.
The Sharper swore, he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill, he always lost;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
I own the moral not exact;
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd, that could I raise up
From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the fourfoot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers,
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The Ass was never known so stupid,
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
There to be strok'd, and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis*;

Wherein

Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on humankind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a stoic,
Can wish to die in strains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-consoling liquor
Thy threadbare gown, thy cassock rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fastingdays,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
And, to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave;
And, O, what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less!
But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
And make thy curateship a dean;
Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour small and income great;
With chariot less for use than state;

With

With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
And licence to reside in town:
To shine where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffeehouse, or court:
And weekly persecute his grace,
With visits, or to beg a place;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES.

1733.

POOR ladies! though their business be to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And why they were not, I can see no cause)
The men should slave at cards from morn to night;
And female pleasures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG,

IN THE MODERN TASTE.

1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I, a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI. Mournful

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

ON THE WORDS

BROTHER PROTESTANTS

AND

FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

So familiarly used by the advocates for the repeal of the Test Act in Ireland, 1733.

AN inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current born;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;

Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples swim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns,
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, "Dear sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus Horace in the house will prate,
"Sir, we the ministers of state."
Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,*
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother sergeant.
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,

* Modesty and good-manners did not prevent Bettesworth from exposing himself to the censure even of his own friends: for, upon hearing that the Dean had dined at Mr. Worral's house, he went thither after dinner, poured out some of his ill language in the Dean's presence, and said, "He could bear the appellation of rogue, or villain, rather than *booby*." The Dean made no reply to him; but only observed to the company, "This man is altogether beside himself; I wonder his friends do not take better care of him. Pray, Mr. Worral send to his relations to get him confined." This mild answer quieted the madman for this time; and the Dean never saw him afterwards. See Swift's own account of this affair, in a Letter to the duke of Dorset, in January 1733–4. N.

Are

Are brother protestants and Christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
As well may say man did beget it.
And maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
Yet critics may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.
Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou 'rt my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION,

UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRASNMITTED TO POSTERITY IN DR. SWIFT'S WORKS.

WELL! now, since the heat of my passion's abated,
That the Dean hath lampoon'd me, my mind is elated:—
Lampoon'd did I call it?—No—what was it then?
What was it?—'Twas fame to be lash'd by his pen:
For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till
E'en doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile,
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of—but now I'm notorious.
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one:
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one:
If the end be obtain'd 'tis equal what portal
I enter, since I'm to be render'd immortal:
So clysters apply'd to the anus, 'tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head—
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard,
A man is a man, though he should be a bastard.
Why sure 'tis some comfort that heroes should slay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of Æneas;
And who, by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigoddized by madrigal Namby.*
A man is no more, who has once lost his breath;
But poets convince us there's life after death.
They call from their graves the king or the peasant,
React our old deeds, and make what's past present;

* Ambrose Philips. N.

And

And when they would study to set forth a like,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but strike,
Whatever the subject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant or patriot, a Titus or Nero,
To a judge 'tis all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well-painted monkey's as good as a lion.
The scriptures affirm (as I heard in my youth,
For indeed I ne'er read them, to speak for once truth,)
That death is the wages of sin, but the just
Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.
They say so, so be it, I care not a straw,
Although I be dead both in Gospel and law;
In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate;
What more can be said of prime sergeant or primate?
While Carter and Prendergast both may be rotten,
And damn'd to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW; OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERGEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of, Derry down.

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Has insulted us all by insulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the De'el did he grow?

How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Has met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years,
What honester folks never durst for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother protestants, good men and true,
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the same,
What the De'el is't to him whence the Devil they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the Taylor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We'll set on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less:
What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his old master (I need not him name)
To this damnable speaker had long ow'd a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how he swore.
Knock him down, &c.

Though he cring'd to his deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zags were more fit for the shears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of deans whene'er we can hit,
We'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the Dean of all deans, though he wears not a sword.
Knock him down, &c

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's Donore,
And Smithfield, as rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for insulters of deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends,
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:

But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That serjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his suriors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move?
The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound, who attempted the Drapier.
Then, prithee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On

On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way
And say of the man what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains;
Say then more than they; nay, lavishly flatter,
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter:
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like very foul mops, dirty more than they clean.

ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1753.

YE paltry underlings of state,
Ye senators, who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote?
Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops, far remov'd from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*?
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain; remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champaign at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;

Nor

Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric muse
Virtue or Innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men, by nature fools:
But * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

ON POETRY. A RHAPSODY.*
1733.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft' debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.

* See p. 183.

But

But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
  Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round:
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
  Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gypsies littering under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot,
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:

Your

Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.
Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea:
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;

Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic* type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by pennypost to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,

Damns

Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion;
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For, poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel, Grub-street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet Safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffeehouse conceits,

Descriptions

Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and Be's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private robber,
A statesman, or a South-sea jobber;
A prelate, who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A duchess, or a suburb wench:
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping stones, to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
  But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:

Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower:
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in Hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple barking mouth to stop;
Or, in the ivory gate of dreams
Project excise and South-sea schemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.
Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,

Which,

Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet:
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For law and Gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.
Your garland, in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities, in time and place;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu,
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.
A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous:*

And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he overrun ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battas from the table head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want them)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;

Outdone

Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is whig, and one is tory:
And this, for epics claims the bays,
And that, for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly Fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish town:
Tigellius plac'd in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;

A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only teaze and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!

Thei

Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's* time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,
Great poet† of the hollow tree.

* Hon. Edward Howard, author of four indifferent plays, and of two books of poetry, one called "The British Princess," the other "Poems and Essays, with a paraphrase on Cicero's "Lælius." N.

† Sir William Grimston, bart. (created viscount Grimston and baron of Dunboyne in the kingdom of Ireland, June 3, 1719,) wrote a play, when a boy, to be acted by his school-fellows, entitled, "The Lawyer's Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;" printed in 4to, 1705; a performance of so little merit, that his lordship, at a more advanced period of life, endeavoured by every means in his power to suppress it; and this he might possibly have accomplished, had he not been engaged in a dispute with the duchess of Marlborough, about the borough of St. Alban's. To render him ridiculous in the eyes of his constituents, her grace caused an impression of this play to be printed, with an elephant in the title page dancing on a rope. This edition his lordship purchased; but her grace, being determined to accomplish her design, sent a copy to be reprinted in Holland, and afterwards distributed the whole impression among the electors of St. Alban's; for which place, however, he was chosen representative, a *1713, 1714, and 1727.* He died Oct. 15, 1756. N.

But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse, and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite:
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance: when you rashly think,
No rhymer can like Welsted* sink,
His merits balanc'd, you shall find
The Laureate† leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downward deeper by a yard.

* That the merits of Mr. Welsted as a poet have been much underrated, and his fair fame as a worthy member of society unwarrantably traduced, an appeal may confidently be made to his Miscellaneous Works in Verse and Prose, first collected in 1787, 8vo; and to the biographical memoirs prefixed to that collection. N.

† In some editions, instead of the Laureate, was maliciously inserted the name of Mr. Fielding; for whose ingenious writings the supposed author manifested a great esteem. "Little," says Dr. Warton, "did Swift imagine, that Fielding would hereafter equal him in works of humour, and excel him in drawing and supporting characters, and in the artful conduct and plan of a comic epopée." N

Smart

Smart Jemmy Moore* with vigour drops;
The rest pursue as thick as hops:
With heads to point the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muses' name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit;
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.

* James Moore Smith, esq. author of "The Rival Modes," an unsuccessful comedy, was chiefly remarkable for a consummate assurance as a plagiarist. See his character at large, in the Dunciad, II. 50. N.

Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court:
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight,
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,

When

When on thy breast and sides Herculean,
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in Heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be lac'd so straight?
I'll give my monarch butter weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

1733.

"To make a writer miss his end
You've nothing else to do but mend."

I OFTEN tried in vain to find
A simile for womankind,
A simile I meant to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.
Throught every beast and bird I went,
I ransack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature
To find so whimsical a creature,
A cloud presented to my view,
And straight this parallel I drew:
  Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet oft perverse, like womankind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For, who can tell at what they aim?
  Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When bellowing they discharge their thunder:
So when the alarum bell is rung
Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.
  Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?
  The clouds about the welkin roam:
And ladies never stay at home.

The

The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair:
For all the schemes of their forecasting,
Are not more solid nor more lasting.
A cloud is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now with a sudden pouting gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when she has smil'd.
In this they're wonderously alike,
(I hope the simile will strike)
Though in the darkest dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through them.
The clouds are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.
The clouds delight in gaudy show,
(For they like ladies, have their bow);
The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.
Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd;
The pink, the rose, the violet's die,
In that great drawing-room the sky;
How do these differ from our Graces,
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birth-day night?
The clouds delight to change their fashion:
(Dear ladies, be not in a passion!)
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.

In

In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.
Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.
Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No Heaven besides I have in view.
Thus, on comparison you see,
In every instance they agree;
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a cloud.

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferior mortals there below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?

Alas!

Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse?
  We hardly thunder thrice a year;
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear;
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.
  Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blam'd for giving claps;
But what alas! are claps ethereal
Compar'd for mischief to venereal?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
  You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Foretell a storm to last till night.
  A cloud in proper season pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.
  When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a curs'd inflamer,
No parish ducking stool can tame her;
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fireworks, she can burn in water.
  For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;

While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every second.
Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from women's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.
To disappoint Ixion's rape
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleas'd him more;
No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen;
His cloud produc'd a race of Centaurs,
Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors called *nubiginæ*;
But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to pass for Juno?
Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him:
A coat we gave him, died in grain,
A flaxen wig, and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet)
With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly smoked the beau.
Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a cloud.

We

We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Ador'd us clouds as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And died defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer, dwell
In seas and streams, or low as Hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! he kiss their a--es;
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.

Fate

Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door,
Without his lacquer'd coach and four.
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin.
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a spunge in water;
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes;
As you shall to your sorrow know;
We'll watch your steps where'er you go:
And, since we find you walk afoot,
We'll soundly souse your frieze surtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever shows his face:
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side:
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!

'Tis

'Tis sung, wherever Cælia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs:
'Tis sung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But, though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.
Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a cloud.
But gods like us have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB.*

1736.

AS I stroll the city, oft' I
See a building large and lofty.

* In a letter to Dr. Sheridan, April 24, 1736, the Dean says, "I have written a masterly poem on the Legion Club; it is 240 lines;" and in another letter, May 15, complains that other characters were added; and says, June 5, there were fifty differe- copies. N.

Not a bowshot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
By the prudent architect,
Plac'd against the church direct;
Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.
Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear:
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every scull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy the harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the Gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.
Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunatics and fools,

With

With a rood or two of land;
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
Let sir Tom, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser,

Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide;
Fall a working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.
Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
See, the Muse unbars the gate;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the soul!
Styx, through Hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder Hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord perriwigg'd with snakes,
See the dreadful strides she takes!
By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What, said I, is this the madhouse?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;

Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence apiece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away,
Bravely I resolv'd to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?
Is it Satan? No; 'tis Waller.

In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are Hell and murder;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd T—p.
Keeper show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your piss;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them,
Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the hunks,
In his grave, and search his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in this vocation,
For the court, against the nation.

Those

Those are A—s Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brainsick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Hoath, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
There sit Clements, D—ks, and Harrison:
How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side Hell?
Harrison, and D—ks, and Clements,
Keeper, see they have their payments,
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
Bless us, Morgan, art thou there, man!
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what learned Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon!
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one!
Turn thy nourishment to poison!

When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus
All in arms, prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze;
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!*
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every Monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of Fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them;
Form their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for, I assure you,
You will need no *car'catura*;
Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind!
You have hardly seen a score;
I can show two hundred more."

* See Hogarth's works, 4to. vol. 1. p. 93.

Keeper

Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"*

ON A PRINTER'S† BEING SENT TO NEWGATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors, as our tyrants;
And swagger while the coast is clear:
But, should a lordly pike appear,

* Whilst Swift was writing these satires on the Irish parliament, he was seized with one of those fits, the effect of which was so dreadful, that he left the poem unfinished; and, after that period, very rarely attempted a composition, either in verse or prose, that required a course of thinking, or perhaps more than one or two sittings to finish. One of these was "The Beasts' Confession." From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline; and his melancholy increased by the strength of his imagination brooding over the unhappy scene of misery which he foresaw was his lot, when he must become, as he said, a perfect slabberer. He was often heard to offer up his prayers to Almighty God, "to take him away from this evil to come." The prospect of this calamity, which he was daily lamenting, contributed very much, as his passions were violent, to pervert his understanding, to which many other particulars seem also to have concurred. D. S.

† Mr. Faulkner. F.

Away

Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

OR, A NEW BALLAD,

WRITTEN BY A SHOE-BOY, ON AN ATTORNEY WHO WAS FORMERLY A SHOE-BOY.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."

WITH singing of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley * set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
One bought him a brush, and one a black ball;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being but such;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with clouts, ball, and brush,
He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push:
Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for't.
But as a wise fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of strings to one bow;

* See the next poem. *F.*

So

So Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
He finds out another profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried—" Murders, and songs, and great news!"
Another as loudly—" Here blacken your shoes!"
At Domvile's * full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing;
Such bastings effect upon him could have none:
The dog will be patient that's struck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at brushes and ball,
Was mov'd with compassion, and thought it a pity
A youth should be lost, that had been so witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
And now we'll suppose him an eminent clerk!
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees;
Suppose him a miser, attorney *per* bill,
Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
Yet would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
That he took up two news-boys for crying the libel?

* Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper office. F.

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,

BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

"But he by bawling news about,
And aptly using brush and clout,
A justice of the peace became,
To punish rogues who do the same." HUDIB.

BY JAMES BLACK-WELL, OPERATOR FOR THE FEET.

I SING the man of courage try'd,
O'errun with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it),
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean;—for who would choose
So vile a subject for the Muse?
'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the jack's slow-rising weight,
(Such toils as best his talents fit)
Or polish shoes, or turn the spit;
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
'Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;

So,

So, with a colonel * at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than alderman o'ercharg'd with liquor;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.
  So, Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libellers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.
  And so the Ephesian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

* Colonel Ker, a Scotchman, lieutenant-colonel to lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against the printer. F.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI.*

PARAPHRASED. 1733.

IF noisy Tom † should in the senate prate,
" That he would answer both for church and state;
And, further to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection:"
All mortals must be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
" What! thou, the spawn of him ‡ who sham'd our isle,
Traitor, assassin, and informer vile!
Though by the female side § you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king:
What was thy grandsire, ‖ but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a year:
Whose master Moore ¶ preserv'd him from the halter!
Forstealing cows; nor could he read the Psalter!

* Qui promittit, cives, urbem sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra Deorum;
Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus,
Omnes mortales curare, & quærere cogit.
Tune Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysi filius audes
Dejicere è saxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?
HOR. i. Sat. vi. 34—39.

† Sir Thomas Prendergast. F.

‡ The father of sir Thomas Prendergast, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet. F.

§ Cadogan's family. F.

‖ A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows. F.

¶ The grandfather of Guy Moore, esq. who procured him a pardon. F.

Durst

Durst thou, ungrateful from the senate chace
Thy founder's grandson,* and usurp his place?
Just heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good?†
Then vote a worthy citizen ‡ to jail
In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

WITH PINE'S HORACE FINELY BOUND.

BY DR. J. SICAN.§

—(Horace speaking.)

YOU'VE read, sir, in poetic strain,
How Varus and the Mantuan swain
Have on my birth-day been invited,
(But I was forc'd in verse to write it)

* Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of parson-hunters, petitioned the house against him; out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be. F.

† "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat." F.

‡ Mr George Faulkner. Mr. serjeant Bettesworth, a member of the Irish parliament, having made a complaint to the house of commons against the "Satire on Quadrille," they voted Faulkner the printer into custody (who was confined closely in prison three days, when he was in a very bad state of health, and his life in much danger) for not discovering the author. F.

§ This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy. N.

Upon

Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation;
And, though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iernian;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on my common suit)
My breeding and my politesse,
I visit in my birthday dress;
My coat of purest Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly spread;
To which I've sure as good pretensions,
As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your antichamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns,
Have at your levee paid attendance;
And Peterborow and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aside the general's Staff,
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of fame;
For sure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley;
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, I hope.

I own

I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle Hippocrates;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.
You'll plead perhaps, at my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
"Your hearing's bad!"—But why such fears?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd by slow devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bently's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhymes, and Dunster's prose;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire:
Yet still they but in vain assail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my frame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim;
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedant's muddy brains,
And fix my long uncertain fate,
You best know how—"which way?"—TRANS
LATE.

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER.

INTENDED TO BE PLACED UNDER THE HEAD OF GULLIVER.

1733.

"HERE learn from moral truth and wit refin'd,
How vice and folly have debas'd mankind;
Strong sense and humour arm in virtue's cause;
Thus her great votary vindicates her laws:
While bold and free the glowing colours strike;
Blame not the picture, if the picture's like."

ON PSYCHE.*

AT two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her teakettle's on, and her smock at the fire;
So loitering, so active; so busy, so idle;
Which has she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound outruns the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.

* Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious lady, mother to the author of the poem in p. 271. F.

To

To please you, she knows how to choose a nice bit;
For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, she will trace every market,
It would do your heart good, to see how she will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts; for, it plainly appears,
She saves half her victuals, by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE.

1734.

JAMES BRYDGES * and the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of course their friendship ends:
But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
For knowing James, to boast he knows the duke.
Yet, since just Heaven the duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The duke and dean seem near upon a level.

* James Brydges was created duke of Chandos, April 30, 1719. N.

O! wert thou not a duke, my good duke Humphry,
From baliff's claws thou scarce could'st keep thy bum free.
A duke to know a dean! go, smooth thy crown:
Thy brother * (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a duke thou art; so pleas'd the king:
O! would his majesty but add a string!

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS,† IN SEPTEMBER 1734.

VERTIGINOSUS,‡ inops, surdus, male gratus amicis;
Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

* The hon. Henry Brydges, archdeacon of Rochester. N.

† These lines were found on his table when his servant brought up his dinner. Mrs. Ridgeway, his housekeeper, requested a copy of them; and the Dean immediately gave her the paper. N.

‡ The second syllable "Vertiginosus" is here made short by the Dean; perhaps the more expressive of the malady it describes, as "steteruntque comæ" in Virgil. W. B.

THE DEAN'S COMPLAINT, TRANSLATED AND ANSWERED.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone.

ANSWER.

Except the first, the fault's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burden grown.

ANSWER.

Because to few you will be shown.
Give them good wine, and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you f—t.

DOCTOR.

Nay, what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell, or thunder;
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER.

'IN SYLLABAM LONGAM IN VOCE VERTIGINOSUS A. D. SWIFT CORREPTAM.'

MUSARUM antistes, Phœbi numerosus alumnus,
Vix omnes numeros Vertiginosus habet.
Intentat charo capiti vertigo ruinam:
Oh! servet cerebro nata Minerva caput.
Vertigo nimium longa est, divina poeta;
Dent tibi Pierides, donet Apollo, brevem.

ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.*

1734-5.

MAKE Rundle bishop; fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!

* Swift's poem on bishop Rundle is excellent. See more of in Pope and Swift's Letters, and in Whiston's Memoirs of himself. WAKEFIELD.

Dare

Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost:
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling orthodox with Arians?
  Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence,
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most,
Who know there is a Holy Ghost:
The rest, who boast they have coferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
  Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a Christian more than they.
  We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
  There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded;
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believed a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so Gospelward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us,
Come but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon, and the German line.
  Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who show'd a better *jus divinum*?

From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *episcopari*.
Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus;
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, prithee,
Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a score of chaps,
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handiwork of God;
Though e'en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed,
And well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishoprics are held in fee.
Dear Baldwen * chaste, and witty Crosse,†
How sorely I lament your loss!

* Richard Baldwen, son of James Baldwen, of Parke hill, near Colne, co. ..... was born in 1672, and educated at the grammar school of that place, where he is said to have given a mortal blow to a school-fellow, on which he fled into Ireland, and was admitted of Trinity College, Dublin, where in 1717 he became provost, on the removal of Dr. Pratt to the deanery of Downe. In this place he lived to extreme old age; and died Sept.

† Rector of St. Mary's Dublin in 1722; before which time he had been chaplain to the Smyrna Company. See the Epistolary *Correspondence*, May 26, 1720.

That

That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

EPIGRAM.

FRIEND Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head;
A head, so weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

Sept. 30, 1758, having bequeathed his large property to the Society in which it was acquired. He was interred in the College chapel, with this inscription on his grave-stone:

H. I.
Ricardus Baldwen, S. T. P.
hujusce Collegii Præpositus.
Ob. 30° die Sept. A. D. 1758.

Avarice, incontinence, and stupidity, are charged on him by Swift, in these lines. Some allowance ought to be made for any character which has had the misfortune of falling under such a scourge; yet it is certain, that, though with little temptation to accumulate, he died immensely rich; though unmarried, he had a numerous issue; and, though at the head of a great literary society, he left behind him no proof either of learning or talents. For these reasons the name of *Baldwen* would not have found a place in this note, had it not been for the unfortunate circumstances, which, under the directions of a mysterious providence, is said to have contributed to his advancement. Dr. Whitaker's History of Whalley, p. 460. N.

AN APOLOGY TO LADY CARTERET.*

A LADY, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave Divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But, you must know, he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite:
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession:
And, if you'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.
The message told, he gapes, and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the squire so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;

* Lady Carteret invited Dean Swift to dinner; he came accordingly; but, her ladyship being abroad, went away. At her return, she inquired for him; and not hearing of him, sent the next day to invite him again. When he came, he went to make an apology for his going away, but my lady would accept of none *but in verse*. N.

So

So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Passes the lower castle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state;
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
He stopp'd, and could not tell what ail'd him.
What was the message I receiv'd?
Why certainly the captain rav'd?
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impossible! it can't be me.
Or may be I mistook the word;
My lady—it must be my lord.
My lord's abroad; my lady too:
What must th' unhappy doctor do?
"Is captain Cracherode * here, pray?"—"No."
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm sure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could speak;
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my lady been within!
What could I've said? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past:
Well then, I'll e'en go home and fast;
And, since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.

* The gentleman who brought the message.

My

My lady now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—"Pray see,
'Tis now a quarter after three."
The captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no doctor's to be found.
My lady could not choose but wonder:
"Captain, I fear you've made some blunder:
But pray, to-morrow go at ten;
I'll try his manners once again;
If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
My son shall never see a college."
The captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense, as well as breeding;
Who, loath to blame, or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought:
The doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting—and faltering—humm'd and ha'd,
"Her ladyship was gone abroad;
The captain too—he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go;"
Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him, she thought she might believe him;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him, and eat some fruit,
Provided, at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme:

'Twas

'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So, bowing, seemingly complied;
Though, if he durst, he had denied.
But first, resolv'd to show his taste,
Was too refin'd to give a feast:
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expense,
Or pride or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
While high, and nice, and curious meats
Are really but vulgar treats.
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boast of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest die, that shone
With native lustre, like her own;
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par manière d'acquit.*
Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides his beams;

Though

Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees,
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigued to death.
The doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
" Madam, the mighty power of use
Now strangely pleads in my excuse:
If you unus'd have scarcely strength
To gain this walk's untoward length;
If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
Through long disuse of solitude;
If, long confin'd to fires and screens,
You dread the waving of these greens;
If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
Of city fogs and crowded rooms,
Do now solicitously shun
The cooler air and dazzling sun;
If his majestic eye you flee,
Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
Consider what it is to bear
The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;
To see th' important man of dress
Scoffing my college awkwardness;
To be the strutting cornet's sport,
To run the gauntlet of the court,
Winning my way by slow approaches,
Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
From the first fierce cockaded sentry,
Quite through the tribe of waiting gentry;
To pass so many crowded stages,
And stand the staring of your pages;
And after all, to crown my spleen,
Be told—'You are not to be seen;'

Or,

Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
The awe of your majestic air.
And can I then be faulty found,
In dreading this vexatious round?
Can it be strange, if I eschew
A scene so glorious and so new?
Or is he criminal that flies
The living lustre of your eyes?"

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my servants much enrages,
No scraps remain to save board wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often spunge upon a friend:
Yet, where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good b'ye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT WOMEN, ETC.

APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears.

A hundred

A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in Heaven;
My husband a sot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I must maintain them.

ASPARAGUS

RIPE 'sparagras,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass:
O, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the smell,
Here are delicate onions to sell,
I promise to use you well.
They make the blood warmer;
You'll feed like a farmer:
For this is every cook's opinion,
No savoury dish without an onion;
But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd:

Or

Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known:
She cannot discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHARMING oysters I cry:
My masters, come buy,
So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their flesh,
No Colchester oyster
Is sweeter and moister:
Your stomach they settle,
And rouse up your mettle:
They'll make you a dad
Of a lass or a lad;
And madam your wife
They'll please to the life;
Be she barren, be she old,
Be she slut, or be she scold,
Eat my oysters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

BE not sparing,
Leave off swearing.
Buy my herring

Fresh from Malahide,*
Better never was try'd.
Come, eat them with pure fresh butter and mustard,
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

ORANGES.

Come buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal,
And charming when squeez'd in a pot of brown ale;
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

ON ROVER. A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.†

HAPPIEST of the spaniel race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:

* Near Dublin.

† In ridicule of Phillips's poem on miss Carteret; and written, it has been said, "to affront the lady of archbishop Boulter." Anderson.

Draw

Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribands bound!
And the muscly swelling breast
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the velvet ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the veiny temples flow.
With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystic power)
In a downy slumber place
Happiest of the spaniel race;
While the soft respiring dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers!
With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress,
Limpid rivers smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those rivers blowing;
Curling woodbine, myrtle shade,
And the gay enamell'd mead;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart and kindle love.

Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance choose,
Make of lineaments divine,
Daply female spaniels shine,
Pretty fondlings of the fair,
Gentle damsels' gentle care;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face;
Let the spotted wanton dame
Feel a new resistless flame?
Let the happiest of his race
Win the fair to his embrace.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Lest the pencil and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

A BIRTH-DAY POEM. NOV. 30, 1736.

TO you, my true and faithful friend,
These tributary lines I send,
Which every year, thou best of deans,
I'll pay as long as life remains:
But did you know one half the pain,
What work, what racking of the brain,
It costs me for a single clause,
How long I'm forc'd to think and pause;

How

How long I dwell upon a proem,
To introduce your birthday poem,
How many blotted lines; I know it,
You'd have compassion for the poet.
Now, to describe the way I think,
I take in hand my pen and ink;
I rub my forehead scratch my head,
Revolving all the rhymes I read.
Each complimental thought sublime,
Reduc'd by favourite Pope to rhyme,
And those by you to Oxford writ,
With true simplicity and wit.
Yet after all I cannot find
One panegyric to my mind.
Now I begin to fret and blot,
Something I schemed but quite forgot;
My fancy turns a thousand ways
Through all the several forms of praise,
What elogy may best become
The greatest dean in christendom.
At last I've hit upon a thought——
Sure this will do——'tis good for nought——
This line I peevishly erase,
And choose another in its place;
Again I try, again commence,
But cannot well express the sense;
The line's too short to hold my meaning;
I'm cramp'd, and cannot bring the Dean in.
O for a rhyme to glorious birth!
I've hit upon't ——The rhyme is earth——
But how to bring it in, or fit it,
I know not, so I'm forc'd to quit it.
Again I try—I'll sing the man—
Ay do, says Phœbus, if you can;

I wish with all my heart you would not;
Were Horace now alive he could not;
And will you venture to pursue,
What none alive or dead could do?
Pray see, did ever Pope or Gay
Presume to write on his birth-day?
Though both were fav'rite bards of mine,
The task they wisely both decline.
With grief I felt his admonition,
And much lamented my condition:
Because I could not be content
Without some grateful compliment.
If not the poet, sure the friend
Must something on your birth-day send.
I scratch'd, and rubb'd my head once more:
"Let ev'ry patriot him adore."
Alackaday, there's nothing in't—
Suchstuff will never do in print.
Pray, reader, ponder well the sequel
I hope this epigram will take well.
In others, life is deem'd a vapour,
In Swift, it is a lasting taper,
Whose blaze continually refines,
The more it burns the more it shines.
I read this epigram again,
'Tis much too flat to fit the Dean.
Then down I lay some scheme to dream on,
Assisted by some friendly demon.
I slept, and dream'd that I should meet
A birth-day poem in the street;
So after all my care and rout,
You see, dear Dean, my dream is out.

AY AND NO. A TALE FROM DUBLIN.

WRITTEN IN 1737.

AT Dublin's high feast sat primate and dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean:
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the primate, "if causes we sift,
This mischief arises from witty dean Swift."
The smart one replied, "There's no wit in the case;
And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.
Though with your state sieve your own notions you split,
A Boulter by name is no bolter of wit.
It's matter of weight, and a mere money job;
But the lower the coin the higher the mob.
Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense,
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It is pity a prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word—take care of Armagh!"

AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.*

THE furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's Dean, good sir, are these;
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And next the pot that boils the meat;
The next to be preferr'd I think,
Is the glass in which I drink;
The shelves on which my books I keep;
And the bed on which I sleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the stove that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintry night;
To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserv'd than show;
These are what the Dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

EPIGRAM.†

BEHOLD! a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

TO

* Ascribed to Dr. Swift, but possibly without foundation. N.

† The Dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense; at which time his guardians or physicians took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for. To which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That,

Mr.

TO DR. SWIFT, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.*

WHILE I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold;
Rever'd antiquity explore,
And turn the long-lived volumes o'er;
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus, shine,
In every excellence divine:
I grieve that our degenerate days
Produce no mighty soul like these:
Patriot, philosopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
" Spare your reflection," Phœbus cries;
" 'Tis as ungrateful as unwise:
Can you complain, this sacred day,
That virtues or that arts decay?
Behold in Swift reviv'd appears
The virtues of unnumber'd years;
Behold in him, with new delight,
The patriot bard, and sage unite;
And know, Ierne in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame."

Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city." " Oh! oh!" says the Dean, pulling out his pocketbook, " let me take an *item* of that. This is worth remarking: ' my tablets,' as Hamlet says, ' my tablets—memory, put down that!"—Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote. N.

* Written by Mrs. Pilkington, at a time when she wished to be introduced to the Dean. The verses being presented to him by Dr. Delany, he kindly accepted the compliment. N.

ON DR. SWIFT. 1733.

NO pedant Bentley proud, uncouth,
Nor sweetening dedicator smooth,
In one attempt has ever dar'd
To sap, or storm, this mighty bard.
Nor Envy does, nor Ignorance,
Make on his works the least advance.
For *this*, behold! still flies afar
Where'er his genius does appear;
Nor has *that* aught to do above,
So meddles not with Swift and Jove.
A faithful, universal fame
In glory spreads abroad his name;
Pronounces Swift, with loudest breath,
Immortal grown before his death.

EPIGRAMS,

OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR IDIOTS AND LUNATICS

I.

THE Dean must die—our idiots to maintain!
Perish, ye idiots! and long live the Dean!

II.

O GENIUS of Hibernia's state,
Sublimely good, severely great,

How

How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well!
Satire may be the child of spite,
And fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling him who rules the skies.
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
And, to complete his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask!

III.

Lo! Swift to idiots bequeaths his store:
Be wise, ye rich!—consider thus the poor!

IV.

Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
This makes the Dean for kindred *thus* provide.

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY,*

BEING NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world torest were gone,
Entranc'd in softest sleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;

* See in Parnell's Poems an elegant compliment on the same occasion, written in 1713. N.

From

From every care and labour free,
My soul as calm as it could be.
  The queen of dreams, well pleas'd to find
An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
And there she drew St. Patrick's dean;
I straight beheld on either hand
Two saints, like guardian angels, stand,
And either claim'd him for their son,
And thus the high dispute begun:
  St. Andrew, first, with reason strong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong.
"Swift is my own, by right divine,
All born upon this day are mine."
  St. Patrick said, "I own this true,
So far he does belong to you:
But in my church he's born again,
My son adopted, and my Dean.
When first the Christian truth I spread,
The poor within this isle I fed,
And darkest errors banish'd hence,
Made knowledge in their place commence:
Nay more, at my divine command,
All noxious creatures fled the land.
I made both peace and plenty smile.
Hibernia was my favourite isle;
Now his—for he succeeds to me,
Two angels cannot more agree.
  "His joy is, to relieve the poor;
Behold them weekly at his door!
His knowledge too, in brightest rays,
He like the sun to all conveys,
Shows wisdom in a single page,
And in one hour instructs an age.

When ruin lately stood around
Th' enclosures of my sacred ground,
He gloriously did interpose,
And sav'd it from invading foes;
For this I claim immortal Swift,
As my own son, and Heaven's best gift,"
  The Caledonian saint enrag'd,
Now closer in dispute engag'd.
Essays to prove, by transmigration,
The Dean is of the Scottish nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he chose
The loyal soul of great Montrose;
"Montrose and he are both the same,
They only differ in the name:
Both heroes in a righteous cause,
Assert their liberties and laws;
He's now the same, Montrose was then,
But that the sword is turn'd a pen,
A pen of so great power, each word
Defends beyond the hero's sword."
  Now words grew high—we can't suppose
Immortals ever come to blows,
But least unruly passion should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An angel quick from Heaven descends,
And he at once the contest ends:
  "Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
Ye both mistake the present case;
One kingdom cannot have pretence
To so much virtue! so much sense!
Search Heaven's record; and there you'll find,
That he was born for all mankind."

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, Esq.*

WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT.

BY WILLIAM DUNKIN, D. D.†

TO gratify thy long desire
(So love and Piety require,)
From Bindon's ‡ colours you may trace
The patriot's venerable face.
The last, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen
(Whose labours, like the genial sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the sun, decline,
But in their full meridian shine,)
That ever-honour'd, envied sage,
So long the wonder of the age,
Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the Dean:

* Created baron Nugent and viscount Clare, Dec. 20, 1766. N.

† This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at that lismal period of the Dean's life when all suspicion of flattery must vanish, reflects the highest honour on the ingenious writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr. Swift. N.

‡ Samuel Bindon, esq. one of the greatest painters and architects of his time. On account of his age, and some little failure in his sight, he threw aside his pencil soon after the year 1750; and afterward lived to a good old age, greatly beloved and respected by all who had the happiness either of his friendship or acquaintance. He died June 2, 1765. N.

He

He only breathes Bœotian air—
" O! what a falling off was there!"
Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
And what remains against the storm
Of Malice but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle?
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
Imperial Reason, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffusing round
In cheerful rivulets to flow
Of Fortune to the sons of woe?
Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift,
But lo! the pure æthereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.
Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;

By Providence advanced for use,
Which you should study to produce.
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.
Ah! where is now the supple train,
That danc'd attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wisdom, dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?
Good Christians! they with bended knees
Ingulf'd the wine, but loath the lees,
Averting (so the text commands,)
With ardent eyes and upcast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mongrels, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;

And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves and not the painter.
  But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recal,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the bless'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd;
And these the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
  Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.

So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

ON THE DRAPIER.

BY DR. DUNKIN.*

UNDONE by fools at home, abroad by knaves,
The isle of saints became the land of slaves,
Trembling beneath her proud oppressor's hand;
But, when thy reason thunder'd through the land,
Then all the public spirit breath'd in thee,
And all, except the sons of guilt, were free.

* See the translation of Carberiæ Rupes, in vol. XVI. In the Select Poetical Works of Dr. Dunkin, published at Dublin in 1770, are four well-chosen compliments to the Dean on his birth-day, and a very humorous poetical advertisement for a copy of Virgil Travestie, which, at the Dean's request, Dr. Dunkin had much corrected, and afterward lost. After offering a small reward to whoever will restore it, he adds,

"Or if, when this book shall be offer'd to sale,
Any printer will stop it, the bard will not fail
To make over the issues and profits accruing
From thence to the printer, for his care in so doing;
Provided he first to the poet will send it,
That where it is wrong, he may alter and mend it."

Several instances of Dr. Swift's regard for this ingenious writer may be seen in the present collection. See a letter from the archbishop of Cashell to Dr. Swift, dated April. 7, 1735, in vol. XIII. N.

Blest

Blest isle, blest patriot, ever glorious strife!
You gave her freedom, as she gave you life!
Thus Cato fought, whom Brutus copied well,
And with those rights, for which you stand, he fell.

EPITAPH, PROPOSED FOR DR. SWIFT. 1745.

HIC JACET
DEMOCRITVS ILLE NEOTERICVS, RABELAESIVS NOSTER,
I NATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P. HVIVS CATHEDRALIS NUPER DECANVS;
MOMI, MVSARVM, MINERVAE, ALVMNVS PERQVAM DILECTVS;
INSVLSIS, HYPOCRITIS, THEOMACHIS, IVXTA EXOSVS;
QVOS TRIBVTIM SVMMO CVM LEPORE
DERISIT, DENVDAVIT, DEBELLAVIT.
T RIAE INFELICIS PATRONVS IMPIGER, ET PROPVGNATOR
PRIMORES ARRIPVIT, POPVLVMQVE INTERRITVS,
VNI SCILICET AEQVVS VIRTVTI.
HANC FAVILLAM
SI QUIS ADES, NEC PENITVS EXCORS VIDETVR,
DEBITA SPARGES LACRYMA.

EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN.

1745.

TWO geniuses one age and nation grace:
Pride of our isles, and boast of human race!
Great sage! great bard! supreme in knowledge born!
The world to mend, enlighten, and adorn.
Truth on Cimmerian darkness pours the day!
Wit drives in smiles the gloom of minds away!

Ye kindred suns on high, ye glorious spheres,
Whom have ye seen, in twice three thousand years,
Whom have ye seen, like these, of mortal birth;
Though Archimede and Horace blest the earth?
Barbarians, from th' Equator to the Poles,
Hark! reason calls! wisdom awakes your souls!
Ye regions, ignorant of Walpole's name;
Ye climes, where kings shall ne'er extend their fame;
Where men, miscall'd, God's image have defac'd,
Their form belied, and human shape disgrac'd!
Ye two-legg'd wolves! slaves! superstitious sons!
Lords! soldiers! holy Vandals! modern Huns!
Boors, mufties, monks; in Russia, Turkey, Spain!
Who does not know SIR ISAAC, and THE DEAN?

TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR SWIFT.

WHEN wasteful death has clos'd the Poet's eyes,
And low in earth his mortal essence lies;
When the bright flame, that once his breast inspir'd,
Has to its first, its noblest seat retir'd;
All worthy minds, whom love of merit sways,
Should shade from slander his respected bays;
And bid that fame, his useful labours won,
Pure and untainted through all ages run,
Envy's a fiend all excellence pursues,
But mostly poets favour'd by the Muse:
Who wins the laurel, sacred verse bestows,
Makes all, who fail in like attempts, his foes;

No puny wit of malice can complain,
The thorn is theirs, who most applauses gain.
Whatever gifts or graces Heaven design'd
To raise man's genius, or enrich his mind,
Were Swift's to boast—alike his merits claim,
The statesman's knowledge, and the poet's flame;
The patriot's honour, zealous to defend
His country's rights—and *faithful to the end;*
The sound divine, whose charities display'd
He more by virtue than by forms was sway'd;
Temperate at board, and frugal of his store,
Which he but spar'd, to make his bounties more;
The generous friend, whose heart alike caress'd,
The friend triumphant, or the friend distress'd;
Who could unpain'd another's merit spy,
Nor view a rival's fame with jaundic'd eye;
Humane to all, his love was unconfin'd,
And in its scope embrac'd all humankind;
Sharp, not malicious, was his charming wit,
And less to anger than reform he writ;
Whatever rancour his productions show'd,
From scorn of vice and folly only flow'd;
He thought that fools were an invidious race,
And held no measures with the vain or base.
Virtue so clear! who labours to destroy,
Shall find the charge can but himself annoy:
The slanderous theft to his own breast recoils,
Who seeks renown from injur'd merit's spoils;
All hearts unite, and Heaven with man conspires
To guard those virtues she herself admires.
O sacred bard!—once ours!—but now no more,
Whose loss, for ever, Ireland must deplore,
No earthly laurels needs thy happy brow,
Above the poet's are thy honours now:

Above the patriot's (though a greater name
No temporal monarch for his crown can claim).
From noble breasts if envy might ensue,
Thy death is all the brave can envy you.
You died, when merit (to its fate resign'd)
Saw scarce one friend to genius left behind.
When shining parts did jealous hatred breed,
And 'twas a crime in science to succeed,
When ignorance spread her hateful mist around,
And dunces only an acceptance found,
What could such scenes in noble minds beget,
But life with pain and talents with regret?
Add, that thy spirit from the world retir'd,
Ere hidden foes its further grief conspir'd;
No treacherous friend did stories yet contrive,
To blast the Muse he flatter'd when alive,
Or sordid printer (by his influence led)
Abus'd the fame that first bestow'd him bread.
Slanders so mean, had he whose nicer ear
Abhorr'd all scandal, but surviv'd to hear.
The fraudful tale had stronger scorn supply'd,
And he (at length) with more disdain had died.
But since detraction is the portion here
Of all who virtuous durst, or great, appear,
And the free soul no true existence gains,
While earthy particles its flight restrains,
The greatest favour grimful Death can show,
Is with swift dart to expedite the blow.
So thought the Dean, who, anxious for his fate,
Sigh'd for release, and deem'd the blessing late.
And sure if virtuous souls (life's travail past)
Enjoy (as churchmen teach) repose at last,
There's cause to think, a mind so firmly good,
Who vice so long, and lawless power, withstood,

Has

Has reach'd the limits of that peaceful shore,
Where knaves molest, and tyrants awe, no more;
These blissful seats the pious but attain,
Where incorrupt, immortal spirits reign.
There his own Parnell strikes the living lyre,
And Pope harmonious joins the tuneful choir;
His Stella too (no more to forms confin'd,
For heavenly beings all are of a kind)
Unites with his the treasures of her mind,
With warmer friendships bids their bosoms glow,
Nor dreads the rage of vulgar tongues below.
Such pleasing hope the tranquil breast enjoys,
Whose inward peace no conscious crime annoys;
While guilty minds irresolute appear,
And doubt a state their vices needs must fear.

R——T B——N.

Dublin,
Nov. 4, 1755.

AN INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR A COMPARTMENT IN DR. SWIFT'S MONUMENT, DESIGNED BY CUNNINGHAM, ON COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

June 4, 1765.

AN EPIGRAM.

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier birth two realms contend;
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss Ierne's laurel shall supply:
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

1766. W. B. J. N.

VERSES

ON TWO CELEBRATED MODERN POETS.

BEHOLD, those monarch oaks, that rise,
With lofty branches, to the skies,
Have large proportion'd roots that grow
With equal longitude below:
Two bards, that now in fashion reign,
Most aptly this device explain:
If this to clouds and stars will venture,
That creeps as far to reach the centre;
Or, more to show the thing I mean,
Have you not o'er a sawpit seen
A skill'd mechanic, that has stood
High on a length of prostrate wood,

Who

Who hir'd a subterraneous friend
To take his iron by the end:
But which excell'd was never found,
The man above or under ground.
The moral is so plain to hit,
That, had I been the god of wit,
Then, in a sawpit and wet weather,
Should Young and Philips drudge together.*

UPON CARTHY'S † THREATENING TO TRANSLATE PINDAR.

YOU have undone Horace,—what should hinder
Thy Muse from falling upon Pindar?
But ere you mount his fiery steed,
Beware, O Bard, how you proceed:——
For should you give him once the reins,
High up in air he'll turn your brains;
And if you should his fury check,
'Tis ten to one he breaks your neck.

* This is to be understood as a censure only of the poetical character of those gentlemen. As men, the Dean esteemed them both; and on Philips in particular conferred many signal acts of friendship. N.

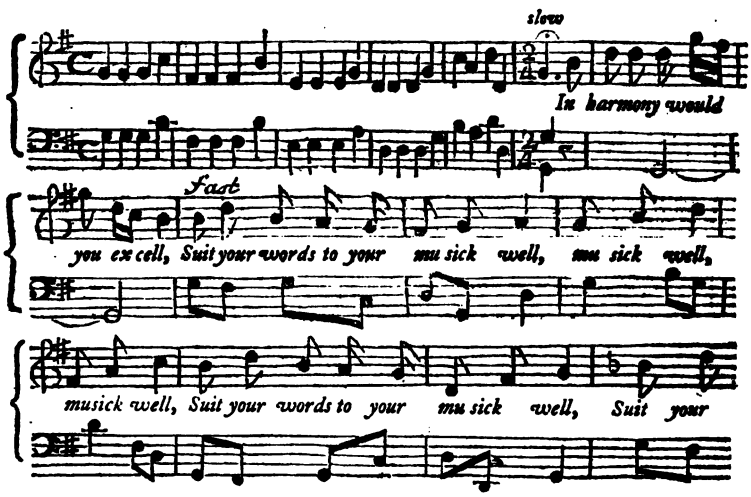
† Carthy, a scribbling schoolmaster, wrote some severe lines on Dr. Swift and his friends. F.

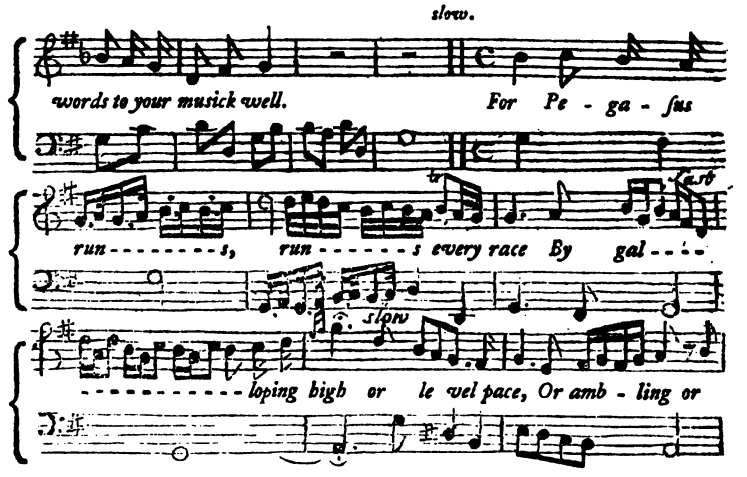
DR. SWIFT WROTE THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM ON ONE DELACOURT'S COMPLIMENTING CARTHY, A SCHOOLMASTER, ON HIS POETRY.

EPIGRAM.

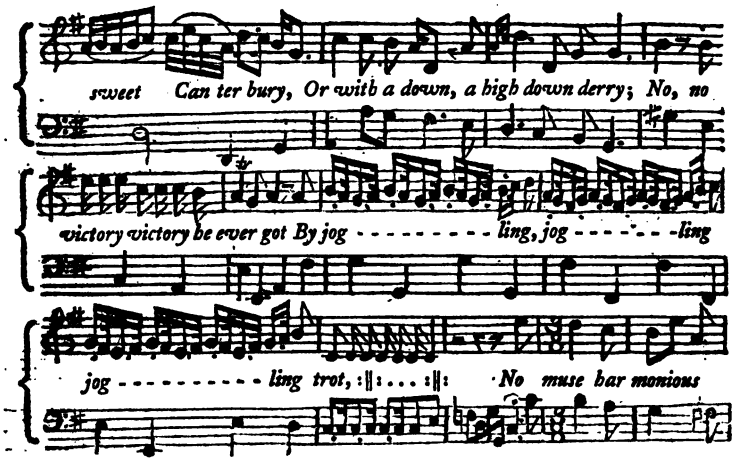
CARTHY, you say, writes well—his genius true,
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

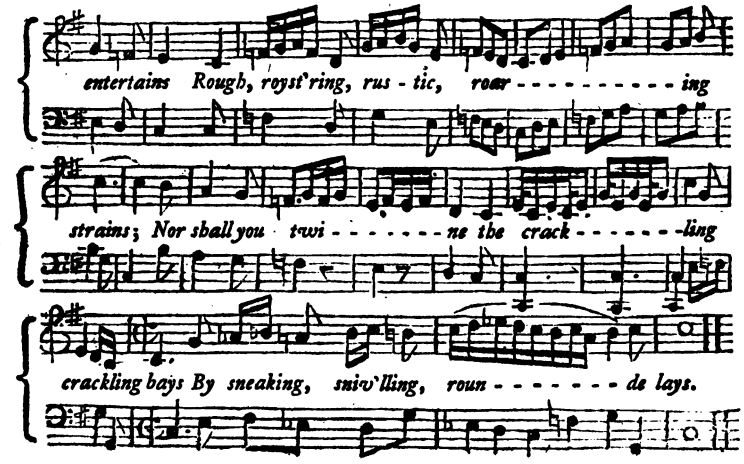
A CANTATA.*

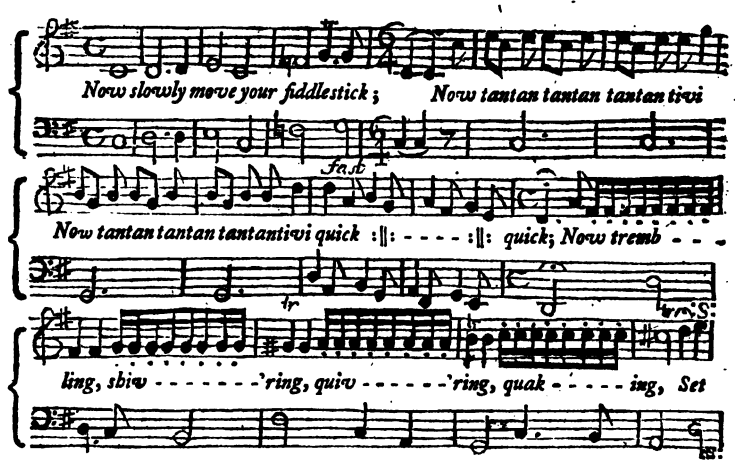


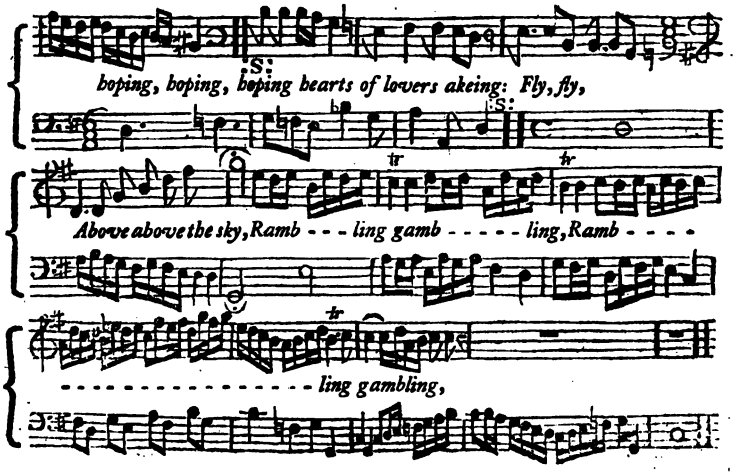


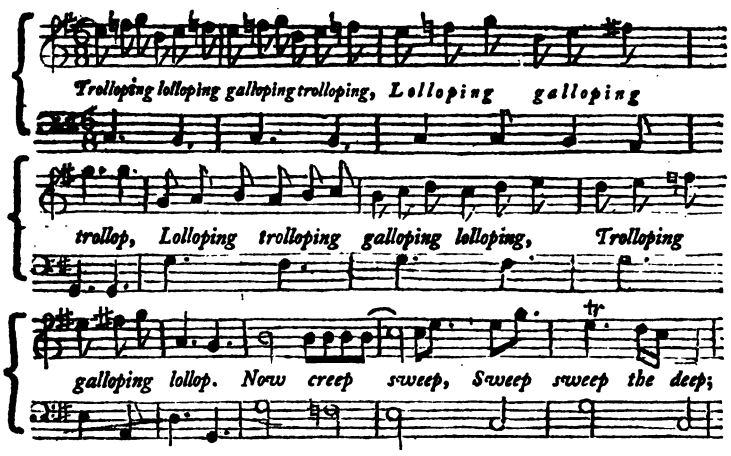
* See a remark on this Cantata by Dr. Beattie, in vol. XIV. p. 191. N.

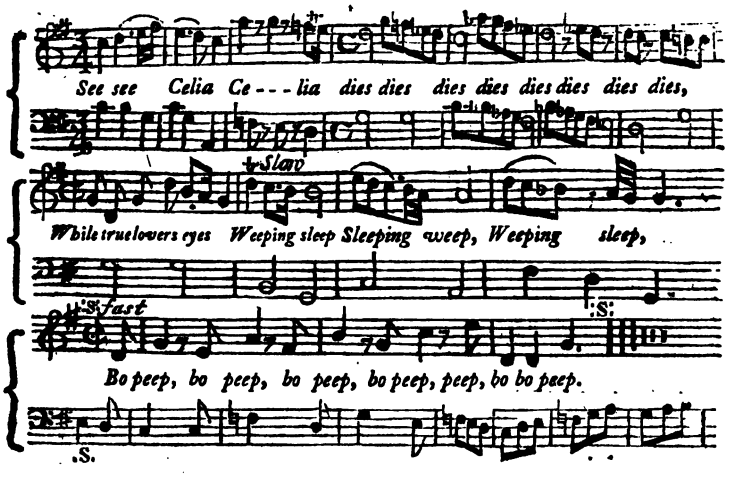

sweet Can ter bury, Or with a down, a high down derry; No, no
victory victory be ever got By jog - - - - - - - - - ling, jog - - - - - - - ling
jog - - - - - - - - - ling trot, :‖: . . . :‖: No muse har monious


entertains Rough, royst'ring, rus - tic, roar - - - - - - - - - - ing
strains; Nor shall you twi - - - - - - - ne the crack - - - - - - - ling
crackling bays By sneaking, sniv'lling, roun - - - - - - - de lays.


Now slowly move your fiddlestick; Now tantan tantan tantan tivi
Now tantan tantan tantantivi quick :‖: - - - - :‖: quick; Now tremb - - -
ling, shiv - - - - - - 'ring, quiv - - - - - - 'ring, quak - - - - - ing, Set


hoping, hoping, hoping hearts of lovers akeing: Fly, fly,
Above above the sky, Ramb - - - ling gamb - - - - - ling, Ramb - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ling gambling,


Trolloping lolloping galloping trolloping, Lolloping galloping
trollop, Lolloping trolloping galloping lolloping, Trolloping
galloping lollop. Now creep sweep, Sweep sweep the deep;


See see Celia Ce - - - lia dies dies dies dies dies dies dies dies,
Slow
While true lovers eyes Weeping sleep Sleeping sweep, Weeping sleep,
Fast
S.
Bo peep, bo peep, bo peep, bo peep, peep, bo bo peep.
S.

A COMPLETE

COLLECTION

OF GENTEEL AND INGENIOUS

CONVERSATION,

ACCORDING TO THE MOST

POLITE MODE AND METHOD

NOW USED

AT COURT, AND IN THE BEST COMPANIES

OF ENGLAND.

IN THREE DIALOGUES

BY SIMON WAGSTAFF, ESQ.

*** This treatise appears to have been written with the same view as the Critical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind, but upon a more general plan: the ridicule, which is there confined to literary composition, is here extended to conversation; but its object is the same in both; the repetition of quaint phrases picked up by rote, either from the living or the dead, and applied upon every occasion to conceal ignorance or stupidity, or to prevent the labour of thoughts to produce native sentiment, and combine such words as will precisely express it. H.

There is an air of merriment in some of the pieces which Swift wrote after his intimacy with Dr. Sheridan, not to be found in any other of his writings; such in particular are several of his Poems, his "Directions to Servants," his "Polite Conversation," and many of the whimsical things which he wrote in conjunction with Sheridan.

"I retired hither," the Dean says in one of his Letters, "for the public good, having two great works in hand; one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour, &c." N.

INTRODUCTION.

AS my life has been chiefly spent in consulting the honour and welfare of my country for more than forty years past, not without answerable success, if the world and my friends have not flattered me; so there is no point wherein I have so much laboured, as that of improving and polishing all parts of conversation between persons of quality, whether they meet by accident or invitation, at meals, tea, or visits, mornings, noon, or evenings.

I have passed perhaps more time than any other man of my age and country in visits and assemblies, where the polite persons of both sexes distinguish themselves; and could not without much grief observe how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loss for questions, answers, replies, and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated, when I found that these defects were not occasioned by any want of materials, but because those materials were not in every hand: for instance, one lady can give an answer better than ask a question: one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder: one can revive a languishing conversation by a sudden surprising sentence; another is more dexterous in seconding; a third can fill up the gap with laughing, or commending

what has been said: thus fresh hints may be started, and the ball of the discourse kept up.

But alas! this is too seldom the case, even in the most select companies. How often do we see at court, at public visiting days, at great men's levees, and other places of general meeting, that the conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without supply of fuel! This is what we all ought to lament; and against this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy.

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late majesty king WILLIAM the Third of ever glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six and thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons, and six evenings every week, in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty; only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government; which practice I have followed ever since to this very day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather, and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large tablebook in my pocket; and as soon as I left the company I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during

ring the visit; which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged; and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method; for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, which I have read in Mr. Creech's admirable translation; that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet, before he ventured to publish them: and finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust (if possible) the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world: for I am convinced, by long experience, that the critics will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them: I foresee they will object, that I have inserted many answers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection: from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire

they will please to supply my defects by communicating to me their discoveries; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, esq. at his lodgings next door to the Gloucester-head in St. James's street, paying the postage. In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which has outdone all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England, are summed up in it; nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of English ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want: especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration.

There is a natural, involuntary distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter: but there is another cause of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taste, as well as of a polite obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without

without much observation, long practice and sound judgment; I did therefore once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down in all parts of the following dialogues certain marks, asterisks, or *nota benes* (in English markwells) after most questions, and every reply or answer; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company are to laugh; but having duly considered, that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and consequently the price; and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own discretion.

The reader must learn by all means to distinguish between proverbs and those polite speeches which beautify conversation: for, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious discourse. I acknowledge, indeed, that there may possibly be found in this treatise a few sayings, among so great a number of smart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air: however, I hope it will be considered that even these were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of superior wits, to embellish and support conversation; whence, with great impropriety as well as plagiarism (if you will forgive a hard word) they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial maxims; and therefore, in justice, ought to be resumed out of vulgar hands, to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes both male and female, the levees

of great ministers, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully assure the reader, that there is not one single witty phrase in this whole collection, which has not received the stamp and approbation of at least one hundred years, and how much longer it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentic.

But, before this elaborate treatise can become of universal use and ornament to my native country, two points, that will require time and much application, are absolutely necessary.

For, first, whatever person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humorous, and polite, must, by hard labour, be able to retain in his memory every single sentence contained in this work, so as never to be once at a loss in applying the right answers, questions, repartees, and the like, immediately, and without study or hesitation.

And, secondly, after a lady or gentleman has so well overcome this difficulty as never to be at a loss upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almost of every limb, is equally necessary; without which an infinite number of absurdities will inevitably ensue. For instance, there is hardly a polite sentence in the following dialogues, which does not absolutely require some peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or nose, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or suitable toss of the head, with certain offices assigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exercise of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver;

deliver; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice, the twistings, and movements, and different postures of the body, the several kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies must daily practise by the looking glass, and consult upon them with their waiting maids.

My readers will soon observe what a great compass of real and useful knowledge this science includes; wherein, although nature, assisted by genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong memory and constant application, together with example and precept, will be highly necessary. For these reasons I have often wished, that certain male and female instructors, perfectly versed in this science, would set up schools, for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember, about thirty years ago, there was a Bohemian woman, of that species commonly known by the name of gypsies, who came over hither from France, and generally attended ISAAC the dancing master, when he was teaching his art to misses of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the Bohemian, standing at some distance, but full in their sight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motions of the hands, and twistings of the body; whereof you may still observe the good effects in several of our elder ladies.

After the same manner, it were much to be desired, that some expert gentlewomen gone to decay would set up public schools, wherein young girls of quality, or great fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following system of conversation, which I have been at so much pains to com-

pile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every screwing of their bodies, every exercise of their fans, to the humour of the sentences they hear or deliver in conversation. But, above all, to instruct them in every species and degree of laughing in the proper seasons, at their own wit or that of the company. And if the sons of the nobility and gentry, instead of being sent to common schools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were consigned to able instructors, in the same art, I cannot find what use there could be of books, except in the hands of those who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of persons born to titles or estates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that by cultivating this science we should wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood; and whenever a polite person offers accidentally to use any of their jargon terms, have the presumption to laugh at us for pronouncing those words in a genteeler manner. Whereas I do here affirm, that, whenever any fine gentleman or lady condescends to let a hard word pass out of their mouths, every syllable is smoothed and polished in the passage; and it is a true mark of politeness, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the sound; because we are infinitely better judges of what will please a distinguishing ear, than those who call themselves scholars can possibly be; who, consequently, *ought* to correct their books, and manner of pronouncing;

nouncing; by the authority of our example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and significancy.

But in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a design can be put in execution (which, considering the good disposition of our country at present, I shall not despair of living to see) let me recommend the following treatise to be carried about as a pocket companion, by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to pass the evening without cards, as I have sometimes known it to be the case upon disappointments or accidents unforeseen; desiring they would read their several parts in their chairs or coaches, to prepare themselves for every kind of conversation that can possibly happen.

Although I have, in justice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controlled, I mean, by producing so great a number of witty sentences in the ensuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production, yet I must confess at the same time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our ancestors; for as long as my memory reaches, I do not recollect one new phrase of importance to have been added: which defect in us moderns I take to have been occasioned by the introduction of cant words in the reign of king CHARLES the Second. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's standing, is now intelligible; nor any where to be found,

excepting

excepting a small number strewed here and there in the comedies, and other fantastic writings of that age.

The honourable colonel JAMES GRAHAM, my old friend and companion, did likewise, toward the end of the same reign, invent a set of words and phrases, which continued almost to the time of his death. But, as these terms of art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little further than among his particular acquaintance (of whom I had the honour to be one) they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late D. of R—— and E. of E—— succeed much better, although they proceeded no further than single words: whereof, except bite, bamboozle, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The same fate has already attended those other town-wits, who furnish us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and those of the last season sunk in oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a complete list by the right honorable the lord and lady H——, with which I made a considerable figure one summer in the country; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

The only invention of late years, which has any way contributed toward politeness in discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This refinement having begun about the time of the Revolution, I had some share in the honour of *promoting* it; and I observe, to my great satisfaction,

faction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raise our language to the utmost perfection; although I must confess, to avoid obscurity, I have been very sparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

But, as for phrases invented to cultivate conversation, I defy all the clubs of coffeehouses in this town to invent a new one, equal in wit, humour, smartness, or politeness, to the very worst of my set; which clearly shows, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole stock of materials has been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having myself for several months racked my invention to enrich this treasure (if possible) with some additions of my own (which however should have been printed in a different character, that I might not be charged with imposing upon the public) and having shown them to some judicious friends, they dealt very sincerely with me, all unanimously agreeing that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to discourse drawn up in my present collection, and confirmed their opinion with reasons, by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed of my great presumption.

But I lately met a much stronger argument to confirm me in the same sentiments; for, as the great bishop BURNET of Salisbury informs us, in the preface to his admirable History of his own Times, that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every day of his life (and indeed in its kind it is almost equally polished with this work of mine) so it has been my constant business

for

for some years past to examine, with the utmost strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest lapse in style or propriety through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the bishop I might send it abroad as the most finished piece of the age.

It happened one day, as I was dining in good company of both sexes and watching according to my custom for new materials wherewith to fill my pocketbook. I succeeded well enough till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more materials that were worth the pains of transcribing: for, the discourse of the company was all degenerated into smart sayings of their own invention, and not of the true old standard; so that in absolute despair I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea: whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that wine does not inspire politeness, or that our sex is not able to support it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much increases the value of these apophthegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for at least a hundred years; neither is this to be wondered at, because indeed, beside the smartness of the wit, and fineness of the raillery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations: which however I do not despair in due time to see introduced,

duced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in town.

Although this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes; yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the officers of the army, the gentlemen of the inns of court, and of both the universities; to all courtiers, male and female; but principally to the maids of honour; of whom I have been personally acquainted with two and twenty sets, all excelling in this noble endowment; till, for some years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of bargains and freethinking: not that I am against either of these entertainments at proper seasons in compliance with company, who may want a taste for more exalted discourse, whose memories may be short who are too young to be perfect in their lessons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my instructions. And besides, there is a strong temptation for court ladies to fall into the two amusements abovementioned, that they may avoid the censure of affecting singularity against the general current and fashion of all about them: but, however, no man will pretend to affirm that either bargains or blasphemy, which are the principal ornaments of freethinking, are so good a fund of polite discourse, as what is to be met with in my collection. For, as to bargains, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, because they all terminate in one single point; and to multiply them would require more invention than people have to spare. And as to

blasphemy or freethinking, I have known some scrupulous persons of both sexes, who by a prejudiced education are afraid of sprights. I must however except the maids of honour, who have been fully convinced by a famous court chaplain, that there is no such place as Hell.

I cannot indeed controvert the lawfulness of freethinking, because it has been universally allowed that thought is free. But however, although it may afford a large field of matter, yet in my poor opinion it seems to contain very little of wit or humour; because it has not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentic expressions, I mean such as must receive a sanction from the polite world, before their authority can be allowed; neither was the art of blasphemy or freethinking invented by the court, or by persons of great quality; who, properly speaking, were patrons rather than inventors of it; but first brought in by the fanatic faction toward the end of their power, and after the Restoration carried to Whitehall by the converted rumpers, with very good reason; because they knew, that king CHARLES the second, from a wrong education, occasioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to observe, that fanatic enthusiasm directly led to atheism, which agreed with the dissolute inclinations of his youth; and perhaps these principals were further cultivated in him by the French Hugonots, who have been often charged with spreading them among us: however, I cannot see where the necessity lies of intruducing new and foreign topics for conversation, while we have so plentiful a stock of *our own* growth.

I have

I have likewise, for some reasons of equal weight, been very sparing in double *entendres*: because they often put ladies upon affected constraints, and affected ignorance. In short, they break, or very much entangle, the thread of discourse; neither am I master of any rules to settle the disconcerted countenances of the females in such a juncture; I can therefore only allow innuendoes of this kind to be delivered in whispers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new subject for discourse.

Perhaps the critics may accuse me of a defect in my following system of Polite Conversation; that there is one great ornament of discourse, whereof I have not produced a single example; which indeed I purposely omitted, for some reasons that I shall immediately offer; and, if those reasons will not satisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be applied in some manner by an appendix to the second edition; which appendix shall be printed by itself, and sold for sixpence, stitched, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occasion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inserted into the body of my book, all the oaths now most in fashion for embellishing discourse; especially since it could give no offence to the clergy, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite assemblies. And it must be allowed, that oaths well chosen are not only very useful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of style.

What

What I shall here offer in my own defence upon this important article will, I hope, be some extenuation of my fault.

First, I reasoned with myself, that a just collection of oaths, repeated as often as the fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume at least to double the bulk; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewise make the volume less commodious for pocket carriage.

Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious friends, that themselves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether seriously or not) at too great a profusion of cursing and swearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confess, did startle me not a little, having never observed the like in the compass of my own several acquaintance, at least for twenty years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser judgments than my own.

Thirdly, as this most useful treatise is calculated for all future times, I considered, in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard since I began to study the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet:

> For nowadays men change their oaths,
> As often as they change their clothes.

In short, oaths are the children of fashion; they are in some sense almost annuals, like what I observed before of cant words; and I myself can

can remember about forty different sets. The old stock oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the alphabet.

Sir JOHN PERROT was the first man of quality, whom I find upon record to have sworn by *God's wounds*. He lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and was supposed to be a natural son of Henry the Eighth, who might also probably have been his instructor. This oath indeed still continues, and is a stock oath to this day; so do several others that have kept their natural simplicity; but infinitely the greater number has been so frequently changed and dislocated, that if the inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

Upon these considerations I began to apprehend, that if I should insert all the oaths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the first change of fashion, and grow as useless as an old dictionary; whereas the case is quite otherwise with my collection of polite discourse; which, as I before observed, has descended by tradition for at least a hundred years without any change in the phraseology. I therefore determined with myself to leave out the whole system of swearing; because both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished; new ones are easily learnt, and with a moderate share of discretion may be properly applied on every fit occasion. However I must here upon this article of swearing most earnestly recommend to my male readers, that

they would please a little to study variety. For it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath or curse cannot consistently with true politeness, be repeated above nine times in the same company, by the same person, and at one sitting.

I am far from desiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious speeches contained in this work should, in the general conversation between ladies and gentlemen, come in so quick and so close as I have here delivered them. By no means: on the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor do I make the least question, but that, by a discreet and thrifty management, they may serve for the entertainment of a whole year to any person, who does not make too long or too frequent visits in the same family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wisdom, humour, and politeness, scattered in this volume, amount to one thousand seventy and four. Allowing then to every gentleman and lady thirty visiting families (not insisting upon fractions) there will want but a little of a hundred polite questions, answers, replies, rejoinders, repartees, and remarks, to be daily delivered fresh in every company for twelve solar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world insists on, or has reason to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this science to its utmost perfection.

It may be objected that the publication of my book, may, in a long course of time, prostitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people; but I answer, that it is not so easy an acquirement as a few

a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman can swear, but he cannot swear like a lord. He can swear as often; but can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment? No, certainly, unless he be a lad of superior parts, of good memory, a diligent observer, one who has a skilful ear, some knowledge in music, and an exact taste; which hardly fall to the share of one in a thousand among that fraternity, in as high favour as they now stand with their ladies. Neither has one footman in six so fine a genius as to relish and apply those exalted sentences comprised in this volume, which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot see that the same ill consequences would follow from the waiting woman, who, if she had been bred to read romances, may have some small subaltern or secondhand politeness; and if she constantly attends the tea, and be a good listener, may in some years make a tolerable figure, which will serve perhaps to draw in the young chaplain, or the old steward. But, alas! after all, how can she acquire those hundred graces, and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muscular motion in the face, the risings and fallings, the quickness and slowness of the voice, with the several turns and cadences; the proper junctures of smiling and frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to gibe and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and discipline above recited?

I am therefore not under the least apprehension, that this art will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires so much

time, study, practice, and genius, before it arrives at perfection; and therefore I must repeat my proposal for erecting public schools, provided with the best and ablest masters and mistresses, at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a dialogue, after the pattern of other famous writers in history, law, politics, and most other arts and sciences; and I hope it will have the same success: for, who can contest it to be of greater consequence to the happiness of these kingdoms than all human knowledge put together? Dialogue is held the best method of inculcating any part of knowledge; and I am confident, that public schools will soon be founded for teaching wit and politeness, after my scheme, to young people of quality and fortune. I have determined next sessions to deliver a petition to the house of lords, for an act of parliament to establish my book as the standard grammar in all the principal cities of the kingdom, where this art is to be taught by able masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than Lilly obtained only for teaching words in a language wholly useless. Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself, as not to desire a patent, granted of course to all useful projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole profit of giving a licence to every school to read my grammar for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but observe what pains I have been at in polishing the style of my book to the greatest exactness: nor have I been less diligent in refining the orthography, by spelling the

the words in the very same manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeness at court, at levees, at assemblies, at playhouses, at the prime visiting-places, by young templars, and by gentlemen commoners of both universities, who have lived at least a twelvemonth in town, and kept the best company. Of these spellings the public will meet with many examples in the following book. For instance, *can't*, *han't*, *shan't*, *didn't*, *coudn't*, *woudn't*, *isn't*, *en't*, with many more; beside several words which scholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but now pared into a polite sound by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers, and templars, such as *jommetry* for *geometry*, *vardi* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learnen* for *learning;* together with some abbreviations exquisitely refined; as *pozz* for *positive*; *mobb* for *mobile*; *phizz* for *phisiognomy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary; incog.* for *incognito*; *hypps*, or *hippo*, for *hyphochondriacs*; *bam* for *bamboozle*; and *bamboozle* for *God knows what;* whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself to a degree, that whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud for the entertainment and instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers; because all the persons throughout the several subjects of conversation strictly observe a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds: but this I leave

entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humour, may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; because it entirely depends upon memory, and the happiness of having kept polite company: but the art of contriving that those speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper sentiments to be delivered upon so great a variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to succeed in, unless they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested love of the public.

Although every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply, be little known to many people, yet there is not one single sentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring most authentic vouchers, whenever I shall be called: and even for some expressions, which to a few nice ears may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls, and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal. However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments that seem to be over free; because when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction

sanction it has become a choice flower in the nosegay of wit and politeness.

Some will perhaps object, that when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent with the art of cookery, or proper for the season of the year; and part of the first course mingled with the second; beside a failure in politeness by introducing a black pudding, to a lord's table and at a great entertainment; but, if I had omitted the black-pudding, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite reason given by miss Notable for not eating it; the world perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such hypercritical readers will please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings as compact as I could; only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find, that so universal and polite an entertainment as cards has hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by many hundred times with the utmost vigilance, and my table-book ready, without being able, in eight hours, to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for, by the turbulence and justling of passions, upon the various and surprising turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the course of a long

evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequences of nonattention so fatal.

Play is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions or trials of wit. Quadrille in particular bears some resemblance to a state of nature, which we are told is a state of war; wherein every woman is against every woman; the unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this minute without knowing the ally, and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the game of quadrille, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action. Neither can I find that our art has gained much by the happy revival of masquerading among us; the whole dialogue in those meetings being summed up in one (sprightly, I confess, but) single question, and as sprightly an answer. "Do you know me? "Yes, I do." And, "Do you know me? "Yes, I do." For this reason I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question, and a single answer; especially, when to perform this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred persons together, of both sexes, dressed in fantastic habits for one minute, and dismiss them the next.

Neither is it reasonable to conceive, that our science can be much improved by masquerades, where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up in contriving singular and humorous disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing

intrigues

intrigues and assignations of gallantry to a happy conclusion.

The judicious reader will readily discover, that I make miss Notable my heroine, and Mr. Thomas Neverout my hero. I have laboured both their characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, repartees, and rejoinders; because my design was, to propose them both as patterns, for all young bachelors, and single ladies, to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite conversation flourish between both sexes, in a more consummate degree of perfection, than these kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn some lines of sir John Linger's character, the Derbyshire knight, on purpose to place it in counterview or contrast with that of the other company; wherein I can assure the reader, that I intended not the least reflection upon Derbyshire, the place of my nativity. But my intention was only to show the misfortune of those persons who have the disadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeness, whereof I take the present limits to extend no further than London, and ten miles round; although others are pleased to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the discourses of my gentlemen and ladies, with those of sir John, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same climate, or under the same laws, language, religion, or government: and accordingly I have introduced him speaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reason than to teach my scholars how to avoid it.

The

The curious reader will observe, that when conversation appears in danger to flag, which in some places I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent some sudden question, or turn of wit, to revive it; such as these that follow: "What? I think here's a silent meeting! Come, madam, a penny for your thought;" with several others of the like sort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, because I am acquainted with very few; but indeed chiefly, because I found them so much inferior to those at court, especially among the gentlemen ushers, the ladies of the bedchamber, and the maids of honour; I must also add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious story-tellers, nor brangling disputers: for a right scholar of either sex in our science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprising piece of wit, that shall engage all the company in a loud laugh; and if, after a pause, the grave companion resumes his thread in the following manner: "Well, but to go on with my story," new interruptions come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few essays toward the selling of bargains, as well for instructing those who delight in that accomplishment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have transgressed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than it is now practised at St. James's.

At

At the same time, I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation, which makes the constituent subject of my treatise; and for this I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each bargain, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own, that except some smattering in the French, I am what the pedants and scholars call a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons. I have read most of the plays and all the miscellany poems, that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr. Thomas Brown's works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.

Upon what foot I stand with the present chief reigning wits, their verses recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thousand witnesses: I am, and have been, likewise particularly acquainted with Mr. Charles Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis, that admirable critic and poet, and several others. Each of these eminent persons (I mean those who are still alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over, with the strictest eye of friendly severity, and proposed some, although very few amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgment for so singular a favour.

And

And I cannot conceal, without ingratitude, the great assistance I have received from those two illustrious writers, Mr. Ozell, and captain Stevens. These, and some others of distinguished eminence, in whose company I have passed so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, so it has been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the rest of that snarling brood, burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find, that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of genteel and fashionable life. Those which are proper for morning tea, will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies, into different hands; and such as are adapted to meals will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between daylight and candlelight. By this method no diligent person of a tolerable memory can ever be at a loss.

It has been my constant opinion, that every man, who is intrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour, and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action to be performed in his life, for the public emolument: and I freely confess that so grand, so important an enterprise as I have undertaken,

dertaken, and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself, as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly entreated several of my abovenamed friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom; but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me; yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And at last their entreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least violation of modesty, that there is no man now alive, who has by many degrees so just pretensions as myself to the highest encouragement from the crown, the parliament and the ministry, toward bringing this work to due perfection. I have been assured, that several great heroes of antiquity were worshipped as gods, upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifest I could have no other intentions; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if such a treatise as mine had been published some years ago, and with as much success as I am confident this will meet; I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the study and practice of polite conversation; whether such

mean stupid writers as the Craftsman, and his abetters, could have been able to corrupt the principles of so many hundred thousand subjects, as, to the shame and grief of every whiggish, loyal, and true protestant heart, it is too manifest they have done. For I desire the honest judicious reader to make one remark, that, after having exhausted the whole *in sickly pay-day* * (if I may so call it) of politeness and refinement, and faithfully digested it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expression relating to politics; that the ministry is never mentioned, nor the word king above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of his majesty; so very cautious were our wiser ancestors in forming rules for conversation, as never to give offence to crowned heads, nor interfere with party-disputes in the state. And, indeed, although there seems to be a close resemblance between the two words politeness and politics, yet no ideas are more inconsistent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of disaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble science, in the following short terms, that ought to be writ in gold, "Must is for the king;" which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the first page of my book, thereby to instil early the best protestant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither

* This word is spelt by Latinists *Encyclopædia*; but the judicious author wisely prefers the polite reading before the pedantic. H.

is it merely my own private opinion, that politeness is the firmest foundation upon which loyalty can be supported; for thus happily sings the divine Mr. Tibbalds, or Theobalds, in one of his birth-day poems:

> I am no scollard, but I am polite:
> Therefore be sure I'm no jacobite.

Hear likewise to the same purpose that great master of the whole poetic choir, our most illustrious laureat Mr. Colley Cibber:

> Who in his talk can't speak a polite thing,
> Will never loyal be to George our king.

I could produce many more shining passages out of our principal poets of both sexes to confirm this momentous truth. Whence I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute toward propagating the science contained in the following sheets, through the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, may justly demand all the favour that the wisest court, and most judicious senate, are able to confer on the most deserving subject. I leave the application to my readers.

This is the work which I have been so hardy as to attempt, and without the least mercenary view. Neither do I doubt of succeeding to my full wish, except among the tories and their abettors, who, being all jacobites, and consequently papists in their hearts, from a want of true taste or by strong affectation, may perhaps resolve not to read my book; choosing rather to deny themselves

selves the pleasure and honour of shining in polite company, among the principal geniusses of both sexes throughout the kingdom, than adorn their minds with this noble art; and probably apprehending (as I confess nothing is more likely to happen) that a true spirit of loyalty to the protestant succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle readers could possibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberless toils, the frequent risings in the night to set down several ingenious sentences, that I suddenly or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmost vigilance, had been irrecoverably lost for ever; if they would consider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at those houses where persons of both sexes, and of the most distinguished merit, used to meet and display their talents; with what attention I listened to all their discourses, the better to retain them in my memory; and then at proper seasons withdrew unobserved to enter them in my tablebook, while the company little suspected what a noble work I had then in embryo: I say, if all these were known to the world, I think it would be no great presumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the public thanks of both houses of parliament for the service and honour I have done to the whole nation by my single pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the least tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy question: What is become of all the king of Sweden's victories?

tories? where are the fruits of them at this day? or, of what benefit will they be to posterity? Were not many of his greatest actions owing, at least in part, to fortune; were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops, as much as to his own conduct? could he have conquered the Polish king, or the czar of Muscovy, with his single arm? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the fame he has acquired; but, at the same time, I will venture to say, without breach of modesty, that I, who have alone with this right hand subdued barbarism, rudeness, and rusticity, who have established and fixed for ever the whole system of all true politeness and refinement in conversation, should think myself most inhumanly treated by my countrymen, and would accordingly resent it as the highest indignity, to be put on a level in point of fame in after ages with Charles the Twelfth late king of Sweden.

And yet so incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible person, how some of my enemies have industriously whispered about, that one Isaac Newton, an instrument-maker, formerly living near Leicester-fields, and afterwards a workman in the mint at the Tower, might possibly pretend to vie with me for fame in future times. The man, it seems, was knighted for making sun-dials better than others of his trade; and was thought to be a conjuror, because he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a slate, which nobody could understand. But, adieu to all noble attempts for endless renown, if the ghost

of an obscure mechanic shall be raised up to enter into competition with me, only for his skill in making pothooks and hangers with a pencil; which many thousand accomplished gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as those of sir Isaac.

My most ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr. Colley Cibber, who does so much honour to the laurel crown he deservedly wears (as he has often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head) was pleased to tell me, that if my treatise was shaped into a comedy, the representation performed to advantage on our theatre might very much contribute to the spreading of polite conversation among all persons of distinction through the whole kingdom.

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good: but I cannot agree to his proposal; for, Mr. Cibber himself allowed that the subjects handled in my work being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six comedies to contain them. Whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential rules for polite conversation must be omitted.

And here let me do justice to my friend Mr. Tibbalds, who plainly confessed before Mr. Cibber himself, that such a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, so it would intolerably mangle my scheme, and thereby destroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or system of this most useful science in all its parts. And therefore Mr. Tibbalds, whose

whose judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my proposal mentioned before, of erecting public schools and seminaries all over the kingdom, to instruct the young people of both sexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long, but necessary introduction with a request, or indeed rather a just and reasonable demand, from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have with infinite labour, and close application, during the space of thirty-six years, been collecting for their service and improvement, they shall, as an instance of gratitude, on every proper occasion, quote my name after this or the like manner: "Madam, as our master Wagstaff says." "My lord, as our friend Wagstaff has it." I do likewise expect, that all my pupils shall drink my health every day at dinner and supper during my life; and that they, or their posterity, shall continue the same ceremony to my not inglorious memory, after my decease, for ever.

A COMPLETE

COLLECTION

OF POLITE AND INGENIOUS

CONVERSATION.*

IN SEVERAL DIALOGUES.

* The Treatise on Polite Conversation, being universally admired at Dublin, was exhibited at the Theatre in Aungier Street as a dramatic performance, and received great applause. F.

THE MEN.	THE LADIES.
Lord SPARKISH.	Lady SMART.
Lord SMART.	Miss NOTABLE.
Sir JOHN LINGER.	Lady ANSWERALL.
Mr. NEVEROUT.	
Colonel ATWIT.	

ARGUMENT.

Lord SPARKISH and colonel ATWIT meet in the morning upon the Mall: Mr. NEVEROUT joins them: they all go to breakfast at lady SMART's. Their conversation over their tea: after which they part; but my lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner. Sir JOHN LINGER invited likewise, and comes a little too late. The whole conversation at dinner: after which the ladies retire to their tea. The conversation of the ladies without the men, who are supposed to stay and drink a bottle; but in some time, go to the ladies and drink tea with them. The conversation there. After which a party at quadrille until three in the morning; but no conversation set down. They all take leave, and go home.

POLITE CONVERSATION, &c.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Lord Sparkish meeting Col. Atwit.

Col. WELL met, my lord.

Ld. Sparkish. Thank ye, Colonel. A parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in Heaven. When did you see Tom Neverout?

Col. He's just coming toward us. Talk of the devil—

Neverout comes up.

Col. How do you do, Tom?

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you're never the worse: but pray where's your manners? don't you see my lord Sparkish?

Neverout. My lord, I beg your lordship's pardon.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, how is it that you can't see the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

Neverout. Why my lord, it is an ill wind blows nobody good; for it gives me the honour of seeing your lordship.

Col. Tom, you must go with us to lady Smart's to breakfast.

Neverout. Must! why, colonel, must's for the king. [*Col. offering in jest to draw his sword.*

Col. Have you spoke with all your friends?

Neverout. Colonel, as you're stout, be merciful.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, agree, agree; the law's costly. [*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*

Col. Well, Tom, you are never the worse man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What! do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

I'll wait on you. I hope miss Notable will be there; egad she's very handsome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kiss'd her cow.

Lord Smart's House; they knock at the door; the Porter comes out.

Lord Sparkish. Pray, are you the porter?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Ld. Sparkish. Is your lady at home?

Porter. She was at home just now; but she's not gone out yet.

Neverout. I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

Lady Smart's Antechamber.

Lady Smart and Lady Answerall at the tea table.

Lady Smart. My lord, your lordship's most humble servant.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, you spoke too late; I was your ladyship's before.

Lady Smart. O! colonel, are you here?

Col.

Col. As sure as you're there madam.

Lady Smart. O, Mr. Neverout! What such a man alive!

Neverout. Ay, madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your ladyship's service.

Lady Smart. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down that Mr. Neverout came to our house. And pray what news, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. Why, madam, queen Elizabeth's dead.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, I see you are no changeling.

Miss Notable comes in.

Neverout. Miss, your slave: I hope your early rising will do you no harm. I find you are but just come out of the cloth market.

Miss. I always rise at eleven, whether it be day or not.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all day.

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now?

Miss. Pretty well, colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, miss! that's two very good things.

Miss. I mean I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you take me up before I'm down.

Lady Smart. Come let us leave off children's play, and go to pushpin.

Miss. [*To lady Smart.*] Pray, madam, give me some more sugar to my tea.

Col.

Col. O! miss, you must needs be very good humour'd, you love sweet things so well.

Neverout. Stir it up with the spoon, miss; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Smart. I assure you, miss, the colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it; for I have heard say, complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart. [*To lord Sparkish.*] My lord, methinks the sight of you is good for sore eyes; if we had known of your coming, we would have strown rushes for you: how has your lordship done this long time?

Col. Faith, madam, he's better in health than in good conditions.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; I see there's no worse friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the first man has carried a rod to whip himself.

Neverout. Here's poor miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thought.

Miss. It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

Colonel rising up.

Lady Smart. Colonel, where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go home for half an hour.

Miss. Why, colonel, they say the devil's at home.

Lady Answ. Well, but sit while you stay, 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col.

Col. No, madam, while I'm standing I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go; I promise him we won't tear his clothes to hold him.

Lady Smart. I suppose, colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam I am all obedience.

Colonel sits down.

Lady Smart. Lord, miss, how can you drink your tea so hot? sure your mouth's pav'd.

How do you like this tea, colonel?

Col. Well enough, madam; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady Smart. O! colonel I understand you. Betty, bring the canister: I have but very little of this tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [*Laughs.*

Lady Answ. [*To the maid.*] Why, sure, Betty, you are bewitched, the cream is burnt too.

Betty. Why, madam, the bishop has set his foot in it.

Lady Smart. Go, run girl, and warm some fresh cream.

Betty. Indeed, madam, there's none left: for the cat has eaten it all.

Lady Smart. I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

Miss. Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

Col. Yes, in a morning, miss: for they say, butter is gold in a morning, silver at noon, but it is lead at night.

Neverout.

Neverout. Miss, the weather is so hot, that my butter melts on my bread.

Lady Answ. Why, butter, I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a year.

Ld. Sparkish. [*To the maid.*] Mrs. Betty, how does your body politic?

Col. Fie, my lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Lady Smart. Blush! ay, blush like a blue dog.

Neverout. Pray, Mrs. Betty, are you not Tom Johnson's daughter?

Betty. So my mother tells me, sir.

Ld. Sparkish. But, Mrs. Betty, I hear you are in love.

Betty. My lord, I thank God, I hate nobody; I am in charity with all the world.

Lady Smart. Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning; how came you by that scratch upon your nose: have you been fighting with the cats?

Col. [*to miss.*] Miss, when will you be married?

Miss. One of these odd-come-shortly's, colonel.

Neverout. Yes; they say the match is half made, the spark is willing, but miss is not.

Miss. I suppose the gentleman has got his own consent for it.

Lady Answ. Pray, my lord, did you walk through the Park in the rain?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, madam, we were neither sugar nor salt, we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he. [*Laugh.*

Col. It rain'd and the sun shone at the same time.

Neverout.

Neverout. Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a shoulder of mutton.

[*Laugh.*

Col. A blind man would be glad to see that.

Lady Smart. Mr Neverout, methinks you stand in your own light.

Neverout. Ah! madam, I have done so all my life.

Ld. Sparkish. I'm sure he sits in mine: Prithee, Tom, sit a little farther: I believe your father was no glazier.

Lady Smart. Miss, dear girl, fill me out a dish of tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miss fills a dish of tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.

Lady Smart. What, miss, will you be my taster?

Miss. No, madam; but they say, 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Neverout. Pray, miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Lady Answ. But, colonel, they say you went to court last night very drunk: nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the Philistines: no wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, madam, that's a lie.

Lady Answ. 'Tis better I should lie than you should lose your good manners: besides, I don't lie, I sit.

Neverout. O faith, colonel, you must own you had a drop in your eye; when I left you, you were half seas over.

Ld. Sparkish.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I fear lady Answerall can't live long, she has so much wit.

Neverout. No; she can't live, that's certain; but she may linger thirty or forty years.

Miss. Live long! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing.

Lady Answ. O! miss, you must give your vard too!

Ld Sparkish. Miss, shall I fill you another dish of tea?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I have drank enough.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, it will do you more good than a month's fasting; here, take it.

Miss. No, I thank your lordship; enough's as good as a feast.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; but if you always say no, you'll never be married.

Lady Answ. Do, my lord, give her a dish; for, they say, maids will say no, and take it.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; and I dare say, miss is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

Neverout. I would not take my oath of that.

Miss. Pray, sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Smart. Fie, miss; they say maids should be seen, and not heard.

Lady Answ. Good, miss, stir the fire, that the tea kettle may boil.—You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, miss, you'll have a cheerful husband.

Miss. Indeed, your ladyship could have stirred it much better.

Lady Answ. I know that very well, hussy; but I won't keep a dog and bark myself.

Neverout. What! you are sick, miss.

Miss. Not at all; for her ladyship meant you.

Neverout.

Neverout. O! faith, miss, you are in lobs pound; get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Answ. Well; but miss—

Neverout. Ah! dear madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor miss; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. Neverout, you should be cut for the simples this morning: say a word more and you had as good eat your nails.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a song?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.

Col. O! miss, they say all good singers have colds.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, does not miss sing very well?

Lady Answ. She sings, as one may say, my lord.

Miss. I hear Mr. Neverout has a very good voice.

Col. Yes, Tom sings well, but his luck's naught.

Neverout. Faith, colonel, you hit yourself a devilish box on the ear.

Col. Miss, will you take a pinch of snuff?

Miss. No, colonel, you must know that I never take snuff but when I am angry.

Lady Answ. Yes, yes, she can take snuff, but she has never a box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, colonel, let me see that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miss.

Miss. May be there is, colonel.

Col. Ay, but May-bees don't fly now, miss.

Neverout. Colonel, why so hard upon poor miss? Don't set your wit against a child; miss, give me a blow, and I'll beat him,

Miss. So she pray'd me to tell you.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, my lady Smart, what kin are you to lord Pozz?

Lady Smart. Why his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady Answ. Well, methinks here's a silent meeting. Come, miss, hold up your head, girl; there's money bid for you. [*Miss starts.*

Miss. Lord, madam, you frighten me out of my seven senses!

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I must be going.

Lady Answ. I have seen hastier people than you stay all night.

Col. [*to lady Smart.*] Tom Neverout and I are to leap tomorrow for a guinea.

Miss. I believe, colonel, Mr. Neverout can leap at a crust better than you.

Neverout. Miss, your tongue runs before your wit; nothing can tame you but a husband.

Miss. Peace! I think I hear the church clock.

Neverout. Why you know, as the fool thinks—

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, your handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his foot on it, that it mayn't fly in his face.

Neverout. Well, miss—

Miss. Ay, ay! many a one says well that thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll think on this.

Miss.

Miss. That's rhime, if you take it in time.

Neverout. What! I see you are a poet.

Miss. Yes; if I had but the wit to show it.

Neverout. Miss, will you be so kind as to fill me a dish of tea?

Miss. Pray let your betters be served before you; I'm just going to fill one for myself; and, you know, the parson always christens his own child first.

Neverout. But I saw you fill one just now for the colonel: well, I find kissing goes by favour.

Miss. But Pray, Mr. Neverout, what lady was that you were talking with in the side box last Tuesday?

Neverout. Miss, can you keep a secret?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Neverout. Well, miss and so can I.

Col. Odd-so! I have cut my thumb with this cursed knife!

Lady Answ. Ay; that was your mother's fault, because she only warn'd you not to cut your fingers.

Lady Smart. No, no; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wise folks cut their thumbs.—

Miss. I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think miss is grown?

Lady Answ. Ay, ill weeds grow apace.

A puff of smoke comes down the chimney.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, does your ladyship's chimney smoke?

Col. No, madam; but they say smoke always pursues the fair, and your ladyship sat nearest.

Lady Smart. Madam, do you love bohea tea?

Lady Answ. Why, madam, I must confess I do love it, but it does not love me.

Miss [*to lady Smart.*] Indeed, madam, your ladyship is very sparing of your tea: I protest, the last I took was no more than water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray, miss, if I may be so bold, what lover gave you that fine etuy?

Miss. Don't you know? then keep counsel.

Lady Answ. I'll tell you, colonel, who gave it her: it was the best lover she will ever have while she lives, her own dear papa.

Neverout. Methinks, miss, I dont much like the colour of that ribbon.

Miss. Why then, Mr. Neverout, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off it.

Ld. Sparkish. I don't doubt, madam, but your ladyship has heard that sir John Brisk has got an employment at court.

Lady Smart. Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himself no small fool now.

Neverout. Yes, madam, I have heard some people take him for a wise man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady Answ. Do you know him, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his dish.

Col. Well; I can only say that he has better luck than honester folks: but pray, how came he to get this employment?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, by chance, as the man kill'd the devil.

Neverout. Why, miss you are in a brown study; what's

what's the matter? methinks you look like mumchance, that was hang'd for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your words.

Neverout. Well; but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Miss. Well; my comfort is, your tongue is no slander. What you would not have one be always on the high grin?

Neverout. Cry mapsticks, madam; no offence I hope.

[*Lady Smart breaks a teacup.*]

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, how came you to break your cup?

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

Miss. Why sell it, madam, and buy a new one with some of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for spilt milk.

Lady Smart. Why, if things did not break or wear out, how would tradesmen live?

Miss. Well; I am very sick, if any body car'd for it.

Neverout. Come then, miss, e'en make a die of it, and then we shall have a burying of our own.

Miss. The devil take you, Neverout, beside all small curses.

Lady Answ. Marry come up, what, plain Neverout! methinks you might have an M under your girdle, miss.

Lady Smart. Well, well, nought's never in danger; I warrant miss will spit in her hand, and hold fast. Colonel, do you like this biscuit?

Col. I'm like all fools; I love every thing that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

Footman brings the Colonel a letter.

Lady Answ. I suppose, colonel, that's a billet-doux from your mistress.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoe'er writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

Neverout. Miss, what spells b double uzzard?

Miss. Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. Neverout

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr. Neverout, will you do me the favour, to do me the kindness to take off the teakettle?

Ld. Sparkish, I wonder what makes these bells ring.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, I suppose, because they pull the ropes. [*Here all laugh.*

Neverout plays with a teacup.

Miss. Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out such a pretty play-thing.

Lady Smart. Well said, miss: I vow, Mr. Neverout, the girl is too hard for you.

Neverout. Ay, miss will say any thing but her prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, clonel, make me a present of that pretty penknife.

Ld. Sparkish.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, miss, catch him at that, and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear miss, it will cut love.

Ld. Sparkish. Colonel, you shall be married first, I was going to say that.

Lady Smart. Well, but for all that, I can tell who is a great admirer of miss: pray, miss, how do you like Mr. Spruce? I swear, I have often seen him cast a sheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miss. O, madam; all the world knows that Mr. Spruce is a general lover.

Col. Come, miss, 'tis too true to make a jest on. [*Miss blushes.*

Lady Answ. Well, however, blushing is some sign of grace.

Neverout. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, ladies and gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourselves; but, as I hope to be sav'd there's nothing in it.

Lady Answ. Touch a gall'd horse, and he'll wince: love will creep were it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred pound, Mr. Neverout was the inventor of that story; and, colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pie.

Lady Answ. But, colonel, you forgot to salute miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

Miss. Fie, madam; I vow, colonel, I said no such thing; I wonder at your ladyship!

Col. Miss, I beg your pardon—

Goes to salute her, she struggles a little.

Miss. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiss for once than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, miss! for shame of the world, and speech of good people.

Neverout to miss, who is cooking her tea and bread and butter.

Neverout. Come, come, miss, make much of naught; good folks are scarce.

Miss. What! and you must come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [*to Ld. Sparkish.*] But, my lord, I forgot to ask you, how you like my new clothes?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, very well, colonel; only to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst piece is in the middle. [*Here a loud laugh often repeated.*

Col. My lord, you are too severe on your friends.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I'm hot, are you a sot?

Neverout. Miss, I'm cold, are you a scold? take you that.

Lady Smart. I confess that was home. I find, Mr. Neverout, you won't give your head for the washing, as they say.

Miss. O! he's a sore man where the skin's off. I see Mr. Neverout has a mind to sharpen the edge of his wit on the whetstone of my ignorance.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, Tom, you are struck! I never heard a better thing.

Neverout. Pray, miss, give me leave to scratch you for that fine speech.

Miss. Pox on your picture, it cost me a groat the drawing.

Neverout [*to lady Smart.*] 'Sbuds, madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy teakettle.

Lady Smart. Why, then, Mr. Neverout, you must say, God save the king.

Neverout. Did you ever see the like?

Miss. Never but once, at a wedding.

Col. Pray, miss, how old are you?

Miss. Why, I am as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

Ld. Sparkish [*to lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, is miss Buxom married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

Lady Answ. My lord, she's either married, or worse.

Col. If she be'nt married at least she's lustily promis'd. But, is it certain that sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, or else he's sadly wrong'd, for they have buried him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more bread.

Col. But, is he really dead?

Lady Answ. Yes, colonel, as sure as you're alive—

Col. They say he was an honest man.

Lady Answ. Yes, with good looking to.

Miss feels a pimple on her face.

Miss. Lord! I think my goodness is coming

out. Madam will your ladyship please to lend me a patch?

Neverout. Miss, if you are a maid, put your hand upon your spot.

Miss. —There—

[*Covering her face with both her hands.*

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad girl.

[*Gives her a tap.*

Miss. Lord, madam, is that a blow to give a child?

Lady Smart lets fall her handkerchief, and the Colonel stoops for it.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you shall have a better office.

Col. O, madam, I can't have a better than to serve your ladyship.

Col. [*to lady Sparkish.*] Madam, has your ladyship read the new play, written by a lord? it is called Love in a hollow Tree.

Lady Sparkish. No, colonel.

Col. Why, then your ladyship has one pleasure to come.

Miss sighs.

Neverout. Pray, miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a fool ask, and you are the first.

Neverout. Why, miss, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady Answ. Why, you must know, miss is in love.

Miss. I wish my head may never ake till that day.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, miss, never sigh, but send for him.

[*Lady Smart and lady Answerall speaking together.*] If he be hang'd he'll come hopping; and if he be drown'd he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear you will make one die with laughing.

Miss plays with a teacup, and Neverout plays with another.

Neverout. Well; I see, one fool makes many.

Miss. And you are the greatest fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, miss, will you be so kind to tie this string for me with your fair hands? it will go all in your day's work.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourself, you have has many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly: come, pray stand out of my spitting-place.

Neverout. Well, but, miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No; I was never angry in my life but once, and then nobody cared for it; so I resolved never to be angry again.

Neverout. Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Neverout. Well; but I'll make you a fine present one of these days.

Miss. Ay; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not sore yet.

Neverout. No, miss, I'll send it you to morrow.

Miss. Well, well; to morrow's a new day; but I supppose you mean to morrow come never.

Neverout. O! 'tis the prettiest thing: I assure you,

you, there came but two of them over in three ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh. But why did you not bring me a present of snuff this morning?

Neverout. Because, miss, you never asked me: and, 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whistling for.

Ld. Sparkish [*to lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, how came your ladyship last Thursday to go to that odious puppetshow.

Col. Why, to be sure, her ladyship went to see, and to be seen.

Lady Answ. You have made a fine speech, colonel: pray, what will you take for your mouthpiece?

Ld. Sparkish. Take that, colonel: but, pray, madam, was my lady Snuff there? They say she's extremely handsome.

Lady Smart. They must not see with my eyes, that think so.

Neverout. She may pass muster well enough.

Lady Answ. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or six and twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

Lady Answ. Depend upon it, she'll never see five and thirty, and a bit to spare.

Col. Why they say, she's one of the chief toasts in town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well; I woudn't be as sick as she's proud for all the world.

Lady

Lady Answ. She looks as if butter woudn't melt in her mouth; but I warrant, cheese won't choke her.

Neverout. I hear my lord What d'ye call him is courting her.

Lady Sparkish. What lord d'ye mean, Tom?

Miss. Why, my lord, I suppose, Mr. Neverout means the lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They say she dances very fine.

Lady Answ. She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeness to me.

Lady Smart. Well; but you must forget and forgive.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Did you call Betty?

Footman. She's coming, madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! ay, so is Christmas.

Betty comes in.

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been these three hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster than my legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou hast a head, and so has a pin. But, my lord, all the town has it, that miss Caper is to be married to sir Peter Giball; one thing is certain, that she has promised to have him.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, you know, promises are either broken or kept.

Lady Answ. I beg your pardon, my lord; promises and piecrust are made to be broken.

Lady

Lady Smart. Nay, I had it from my lady Carrylie's own mouth. I tell you my tale and my tale's author; if it be a lie, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady Answ. She and I had some words last Sunday at church; but I think I gave her her own.

Lady Smart. Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; she talks enough for herself and all the company.

Neverout. And yet she simpers like a firmity kettle.

Miss looking in a glass.

Miss. Lord, how my head is drest to day!

Col. O, madam! a good face needs no band.

Miss. No; and a bad one deserves none.

Col. Pray, miss, where is your old acquaintance, Mrs. Wayward?

Miss. Why, where should she be? you must needs know; she's in her skin.

Col. I can answer that; what if you were as far out as she's in?—

Miss. Well, I promis'd to go this evening to Hyde Park on the water; but I protest I'm half afraid.

Neverout. Never fear, miss; you have the old proverb on your side, Naught's ne'er in danger.

Col. Why, miss, let Tom Neverout wait on you, and then I warrant, you'll be as safe as a thief in a mill; for you know, He that's born to be hang'd, will never be drown'd.

Neverout. Thank you, colonel, for your good word; but faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair lady's neck.

Lady

Lady Smart. Who's there? Bid the children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady Answ. O! madam, let'm laugh, they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure; I'll tell it to nobody but friends and strangers.

Neverout. Why then, there's some dirt in my tea cup.

Miss. Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Answ. Poh! you must eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Neverout. Pray, miss, what's a clock?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you are a fool that can't tell.

Neverout. [*to lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down.

Lady Answ. Why, 'tis half an hour past hanging time.

Col. Well; I'm like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and had it in his mouth: I have been searching my pockets for my snuff-box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miss. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, colonel: well, I wish I had such a snuff-box.

Neverout. You'll be long enough before you wish your skin full of eyelet holes.

Col. Wish in one hand—

Miss. Out upon you: Lord, what can the man mean?

Ld. Sparkish. This tea is very hot.

Lady Answ. Why, it came from a hot place, my lord.

Colonel spills his tea.

Lady Smart. That's as well done as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours, when you are forc'd to praise yourself.

Lady Smart. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Neverout. Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt hay.

Miss. Pray, don't say no, till you are asked.

Neverout. Well, what you please and the rest again.

Miss stooping for a pin.

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a pin a day is a groat a year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

Col. O! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen should lay a white egg!

Neverout. What! you have found a mare's nest, and laugh at the eggs?

Miss. Pray keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Neverout. Miss, there was a very pleasant accident last night at St. James's Park.

Miss [*to lady Smart.*] What was it your ladyship was going to say just now?

Neverout. Well, miss; tell a mare a tale—

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself talk.

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiss my, &c.

Miss.

Miss. Out upon you, for a filthy creature!

Neverout. What, miss! must I tell you a story, and find you ears?

Ld. Sparkish [*to lady Smart.*] Pray, madam, don't you think Mrs. Spendall very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, I think she was cut out for a gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the making: she wears her clothes as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork; and, for the fashion, I believe they were made in the reign of queen Bess.

Neverout. Well, that's neither here nor there; for you know, the more careless the more modish.

Col. Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and Dick Dolt: and I believe I can see as far into a millstone as another man.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your pardon a thousand times; but they say, an old ape has an old eye.

Neverout. Miss, what do you mean! you'll spoil the colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold—You know the rest, miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col. Faith, miss, depend upon't, I'll give you as good as you bring: what! if you give a jest you must take a jest.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, madam, fools will be meddling; I wish

I wish he may cut his fingers. I hope you can see your own blood without fainting.

Neverout. Why, miss, you shine this morning like a sh—n barn door: you'll never hold out at this rate; pray save a little wit for to morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your say; if people will be rude, I have done; my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand years hence.

Neverout. Miss, you have shot your bolt: I find you must have the last word—Well I'll go to the opera to night.—No, I can't, neither, for I have some business—and yet I think I must; for I promis'd to squire the countess to her box.

Miss. The countess of puddledock, I suppose.

Neverout. Peace, or war, miss?

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

As Miss rises, the chair falls behind her.

Miss. Well; I shan't be lady mayoress this year.

Neverout. No, miss, 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, though I an't well.

Neverout, as Miss is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.

Neverout. Now, colonel, come sit down on my lap; more sacks upon the mill.

Miss. Let me go; ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

Neverout.

Neverout. No, miss; you are very light; but I don't say you are a light hussy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's labour, you may do it yourself; I wish you would be quiet, you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

Neverout rises to take up the chair, and Miss sits in his.

Neverout. You woud'nt be so soon in my grave, madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping; my rents are coming in; I'm afraid I shall fall into the ragman's hands.

Neverout. I'll mend it, miss.

Miss. You mend it! go, teach your grannam to suck eggs.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are so cross, I could find in my heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my heart; there will be no love lost between us.

Neverout. But pray, my lady Smart, does not miss look as if she could eat me without salt?

Miss. I'll make you one day sup sorrow for this.

Neverout. Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Smart. 'Tis indifferent, as Doll danc'd.

Neverout. 'Twill last as many nights as days.

Miss. Well, I knew it should never have your good word.

Lady Smart. My lord, my lady Answerall and

I was walking in the Park last night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

Neverout. Egad, so was I; and I'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I lost my understanding.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady Smart. Well, but what do you mean?

Neverout. Egad, I kick'd my foot against a stone, and tore off the heel of my shoe, and was forc'd to limp to a cobbler in the Pall-mall to have it put on. He, he, he, he. [*All Laugh.*

Col. O! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

Neverout sneezes.

Miss. God bless you! if you han't taken snuff.

Neverout. Why, what if I have, miss?

Miss. Why then, the deuce take you!

Neverout. Miss, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miss. Why, then want's like to be your master.

Neverout looking at the ring.

Neverout. Ay, marry, this is not only, but also; where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

Neverout. Well; if I had such a fine diamond ring, I woudn't stay a day in England: but you know, far fetch'd and dear bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this cost your father two-pence half-penny.

Colonel stretching himself.

Lady Smart. Why, colonel, you break the king's laws; you stretch without a halter.

Lady Answ. Colonel, some ladies of your acquaintance have promis'd to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

Col. Why, faith, madam, bachelors' fare; bread and cheese and kisses.

Lady Answ. Poh! what have you bachelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies? you have nothing to keep, but your own four quarters.

Lady Smart. My lord, has captain Brag the honour to be related to your lordship?

Ld. Sparkish. Very nearly, madam; he's my cousin german quite removed.

Lady Answ. Pray, is he not rich?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, a rich rogue, two shirts and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they say he has a great estate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Smart. What religion is he of?

Ld. Sparkish. Why he is an Anythingarian.

Lady Answ. I believe he has his religion to choose, my lord.

Neverout scratches his head.

Miss Fie, Mr. Neverout, ar'n't you asham'd! I beg pardon for the expression, but I'm afraid

your bosom friends are become your back-biters.

Neverout. Well, miss, I saw a flea once in your pinner, and a louse is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion: however, I wish you would scratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

Miss. And who would be fool then? I wou'dn't touch a man's flesh for the universe. You have the wrong sow by the ear, I assure you; that's meat for your master.

Neverout. Miss Notable, all quarrels laid aside, pray step hither for a moment.

Miss. I'll wash my hands and wait on you, sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We!—— what have you pigs in your belly?

Neverout. Miss, I assure you, I am very handy at all things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louse in the fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain; here's a very bad smell.

Miss. Perhaps, colonel, the fox is the finder.

Neverout. No, colonel; 'tis only your teeth against rain: but —

Miss. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's sow.

Colonel coughing.

Col. I have got a sad cold.

Lady Answ.

Lady Answ. Ay; 'tis well if one can get any thing these hard times.

Miss. [*To Col.*] Choke, chicken, there's more a hatching.

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, how did you get that cold?

Lady Sparkish. Why, madam, I suppose the colonel got it by lying abed barefoot.

Lady Answ. Why then, colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a man takes his wife.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a constable.

Miss. Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! come hither this moment.

Lady Smart. [*imitating her.*] Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! I wish he were tied to your girdle.

Neverout. What's the matter? whose mare's dead now?

Miss. Take your labour for your pains, you may go back again, like a fool as you came.

Neverout. Well, miss, if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, madam.

Miss. Come, come; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are mistaken in the stuff; 'tis half silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noise below.

Lady Smart. Hey, what a clattering is here! one would think Hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I must take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady Smart. What! you are sick of the mulligrubs with eating chopt hay?

Miss. No, indeed, madam; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady Answ. Poor miss! she's sick as a cushion, she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my gloves.

Miss. I saw the dog running away with some dirty thing a while ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady Smart. No; keep it miss; for they say, possession is eleven points of the law.

Miss. Madam, he shall ne'er have it again; 'tis in hucksters hands.

Lady Answ. What! I see 'tis raining again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, then, madam, we must do as they do in Spain.

Miss. Pray, my lord, how is that?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, we must let it rain.

Miss whispers Lady Smart.

Neverout. There's no whispering, but there's lying.

Miss.

Miss. Lord! Mr. Neverout, you are as pert as a pearmonger this morning.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I know that already; tell me news.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Footman comes in.

Footman [*to Col.*] An' please your honour, there's a man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your pardon for a minute.

Lady Smart. Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, indeed, madam I was hunch'd up in a hackney coach with three country acquaintance, who called upon me to take the air as far as Highgate.

Lady Smart. And had you a pleasant airing?

Miss. No, madam; it rained all the time; I was jolted to death; and the road was so bad, that I scream'd every moment, and call'd to the coachman, Pray, friend don't spill us.

Neverout. So, miss, you were afraid that pride wou'd have a fall.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, when I want a fool, I'll send for you.

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, did'n't your left ear burn last night?

Miss. Pray why, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because I was then in some company where you were extoll'd to the skies, I assure you.

Miss. My lord, that was more their goodness than my desert.

Ld. Sparkish. They said, that you were a complete beauty.

Miss. My lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The girl's well enough, if she had but another nose.

Miss. O! Madam, I know I shall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the stile.

One knocks.

Lady Smart. Who's there? you're on the wrong side of the door; come in, if you be fat.

Colonel comes in again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, colonel, you are a man of great business.

Col. Ay, ay, my lord, I'm like my lord mayor's fool, full of business and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My lord, don't you think the colonel's mightily fall'n away of late?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, fall'n from a horseload to a cartload.

Col. Why, my lord, egad I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty hours.

Lady Smart. I assure you, the colonel walks as straight as a pin.

Miss. Yes; he's a handsome bodied man in the face.

Neverout. A handsome foot and leg: god-a-mercy shoe and stocking!

Col. What! three upon one! that's foul play: this would make a parson swear.

Neverout. Why, miss, what's the matter? you look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col.

Col. Why, you must know, miss lives upon love.

Miss. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

Lady Answ. Ay; they say love and pease porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Miss. [*imitating Lady Answerall's tone.*] Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Lady Answ. Have a care; they say, mocking, catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Neverout. Why, then, miss, you have a wrinkle—— more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well; live and learn.

Neverout. Ay; and be hang'd and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, take it as you please; but, I swear, you are a saucy Jack, to use such expressions.

Neverout. Why then, miss, if you go to that, I must tell you there's ne'er a Jack but there's a Gill.

Miss. O! Mr. Neverout, every body knows that you are the pink of courtesy.

Neverout. And, miss, all the world allows, that you are the flower of civility.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear there was a great deal of company where you visited last night: pray, who were they?

Miss. Why, there was old lady Forward, miss To-and-again, sir John Ogle, my lady Clapper, and I, quoth the dog.

Col.

Col. Was your visit long, miss?

Miss. Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and so poor Pilgarlick came home alone.

Neverout. Alackaday, poor miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What! you think, you said a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if it is manners, may I ask which is oldest, you or lady Scuttle?

Miss. Why, my lord, when I die for age she may quake for fear.

Lady Smart. She's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady Answ. Lord! she made me follow her last week through all the shops like a Tantiny pig.*

Lady Smart. I remember, you told me, you had been with her from Dan to Beersheba.

Colonel spits.

Col. Lord! I shall die; I cannot spit from me.

Miss. O! Mr. Neverout, my little countess has just litter'd; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a puppy.

Neverout. Why, miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, but Tom, smoke that, she calls you puppy by craft.

* St. Anthony, having been originally a swineherd, was always painted with a pig following him. Hence, as St. Anthony was never seen without his pig, "To follow like a Tantiny pig," became a common saying, to express a person constantly attending at the heels of another. H.

Neverout.

Neverout. Well, miss, you ride the fore horse to day.

Miss. Ay, many a one says well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Fie, miss; you said that once before; and, you know too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure we cant say a good thing too often.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, so much for that, and butter for fish; let us call another cause. Pray, madam, does your ladyship know Mrs. Nice.

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my lord; she's nice by name, and nice by nature.

Ld. Sparkish. Is it possible she could take that booby Tom Blunder for love?

Miss. She had good skill in horseflesh, that would choose a goose to ride on.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, 'twas her fate; they say, marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Col. I believe she'll never be burnt for a witch.

Ld. Sparkish. They say, marriages are made in Heaven; but I doubt, when she was married, she had no friend there.

Neverout. Well, she's got out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Col. The fellow's well enough if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady Smart. They say, thereby hangs a tale.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, he's a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to choose a husband, I would never be married to a little man.

Neverout. Pray, why so, miss? for they say of all evils we ought to choose the least.

Miss.

Miss. Because folks would say, when they saw us together, There goes the woman and her husband.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Will your ladyship be on the Mall to morrow night?

Lady Smart. No, that won't be proper; you know to morrow's Sunday.

Lord Sparkish. What then, madam! they say, the better day, the better deed.

Lady Answ. Pray, Mr. Neverout, how do you like lady Fruzz?

Neverout. Pox on her! she's as old as Poles.*

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you're young.

Neverout. Come, miss, let us be friends: will you go to the park this evening?

Miss. With all my heart, and a piece of my liver; but not with you.

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two; I'm afraid I shall get a fit of the headach to day.

Col. O! madam, don't be afraid; it comes with a fright.

Miss [*to Lady Answerall.*] Madam, one of your ladyship's lappers is longer than t'other.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter; they that ride on a trotting horse will ne'er perceive it.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, your lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well, I love a liar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

* For St. Paul's church. H.

Miss rises up.

Neverout. Deuce take you, miss; you trod on my foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my bed-side.

Miss. In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

Ld. Sparkish. Well said, girl! [*giving her a chuck*] take that: they say a chuck under the chin is worth two kisses.

Lady Answ. But, Mr. Neverout, I wonder why such a handsome, straight, young gentleman as you, don't get some rich widow.

Ld. Sparkish. Straight! ay, straight as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Neverout. Faith, madam, if it rain'd rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a threepenny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady Answ. No, Mr. Neverout; I believe you were born with a caul on your head; you are such a favourite among the ladies: but what think you of widow Prim? she's immensely rich.

Neverout. Hang her! they say her father was a baker.

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not, what is she, but what has she, nowadays.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll speak a good word for you to her.

Lady Answ. Ay; I warrant you'll speak one word for him, and two for yourself.

Miss.

Miss. Well; I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady Answ. Why, miss, they say, good wits jump.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, I had rather marry a woman I lov'd, in her smock, than widow Prim, if she had her weight in gold.

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr. Neverout, marriage is honourable, but housekeeping is a shrew.

Lady Answ. Consider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, madam; the younger brother is the better gentleman: however, Tom, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Ld. Sparkish. The colonel says true; besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

Miss [*shuddering.*] Lord! there's somebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, lady Answerall, where was you last Wednesday, when I did myself the honour to wait on you? I think your ladyship is one of the tribe of Gad.

Lady Answ. Why, colonel, I was at church.

Col. Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my horse, too.

Neverout. I believe her ladyship was at a church with a chimney in it.

Miss. Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry!

Neverout. Perhaps the fault may be in your shape.

Miss. [*looking gravely.*] Come, Mr. Neverout, there's no jest like the true jest; but I suppose you

you think my back's broad enough to bear every thing.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miss. Well, sir, your pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all things have an end, and a pudding has two, up-up-on me-my-my word.

[*stutters.*

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, can't you speak without a spoon?

Ld. Sparkish. [*to lady Smart.*] Has your ladyship seen the duchess since your falling out?

Lady Smart. Never, my lord, but once at a visit; and she look'd at me as the devil look'd over Lincoln.

Neverout. Pray, miss, take a pinch of my snuff.

Miss. What! you break my head, and give me a plaster; well, with all my heart; once, and not use it.

Neverout. Well, miss, if you wanted me and your victuals, you'd want your two best friends.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Tom, miss and you must kiss and be friends.

Neverout salutes Miss.

Miss. Any thing for a quiet life: my nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink wine, or kiss a fool.

Col. Well, Tom, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Neverout. I never said a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miss. Here's a pin for that lie; I'm sure liars had

had need have good memories. Pray, colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Lady Answ. Mr. Neverout, if Miss will be angry for nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Neverout. Come, lady Answerall, I know better things; miss and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, not a word of the pudding, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ah, colonel! you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Ld. Sparkish. Which of the goods d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

Miss. I have a blister on my tongue; yet I don't remember I told a lie.

Lady Answ. I thought you did just now.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, what did thought do!

Lady Answ. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your lordship means.

Ld. Sparkish. Indeed madam I meant no harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be sure, my lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Neverout. Madam, they say, ill doers are ill deemers; but I don't apply it to your ladyship.

Miss mending a hole in her lace.

Miss. Well, you see, I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time; look, lady Answerall, is it not well mended?

Lady Answ. Ay, this is something like a tansy.

Neverout.

Neverout. Faith, miss, you have mended, as a tinker mends a kettle; stop one hole, and make two.

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, madam; but a cup of Christmas ale will soon wash it off.

Ld. Sparkish. Lady Smart, does not your ladyship think Mrs. Fade is mightily alter'd since her marriage?

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, she was handsome in her time; but she cannot eat her cake and have her cake: I hear she's grown a mere otomy.

Lady Smart. Poor creature! the black ox has set his foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plum.

Lady Smart. And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

Lady Answ. O, madam, if she would eat gold, he would give it her.

Neverout [*to lady Smart.*] Madam, have you heard that lady Queasy was lately at the playhouse *incog.*?

Lady Smart. What! lady Queasy of all women in the world! do you say it upon rep.?

Neverout. Poz, I saw her with my own eyes; she sat among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly phiz: and she saw me look at her.

Col. Her ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the hips.

Neverout. I smok'd her huge nose, and, egad, she put me in mind of the woodcock, that strives

to hide his long bill, and then thinks nobody sees him.

Col. Tom, I advise you, hold your tongue; for you'll never say so good a thing again.

Lady Smart. Miss, what are you looking for?

Miss. O, madam, I have lost the finest needle—

Lady Answ. Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't lose your labour.

Neverout. The loop of my hat is broke; how shall I mend it? [*he fastens it with a pin.*] Well, hang him, say I, that has no shift.

Miss. Ay, and hang him that has one too many.

Neverout. O, miss, I have heard a sad story of you.

Miss. I defy you, Mr. Neverout; nobody can say, black's my eye.

Neverout. I believe, you wish they could.

Miss. Well; but who was your author? Come, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Neverout. Come then, miss; guess who it was that told me; come, put on your considering cap.

Miss. Well, who was it?

Neverout. Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

Miss. Well, go hang yourself in your own garters, for I'm sure the gallows groans for you.

Neverout. Pretty miss! I was but in jest.

Miss. Well, but don't let that stick in your gizzard.

Col. My lord, does your lordship know Mrs. Talkall?

Ld. Sparkish. Only by sight; but I hear she has a great deal of wit; and egad, as the saying is, mettle to the back.

Lady Smart. So I hear.

Col. Why Dick Lubber said to her t'other day, Madam, you can't cry bo to a goose: yes, but I can, said she; and egad, cry'd bo full in his face. We all thought we should break our hearts with laughing.

Ld. Sparkish. That was cutting with a vengeance: And prithee how did the fool look?

Col. Look! egad, he look'd for all the world like an owl in an ivy-bush.

A child comes in screaming.

Miss. Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; peace, you little vixen! if I were near you, I would not be far from you.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay! bachelors wives and maids children are finely tutor'd.

Lady Answ. Come to me, master; and I'll give you a sugarplum. Why, miss, you forget that ever you was a child yourself. [*She gives the child a lump of sugar.*] I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

Col. My lord, I suppose you know that Mr. Buzzard has married again.

Lady Smart. This is his fourth wife; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a month's mind to Dick Frontless, and thought to run away with him: but her parents forced her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

Ld. Sparkish. So the man got his mare again.

Lady Smart. I'm told he said a very good thing

to Dick; said he, You think us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows know young fellows are fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know, he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady Answ. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

Miss. What if she had been young and she old?

Neverout. Why, miss, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young that's a match of God's making.

Miss searching her pocket for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg.

Neverout. O, miss, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miss. Well, if I ever be married it shall be to an old man; they always make the best husbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's warling.

Neverout. Faith, miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

Lady Smart rings the bell.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Harkee, you fellow; run to my lady Match, and desire she will remember to be here at six, to play at quadrille: d'ye hear, if you fall by the way, don't stay to get up again.

Footman Madam, I don't know the house.

Lady Smart. That's not for want of ignorance; follow

follow your nose; go, inquire among the servants.

Footman goes out, and leaves the door open.

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you fellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember, that a good servant must always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and shut the door after him.

The Footman goes out again, and falls down stairs.

Lady Answ. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: well, but I hope the poor fellow has not sav'd the hangman a labour.

Neverout. Pray, madam, smoke miss yonder, biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my name in vain?

She runs up to them, and falls down.

Lady Smart. What, more falling! do you intend the frolic should go round?

Lady Answ. Why, miss, I wish you may not have broke her ladyship's floor.

Neverout. Miss, come to me, and, and I'll take you up.

Lady Sparkish. Well, but, without a jest, I hope miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for certain; for you see her head is all of a lump.

Miss. Well, remember this, colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, when do you design to get a house, and a wife, and a fire to put her in?

Miss. Lord? who would be married to a soldier, and carry his knapsack?

Neverout. O, madam: Mars and Venus, you know.

Col. Egad, madam, I'd marry to morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife just when the honey-moon is over; but, they say, a woman has as many lives as a cat.

Lady Answ. I find, the colonel thinks a dead wife under the table is the best goods in a man's house.

Lady Smart. O but, colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, madam; for they say, he that has lost his wife and sixpence has lost a tester.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, they say, that every married man should believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife must be bespoke; for there's none ready made.

Miss. I suppose, the gentleman's a woman-hater; but, sir, I think you ought to remember, that you had a mother: and pray, if it had not been for a woman, where would you have been, colonel?

Col. Nay, miss, you cried whore first, when you talk'd of the knapsack.

Lady Answ. But I hope you won't blame the whole sex, because some are bad.

Neverout. And they say, he that hates woman, suck'd a sow.

Col. O, madam; there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry, and settle?

Col. Egad, madam, there's nothing will settle me but a bullet.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

Col. Why so, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because they say, he was curs'd in his mother's belly that was kill'd by a cannon-bullet.

Miss. I suppose, the colonel was cross'd in his first love, which makes him so severe on all the sex.

Lady Answ. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the colonel has been over head and ears in love with some lady that has made his heart ake.

Col. O, madam, we soldiers are admirers of all the fair sex.

Miss. I wish I could see the colonel in love till he was ready to die.

Lady Smart. Ay, but I doubt, few people die for love in these days.

Neverout. Well, I confess, I differ from the colonel; for I hope to have a rich and a handsome wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, Tom; live, horse, and thou shalt have grass.

Miss. Well, colonel; but, whatever you say against women, they are better creatures than men; for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please; but faith you'll never lead apes in Hell.

Neverout. No, no; I'll be sworn miss has not an inch of nun's flesh about her.

Miss. I understumble you, gentlemen.

Neverout. Madam, your humblecumdumble.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, miss, when did you see your old acquaintance Mrs Cloudy? you and she are two, I hear.

Miss. See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again! God bless my eyesight.

Lady Answ. Lord! why she and you were as great as two inkleweavers. I've seen her hug you as the devil hugg'd the witch.

Miss. That's true; but I'm told for certain, she's no better than she should be.

Lady Smart. Well, God, mend us all; but you must allow, the world is very censorious; I never heard that she was a naughty pack.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Come, sir Thomas, when the king pleases, when do you intend to march?

Ld. Sparkish. Have patience. Tom, is your friend Ned Rattle married?

Neverout. Yes, faith, my lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue, that he can never untie with his teeth.

Lady Smart. Ah! marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Lady Answ. Has he got a good fortune with his lady? for they say, something has some savour, but nothing has no flavour.

Neverout. Faith, madam, all he gets by her he may put into his eye and see never the worse.

Miss.

Miss. Then, I believe, he heartily wishes her in Abraham's bosom.

Col. Pray, my lord, how does Charles Limber and his fine wife agree?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, they say, he's the greatest cuckold in town.

Neverout. O, but my lord, you should always except my lord Mayor.

Miss. Mr. Neverout!

Neverout. Hay, madam, did you call me?

Miss. Hay! why hay is for horses.

Neverout. Why, miss, then you may kiss—

Col. Pray, my lord, what's o'clock by your oracle?

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, I can't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Neverout. Miss, pray be so kind to call a servant to bring me a glass of small beer: I know you are at home here.

Miss. Every fool can do as they're bid: make a page of your own age, and do it yourself.

Neverout. Choose, proud fool; I did but ask you.

Miss puts her hand upon her knee.

Neverout. What, miss, are you thinking of your sweetheart? is your garter slipping down?

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, keep your breath to cool your porridge; you measure my corn by your bushel.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you lie—

Miss. Did you ever hear any thing so rude!

Neverout. I mean, you lie—under a mistake.

Miss.

Miss. If a thousand lies could choke you, you would have been choked many a day ago.

Miss strives to Snatch Mr. Neverout's snuff-box.

Neverout. Madam, you missed that, as you miss'd your mother's blessing.

She tries again and misses.

Neverout. Snap short makes you look so lean, miss.

Miss. Poh! you are so robustious, you had like to put out my eye; I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady Smart. Dear miss be quiet; and bring me a pincushion out of that closet.

Miss opens the closet-door and squalls.

Lady Smart. Lord bless the girl! what's the matter now?

Miss. I vow madam I saw something in black; I thought it was a spirit.

Col. Why, miss, did you ever see a spirit?

Miss. No, sir; I thank God I never saw any thing worse than myself.

Neverout. Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miss. Very likely; for they say, many a true word's spoke in jest.

Footman returns.

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver your message? you are fit to be sent for sorrow, you stay so long by the way.

Footman.

Footman. Madam, my lady was not at home, so I did not leave the message.

Lady Smart. This it is to send a fool of an errand.

Ld. Sparkish [*looking at his watch.*] 'Tis past twelve o'clock.

Lady Smart. Well what is that among all us?

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, I must take my leave: come, gentleman, are you for a march?

Lady Smart. Well, but your lordship and the Colonel will dine with us to day; and, Mr. Neverout, I hope we shall have your good company: there will be no soul else, beside my own lord and these ladies; for every body knows I hate a crowd; I would rather want vittles than elbow room: we dine punctually at three.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your ladyship.

Col. Madam, my stomach serves me instead of a clock.

Another Footman comes back.

Lady Smart. O! you are the t'other fellow I sent: well, have you been with my lady Club? you are good to send of a dead man's errand.

Footman. Madam, my lady Club begs your ladyship's pardon; but she is engaged to night.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, here's the back of my hand to you.

Neverout. Miss, I find you will have the last word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

DIALOGUE II.

Lord Smart and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine.

After salutations.

Lord Smart. I'M sorry I was not at home this morning, when you all did us the honour to call here: but I went to the levee to day,

Ld. Sparkish. O! my lord; I'm sure the loss was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and ladies, you are come to a sad dirty house; I am sorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Ld. Sparkish. O! madam; your ladyship is pleas'd to say so; but I never saw any thing so clean and so fine; I profess, it is a perfect paradise.

Lady Smart. My lord, your lordship is always very obliging.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray madam, whose picture is that?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld. Sparkish. I'll swear the painter did not flatter your ladyship.

Col. My lord, the day is finely cleared up.

Ld Smart. Ay, colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm. [*To Neverout*] Why, Tom, you are high in the mode.

Neverout.

Neverout. My lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Ld. Smart. But, Tom, I hear you and miss are always quarrelling: I fear, it is your fault; for I can assure you she is very good humour'd.

Neverout, Ay, my lord; so is the devil when he's pleas'd.

Ld. Smart. Miss what do you think of my friend Tom?

Miss. My lord, I think he's not the wisest man in the world; and truly he's sometimes very rude.

Ld. Sparkish. That may be true; but yet, he that hangs Tom for a fool, may find a knave in the halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hang'd, if it were only to try.

Neverout. Well, miss, if I must be hanged, I won't go far to choose my gallows; it shall be about your fair neck.

Miss. I'll see your nose cheese first, and the dogs eating it: but, my lord, Mr. Neverout's wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he said this before; pray, colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Ld. Sparkish. My lady Smart, your ladyship has a very fine scarf.

Lady Smart. Yes, my lord; it will make a flaming figure in a country church.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, dinner's upon the table.

Col. Faith, I am glad of it; my belly began to cry cupboard,

Neverout. I wish I may never hear worse news.

Miss.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you are in great haste; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

Neverout. No, faith, miss; three meals a day, and a good supper at night, will serve my turn.

Miss. To say the truth I'm hungry.

Neverout. And I'm angry; so let us both go fight.

They go in to dinner, and, after the usual compliments, take their seats.

Lady Smart. Ladies and gentleman, will you eat any oysters before dinner?

Col. With all my heart [*takes an oyster.*] He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.

Lady Smart. They say, oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive: then they are an uncharitabble meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace.

Neverout. Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself.

Lady Smart. Well, we are well set if we be but as well serv'd: come, colonel, handle your arms; shall I help you to some beef?

Col. If your ladyship please; and pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice: for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble sirloin.

Neverout. Ay; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But pray, why is it call'd a sirloin?

Ld. Smart. Why you must know, that our king James the first, who lov'd good eating, being invited

invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his sword, and in a frolic knighted it. Few people know the secret of this.

Lady Sparkish. Beef is man's meat, my lord.

Ld. Smart. But, my lord, I say beef is the king of meat.

Miss. Pray, what have I done, that I must not have a plate?

Lady Smart [*to lady Answ.*] What will your ladyship please to eat?

Lady Answ. Pray, madam help yourself.

Col. They say, eating and scratching wants but a beginning: if you'll give me leave, I'll help myself to a slice of this shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing: well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, colonel, thirty bad bits and two good ones; you see I understand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout. Colonel, I'll be of your mess.

Col. Then pray, Tom, carve for yourself; they say, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse: Hah! said I, well, Tom?

Neverout. Colonel, you spoke like an oracle.

Miss [*to lady Answ.*] Madam, will your ladyship help me to some fish.

Ld. Smart [*to Neverout.*] Tom, they say fish should swim thrice.

Neverout. How is that, my lord?

Ld. Smart. Why, Tom, first it should swim in the

the sea (do you mind me?) then it should swim in butter; and at last, sirrah, it should swim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

Footman [*to Ld. Smart.*] My lord, sir John Linger is coming up.

Ld. Smart. God so! I invited him to dine with me to day, and forgot it: well, desire him to walk in.

Sir John Linger comes in.

Sir John. What! you are at it! why, then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I beg you will sit down; come, the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady Smart. Well I am the worst in the world at making apologies; it was my lord's fault: I doubt you must kiss the hare's foot.

Sir John. I see you are fast by the teeth.

Col. Faith, sir John, we are killing that that would kill us.

Ld. Sparkish. You see, sir John, we are upon a business of life and death; come, will you do as we do? you are come in pudding-time.

Sir John. Ay; this would be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court hours I see: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we wont eat you, sir John.

Sir John. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought some Derbyshire oxen of me.

Neverout. You see, sir John, we staid for you as one horse does for another.

Lady Smart. My lord, will you help sir John

to

to some beef? Lady Answerall, pray eat, you see your dinner: I am sure, if we had known we should have such good company, we should have been better provided; but you must take the will for the deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your loss.

Col. And pray, sir John, how do you like the town? you have been absent a long time.

Sir John. Why, I find little London stands just where it did when I left it last.

Neverout. What do you think of Hanover square? Why, sir John, London is gone out of town since you saw it.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no salt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Ld. Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for sir John: sir John fall to: you know, half an hour is soon lost at dinner.

Sir John. I protest, I can't eat a bit, for I took share of a beefsteak and two mugs of ale with my chapman, besides a tankard of March beer, as soon as I got out of my bed.

Lady Answ. Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

Sir John. Yes, faith, madam; I always wash my kettle before I put the meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! sir John, you have seen nine houses since you eat last: come, you have kept a corner in your stomach for a piece of venison pasty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Answ. Come, sir John, you may go further and fare worse.

Miss [*to Neverout.*] Pray, Mr. Neverout, will you please to send me a piece of tongue?

Neverout. By no means, madam; one tongue's enough for a woman.

Col. Miss, here's a tongue that never told a lie.

Miss. That was, because it could not speak. Why, colonel, I never told a lie in my life.

Neverout. I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greatest lie that ever was told?

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Prithee, Tom, send me the two legs, and rump, and liver of that pigeon; for, you must know, I love what nobody else loves.

Neverout. But what if any of the ladies should long? Well, here take it, and the d—l do you good with it.

Lady Answ. Well; this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach.

Neverout. I am sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What! the bottom of it I suppose.

Neverout. No, really, miss; I have quite lost it.

Miss. I should be very sorry a poor body had found it.

Lady Smart. But, sir John, we hear you are married since we saw you last: what! you have stolen a wedding, it seems?

Sir John. Well; one can't do a foolish thing once in one's life, but one must hear of it a hundred times.

Col. And, Pray, sir John, how does your lady unknown?

Sir John. My wife's well, colonel, and at your service in a civil way. Ha, ha! [*He laughs.*

Miss. Pray, sir John, is your lady tall or short?

Sir

Sir John. Why, miss, I thank God, she is a little evil.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, give me a glass of claret.

Footman fills him a bumper.

Ld. Sparkish. Why do you fill so much?

Neverout. My lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I send you some cucumber?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it: for they say, cucumbers are cold in the third degree.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, do you love pudding?

Neverout. Madam, I'm like all fools, I love every thing that is good; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Col. Sir John, I hear you are a great walker when you are at home.

Sir John. No, faith, colonel; I always love to walk with a horse in my hand: but I have had devilish bad luck in horse flesh of late.

Ld. Smart. Why then, sir John, you must kiss a parson's wife.

Lady Smart. They say, sir John, that your lady has a great deal of wit.

Sir John. Madam, she can make a pudding; and has just wit enough to know her husband's breeches from another man's.

Ld. Smart. My lord Sparkish, I have some excellent cider; will you please to taste it?

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not treacherous.

Ld. Smart. Pray, my lord, how is it treacherous?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it smiles in my face, and cuts my throat. [*Here a loud laugh.*

Miss. Odd so! madam; your knives are very sharp, for I have cut my finger.

Lady Smart. I am sorry for it: pray, which finger? (God bless the mark!)

Miss. Why, this finger: no, 'tis this: I vow I can't find which it is.

Neverout. Ay; the fox had a wound and he could not tell where, &c. Bring some water to throw in her face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, did you ever draw a sword in anger? I warrant, you would faint at the sight of your own blood.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, shall I send you some veal?

Neverout. No, Madam; I don't love it.

Miss. Then pray for them that do. I desire your ladyship will send me a bit.

Ld. Smart. Tom, my service to you.

Neverout. My lord, this moment I did myself the honour to drink to your lordship.

Ld. Smart. Why then that's Hertfordshire kindness.

Neverout. Faith, my lord, I pledged myself; for I drank twice together without thinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, then, colonel, my humble service to you.

Neverout. Pray, my lord, don't make a bridge of my nose.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, a glass of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

Col. Sir John, I design one of these days to come and beat up your quarters in Derbyshire.

Sir

Sir John. Faith, colonel, come and welcome: and stay away, and heartily welcome: but you were born within the sound of Bow bell, and don't care to stir so far from London.

Miss. Pray, colonel, send me some fritters.

Colonel takes them out with his hand.

Col. Here, miss; they say fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Lady Smart. Methinks this pudding is too much boil'd.

Lady Answ. O! madam, they say a pudding is poison when it is too much boil'd.

Neverout. Miss, shall I help you to a pigeon? here's a pigeon so finely roasted it cries, Come eat me.

Miss. No, sir; I thank you.

Neverout. Why, then you may choose.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Neverout. Well you may be worse offer'd before you are twice married.

The Colonel fills a large plate of soup.

Ld. Smart. Why, colonel, you don't mean to eat all that soup.

Col. O, my lord, this is my sick dish; when I'm well I'll have a bigger.

Miss [*to Col.*] Sup, Simon; very good broth.

Neverout. This seems to be a good pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. Neverout knows what's good for himself.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, I shan't take your word for it; help me to a wing.

Neverout tries to cut off a wing.

Neverout. Egad, I can't hit the joint.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, think of a cuckold.

Neverout. O! now I have nick'd it.

[*Gives it to Ld. Sparkish.*

Ld. Sparkish. Why, a man may eat this, though his wife lay a dying.

Col. Pray, friend, give me a glass of small beer, if it be good.

Ld. Smart. Why, colonel, they say, there is no such thing as good small beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady Smart [*to lady Answ.*] Madam, I beg your ladyship's pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady Answ. O! madam; after you is good manners.

Lady Smart. Lord! here's a hair in the sauce.

Lady Sparkish. Then set the hounds after it.

Neverout. Pray, colonel, help me however to some of that same sauce.

Col. Come, I think you are more sauce than pig.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, cheer up: my service to you: well, what do you think of the world to come?

Sir John. Truly, my lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart [*putting a skewer on a plate.*] Here, take this skewer, and carry it down to the cook, to dress itfor her own dinner.

Neverout.

Neverout. I beg your ladyship's pardon; but this small beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why, then, let it be buried.

Col. This is admirable black pudding: miss, shall I carve you some? I can just carve pudding, and that's all; I am the worst carver in the world; I should never make a good chaplain.

Miss. No, thank ye, colonel; for they say those that eat black pudding will dream of the devil.

Ld. Smart. O, here comes the venison pasty: here, take the soup away.

Ld. Smart. [*He cuts it up, and tastes the venison*] 'Sbuds, this venison is musty.

Neverout eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.

Ld. Smart. What's the matter, Tom? you have tears in your eyes, I think: what dost cry for, man?

Neverout. My lord, I was just thinking of my poor grandmother! she died just this very day seven years.

Miss takes a bit and burns her mouth.

Neverout. And pray, miss, why do you cry too?

Miss. Because you were not hang'd the day your grandmother died.

Ld. Smart. I'd have given forty pounds, miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat, the hungrier I am.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, colonel, they say, one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to fast for my life, I would take a good breakfast in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good supper at night,

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, this venison is plaguily pepper'd; your cook has a heavy hand.

Ld. Smart. My lord, I hope you are pepper-proof: come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady Smart. Ay; and to the confounders too.

Ld. Smart. Lady Answerall, does not your ladyship love venison?

Lady Answ. No, my lord, I can't endure it in my sight; therefore please to send me a good piece of meat and crust.

Ld. Sparkish [*drinks to Neverout.*] Come, Tom; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Neverout [*drinks to Lady Smart.*] Come, madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the rest of our kin.

Lady Smart [*to lady Answ.*] Madam, will your ladyship have any of this hare?

Lady Answ. No, madam; they say, 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady Smart. Then, madam, shall I send you the brains? I beg your ladyship's pardon; for they say, 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady Answ. No, madam; for perhaps it will make me hairbrain'd.

Neverout. Miss, I must tell you one thing.

Miss [*with a glass in her hand.*] Hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout; don't speak in my tip.

Col.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious man that first found out eating and drinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Of all vittles drink digests the quickest: give me a glass of wine.

Neverout. My lord, your wine is too strong.

Ld Smart. Ay, Tom, as much as you're too good

Miss. This almond pudding was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, miss, cold pudding will settle your love.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, are you going to take a voyage?

Neverout. Why do you ask, miss?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much beef.

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole pudding between you.

Miss. Sir John, here's a little bit left; will you please to have it?

Sir John. No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [*calling to the butler.*] John, is your small beer good?

Butler. An please your honour, my lord and lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, John, d'ye see, if you are sure your small beer is good, d'ye mark? then, give me a glass of wine. [*All laugh.*

Colonel tasting the wine.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, how does your neighbour Gatherall of the Peak? I hear he has lately made a purchase.

Sir

Sir John. O! Dick Gatherall knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in Derbyshire.

Ld. Smart. Why he us'd to go very fine, when he was here in town.

Sir John. Ay; and it became him, as a saddle becomes a sow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think she is a very good woman.

Sir John. Faith, she has more goodness in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

Ld. Smart. Well, colonel, how do you like that wine?

Col. This wine should be eaten, it is too good to be drunk.

Ld. Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my lord; I'll never starve in a cook's shop.

Ld. Smart. And pray, sir John, what do you say to my wine?

Sir John. I'll take another glass first: second thoughts are best.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, lady Smart, you sit near that ham; will you please to send me a bit?

Lady Smart. With all my heart. [*She sends him a piece.*] Pray, my lord, how do you like it?

Ld. Sparkish. I think it is a limb of Lot's wife. [*He eats it with mustard.*] Egad, my lord, your mustard is very uncivil.

Lady Smart. Why uncivil, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it takes me by the nose, egad.

Lady

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, I find you are a very good carver.

Col. O madam, that is no wonder; for you must know, Tom Neverout carves o'Sundays.

Neverout overturns the saltcellar.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, you have overturn'd the salt, and that's a sign of anger: I'm afraid miss and you will fall out.

Lady Answ. No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

Neverout. O, madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

Sir John. For my part, I believe the young gentlewoman is his sweetheart, there is so much fooling and fiddling betwixt them: I'm sure, they say in our country, that shiddle-come sh—'s the beginning of love.

Miss. I own, I love Mr. Neverout as the devil loves holywater: I love him like pie, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

Miss. Come, here's t'ye, to stop your mouth.

Neverout. I'd rather you would stop it with a kiss.

Miss. A kiss! marry come up, my dirty cousin; are you no sicker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!

Neverout. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss.

Miss. Then you're the better to burn and the worse to fry.

Lady Answ. God bless you, colonel, you have a good stroke with you.

Col. O, madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one meal a day.

Miss. What! I suppose, colonel, that is from morning till night.

Neverout. Faith, miss; and well was his wont.

Ld. Smart. Pray, lady Answerall, taste this bit of vension.

Lady Answ. I hope your lordship will set me a good example.

Ld. Smart. Here's a glass of cider fill'd: miss, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't.

Neverout. Come, miss; better belly burst, than good liquor be lost,

Miss. Pish! well in life there was never any thing so teasing; I had rather shed it in my shoes: I wish it were in your guts, for my share.

Ld. Smart. Mr. Neverout, you ha'nt tasted my cider yet.

Neverout. No, my lord; I have been just eating soup; and they say, if one drinks with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Ld. Smart Come, take miss's glass, she wish'd it was in your guts; let her have her wish for once: ladies can't abide to have their inclinations cross'd.

Lady Smart [*to sir John.*] I think, sir John, you have not tasted the vension yet.

Sir John. I seldom eat it, madam; however please to send me a little of the crust.

Ld.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, sir John, you had as good eat the devil as the broth he is boil'd in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach, as lady Answerall says.

Neverout. I have dined as well as my lord mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Ld. Smart. Indeed, lady Answerall, you have eaten nothing.

Lady Answ. Pray, my lord, see all the bones on my plate: they say a carpenter's known by his chips.

Neverout. Miss, will you reach me that glass of jelly?

Miss [*giving it to him.*] You see, 'tis but ask and have.

Neverout. Miss, I would have a bigger glass.

Miss. What? you don't know your own mind; you are neither well, full nor fasting; I think that is enough.

Neverout. Ay, one of the enoughs; I am sure it is little enough.

Miss. Yes; but you know, sweet things are bad for the teeth.

Neverout [*to lady Answ.*] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you sent me.

Lady Answ. Well, Mr. Neverout, I find you are a true Englishman; you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

Lady

Lady Answ. Why, colonel, a bellyfull's a bellyfull, if it be but of wheat straw.

Col. Well, after all, kitchen physic is the best physic.

Lady Smart. And the best doctors in the world are doctor diet, doctor quiet, and doctor merryman.

Ld. Sparkish. What do you think of a little house well fill'd?

Sir John. And a little land well till'd?

Col. Ay; and a little wife well will'd?

Neverout. My lady Smart, pray help me to some of the breast of that goose.

Ld. Smart. Tom, I have heard that goose upon goose is false heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Ld. Smart. This goose is quite raw: well, God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Neverout. Miss, can you tell which is the gander, the white goose or the gray goose?

Miss. They say, a fool will ask more questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, miss, Tom Neverout has posed you.

Miss. Why, colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe I shall never see a goose again without thinking of Mr. Neverout.

Ld. Smart. Well said, miss; faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. Tom, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, Tom is nonpluss'd; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

Miss. Why my lord, you see he is the provok-

ingest

ingest creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varsal world.

Lady Answ. O, miss, the world's a wide place.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll give you leave to call me any thing, if you don't call me spade.

Ld. Smart. Well, but after all, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a goose?

Neverout. O, my lord, I know that: why brandy is Latin for a goose, and *tace* is Latin for a candle.

Miss. Is that manners, to show your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

Sir John. The devil take your wit, if this be wit; for it spoils company: pray, Mr. Butler, bring me a dram after my goose; 'tis very good for the wholesomes.

Ld. Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miss. I suppose, my lord, you lay longest abed to day.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a fib; I warrant you lay abed till the cows came home: but, miss, shall I cut you a little crust now my hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my lord, a bit of under-crust.

Neverout [*whispering miss.*] I find you love to lie under.

Miss [*aloud, pushing him from her.*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all.

Neverout. Come, all quarrels laid aside: here, miss,

miss, may you live a thousand years.

[*He drinks to her.*

Miss. Pray, sir, don't stint me.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, will you taste my october? I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in Derbyshire.

Sir John. My lord, I beg your pardon; but, they say, the devil made askers.

Ld. Smart [*to the butler.*] Here, bring up the great tankard full of october for sir John.

Col. [*drinking to miss.*] Miss, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, you'll certainly be soon married; here's two bachelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Smart. Indeed, miss, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's smock, you are so well beloved.

Miss. Where's my knife? sure I han't eaten it: O, here it is.

Sir John. No, miss; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

Miss. Pray, sir John, is that a Derbyshire compliment? Here, Mr. Neverout, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Neverout. I don't know.

Miss. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Neverout. I will.

Miss. What will you?

Neverout. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miss. You are a provoking creature.

Sir John [*talking with a glass of wine in his hand.*
I remember a farmer in our country—

Ld.

Ld. Smart [*interrupting him.*] Pray, sir John, did you ever hear of parson Palmer?

Sir John. No, my lord; what of him?

Ld. Smart. Why, he us'd to preach over his liquor.

Sir John. I beg your lordship's pardon, here's your lordship's health; I'd drink it up, if it were a mile to the bottom.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, have you been at the new play?

Neverout. Yes, madam, I went the first night.

Lady Smart. Well, and how did it take?

Neverout. Why, madam, the poet is damn'd.

Sir John. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

Neverout [*whispers lady Smart.*] Was ever such a dunce! How well he knows the town! See how he stares like a stuck pig! Well, but, sir John, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet?

Sir John. No; damn your fireships, I have a wife of my own.

Lady Smart. Pray, my lady Answerall, how do you like these preserved oranges?

Lady Answ. Indeed, madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O madam; I have heard 'em say, that too good is stark naught.

Miss drinking part of a glass of wine.

Neverout. Pray, let me drink your snuff.

Miss. No, indeed, you shan't drink after me; for you'll know my thoughts.

Neverout. I know them already; you are thinking of a good husband. Besides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady Smart. Pray, my lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a tankard of our october to sir John? I believe, they stay to brew it.

The butler brings up the tankard to sir John.

Sir John. Won't your ladyship please to drink first?

Lady Smart. No, sir John; 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

Col. [*to Ld. Smart.*] My lord, I love october as well as sir John; and I hope you won't make fish of one, and flesh of another.

Ld. Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, sir John, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the colonel.

Sir John drinks.

Ld. Smart. Well, sir John, how do you like it?

Sir John. Not as well as my own in Derbyshire; 'tis plaguy small.

Lady Smart. I never taste malt liquor; but they say 'tis well hopp'd.

Sir John. Hopp'd! why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river. O my lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb.

Lady

Lady Smart. I was told ours was very strong.

Sir John. Ay, madam, strong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is mere whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks most has the worst share.

Col. I believe, sir John, ale is as plenty as water, at your house.

Sir John. Why, faith, at Christmas we have many comers and goers; and they must not be sent away without a cup of Christmas ale, for fear they should p—s behind the door.

Lady Smart. I hear, sir John has the nicest garden in England; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a place where to spit.

Sir John. O madam; you are pleased to say so.

Lady Smart. But, Sir John, your ale is terrible strong and heady in Derbyshire, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hair of the same dog next morning. I take a new laid egg for breakfast; and faith one should drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Ld. Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taste a glass of october?

Neverout. No, faith, my lord; I like your wine, and I won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your honour's claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this pigeon left for manners? colonel, shall I send you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the house was full.

Ld. Smart [*carving a partridge.*] Well; one may ride to Rumford upon this knife, it is so blunt.

Lady Answ. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, an ill workman never had good tools.

Ld. Smart. Will your lordship have a wing of it?

Ld. Sparkish. No, my lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Ld. Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My lord, they say, that's a sign of long life.

Ld. Smart. Ay; I believe I shall live till all my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any body here hate cheese? I would be glad of a bit.

Ld. Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day; and when the cheese came upon the table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, Pray take away the cheese: No, said I; pray, take away the fool: said I well?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. Faith, my lord, you served the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wish we had a bit of your lordship's Oxfordshire cheese.

Ld. Smart. Come, hang saving; bring us up a halfp'orth of cheese.

Lady Answ. They say, cheese digests every thing but itself.

A Footman

A Footman brings a great whole cheese.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay; this would look handsome, if any body should come in.

Sir John. Well; I'm weily brosten, as they sayn in Lancashire.

Ld. Smart O! sir John; I would I had something to brost you withal.

Lady Smart. Come, they say, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Lady Smart Miss, shall I help you to some cheese, or will you carve for yourself?

Neverout. I'll hold fifty pounds, miss won't cut the cheese.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. O, there is a reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't for my life understand what the gentleman means.

Ld. Smart. Pray, Tom, change the discourse: in troth you are too bad.

Col. [*whispers Neverout.*] Smoke miss; faith, you have made her fret like gum taffeta.

Lady Smart. Well, but, miss, (hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout) shall I cut you a piece of cheese?

Miss. No, really, madam; I have dined this half hour.

Lady Smart. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they say.

Sir John nods.

Ld. Smart. What! are you sleepy, sir John? do you sleep after dinner?

Sir John. Yes, faith; I sometimes take a nap

after my pipe; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at rest.

Lady Smart Come, colonel; help yourself, and your friends will love you the better [*To Lady Answ*] Madam, your ladyship eats nothing.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, I have fed like a farmer: I shall grow as fat as a porpoise; I swear, my jaws are weary of chewing.

Col. I have a mind to eat a piece of that sturgeon, but fear it will make me sick.

Neverout. A rare soldier indeed! let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well; it would vex a dog to see a pudding creep.

Sir John rises.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, what are you doing?

Sir John. Swolks, I must be going, by'r lady; I have earnest business; I must do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Ld. Smart. Well; but stay till this bottle's out; you know, the man was hang'd that left his liquor behind him: and besides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate; and a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

Sir John Come then; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The footman gives him a glass half full.*] Pray, friend, what was the rest of this glass made for? an inch at the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer, and drinks it off.*] Well, there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no false Latin in this; your wine is excellent good,

good, so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this: madam, has your ladyship any commands in Derbyshire? I must go fifteen miles to night.

Lady Smart. None, sir John, but to take care of yourself; and my most humble service to your lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Smart. Here, bring water to wash; though really, you have all eaten so little, that you have not need to wash your mouths.

Ld. Smart. But prithee, sir John, stay a while longer.

Sir John. No, my lord; I am to smoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

Col. Why, sir John, had not you better set out to morrow?

Sir John. Colonel, you forget to morrow is Sunday.

Col. Now I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church, to preserve all that travel by land, or by water.

Sir John. Well, colonel; thou art a mad fellow to make a priest of.

Neverout. Fie, sir John, do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

Sir John [*to Neverout.*] What! you don't smoke, I warrant you, but you smock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon.) Colonel, do you never smoke?

Col. No, sir John; but I take a pipe sometimes.

Sir John. I'faith, one of your finical London

blades dined with me last year in Derbyshire: so, after dinner, I took a pipe: so my gentleman turn'd away his head: so, said I, what, sir, do you never smoke? so, he answered as you do, colonel; no, but I sometimes take a pipe: so he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: so, said I, pray, sir, can you make a pipe? so, he said, no; so, said I, why then, sir, if you can't make a pipe, you should not break a pipe; so, we all laugh'd.

Ld. Smart. Well; but, sir John, they say, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of stoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear you go sometimes to Derbyshire; I wish you would come and foul a plate with me.

Col. I hope, you will give me a soldier's bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try. Mr. Neverout, you are a town wit; can you tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

Neverout. Why, an Indian herb, sir John.

Sir John. No, 'tis a pot-herb; and so here's t'ye in a pot of my lord's october.

Lady Smart. I hear, sir John, since you are married, you have forswore the town.

Sir John. No, madam; I never forswore any thing but the building of churches.

Lady Smart. Well; but, sir John, when may we hope to see you again in London?

Sir John. Why, madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt, as the children say.

Neverout. Come, sir John: I foresee it will rain terribly.

Lady

Lady Smart. Come, sir John, do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

Ld. Sparkish. I know sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs: but pray stay, sir John; you'll be time enough to go to bed by candle-light.

Ld. Smart. Why, sir John, if you must needs go; while you stay, make use of your time: here's my service to you, a health to our friends in Derbyshire: come, sit down; let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

Sir John. Faith, I could not drink a drop more if the house was full.

Col. Why, sir John, you used to love a glass of good wine in former times.

Sir John. Why, so I do still, colonel; but a man may love his house very well, without riding on the ridge: besides, I must be with my wife on Tuesday, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to day, I wish you may be wet to the skin.

Sir John. Ay; but they say the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

Sir John takes leave and goes away.

Lord Smart. Well, miss, how do you like sir John?

Miss. Why, I think, he's a little upon the silly, or so: I believe he has not all the wit in the world: but I don't pretend to be a judge.

Neverout. Faith, I believe, he was bred at Hog's

Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Tom, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

Neverout. Faith, he shall have a clean threshold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he's a queer old duke, by my conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more knave than fool.

Lady Smart. Well, come; a man's a man, if he has but a nose on his face.

Col. I was once with him and some other company over a bottle; and, egad, he fell asleep, and snor'd so hard, that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

Neverout. Why, what! you can have no more of a cat than her skin; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, since he's gone, the devil go with him and sixpence; and there's money and company too.

Neverout. Faith, he's a true country put. Pray, miss, let me ask you a question?

Miss. Well; but don't ask questions with a dirty face: I warrant, what you have to say will keep cold.

Col. Come, my lord, against your are disposed: here's to all that love and honour you.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, that was always Dick Nimble's health. I'm sure you know he's dead.

Col. Dead! well, my lord, you love to be a messenger of ill news: I'm heartily sorry; but, my lord, we must all die.

Neverout.

Neverout. I knew him very well: but, pray, how came he to die?

Miss. There's a question! you talk like a poticary: why, because he could live no longer.

Neverout. Well; rest his soul: we must live by the living, and not by the dead.

Ld. Sparkish. You know, his house was burnt down to the ground.

Col. Yes; it was in the news. Why, fire and water are good servants, but they are very bad masters.

Ld. Smart. Here, take away, and set down a bottle of burgundy. Ladies you'll stay and drink a glass of wine before you go to your tea.

All taken away, and the wine set down, &c.

Miss gives Neverout a smart pinch.

Neverout. Lord, miss, what d'ye mean? d'ye think I have no feeling?

Miss. I'm forc'd to pinch, for the times are hard.

Neverout [*giving miss a pinch.*] Take that, miss; what's sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander.

Miss [*screaming.*] Well, Mr. Neverout, that shall neither go to Heaven nor Hell with you.

Neverout [*takes miss by the hand*] Come, miss, let us lay all quarrels aside, and be friends.

Miss. Don't be so teasing: you plague a body so! can't you keep your filthy hands to yourself?

Neverout.

Neverout. Pray, miss, where did you get that picktooth case?

Miss. I came honestly by it.

Neverout. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay I don't tell you a lie.

Miss. No; if you lie it is much.

Neverout. Well; I'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What! you think every thing is yours, but a little the king has.

Neverout. Colonel, you have seen my fine pick-tooth case; don't you think this is the very same!

Col. Indeed, miss, it is very like it.

Miss. Ay; what he says, you'll swear.

Neverout. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay; do if you can.

Neverout. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary; nobody holds you.

Neverout gapes.

Col. What Mr. Neverout do you gape for preferment?

Neverout. Faith, I may gape long enough, before it falls into my mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, my lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of these days: I hear you live high.

Neverout. Yes, faith, madam; I live high, and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Neverout

Neverout got the devilishest fall in the park to day.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr. Neverout? I wish I had been there to laugh.

Neverout. Why, madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

Lady Smart. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themselves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady Answ. and Miss. My lords and gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Ld. Smart. Well, ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The Gentlemen alone.

Ld. Smart. Come, John, bring us a fresh bottle.

Col. Ay, my lord; and pray, let him carry off the dead men, as we say in the army.

[*Meaning the empty bottles.*

Ld. Sparkish. Mr. Neverout, pray is not that bottle full?

Neverout. Yes, my lord; full of emptiness.

Ld. Smart. And, d'ye hear, John, bring clean glasses.

Col. I'll keep mine; for I think, wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in.

DIALOGUE III.

The Ladies at their tea.

Lady Smart.

WELL, ladies; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answ. What do think of your friend, sir John Spendall?

Lady Smart. Why, madam, 'tis happy for him that his father was born before him.

Miss. They say, he makes a very ill husband to my lady.

Lady Answ. But he must be allowed to be the fondest father in the world.

Lady Smart. Ay, madam, that's true; for they say, the devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told, my lady manages him to admiration.

Lady Smart. That I believe, for she's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half so honest.

Lady Answ. They say, she's quite a stranger to all his gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all; but you know, there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. O, madam, I am told, she watches him as a cat would watch a mouse.

Lady Answ. Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own coin.

Lady

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

Lady Answ. Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs. Clatter; I find she gives herself airs of being acquainted with your ladyship.

Miss. O! the hideous creature! did you observe her nails? they were long enough to scratch her grannum out of her grave.

Lady Smart. Well, she and Tom Gosling were banging compliments backward and forward: it look'd like too asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you: but, pray, madam, who were the company?

Lady Smart. Why, there was all the world, and his wife; there was Mrs. Clatter, lady Singular, the countess of Talkham (I should have named her first,) Tom Gosling, and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Answ. I think the countess is very sickly.

Lady Smart. Yes, madam; she'll never scratch a gray head, I promise her.

Miss. And, pray, what was your conversation?

Lady Smart. Why, Mrs. Clatter had all the talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

Lady Answ. She brought her husband ten thousand pounds: she has a town house and country house: would the woman have her a— hung with points?

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the top of the house before the stairs are built.

Miss. Well, comparisons are odious; but she's as

as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: pray, how was she drest?

Lady Smart. Why, she was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more cost than worship.

Lady Answ. I don't know her husband: pray what is he?

Lady Smart. Why, he's a counsellor of the law; you must know he came to us as drunk as David's sow.

Miss. What kind of creature is he?

Lady Smart. You must know, the man and his wife are coupled like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and she's one of Pharaoh's lean kine: the ladies and Tom Gosling were proposing a party at quadrille, but he refus'd to make one: Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books.

Lady Answ. A dull, unmannerly brute! well, God send him more wit, and me more money.

Miss. Lord! madam, I would not keep such company for the world.

Lady Smart. O miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it: besides, you know, for want of company, welcome trumpery.

Miss. Did your ladyship play?

Lady Smart. Yes, and won; so I came off with fiddlers fare, meat, drink, and money.

Lady Answ. Ay; what says Pluck?

Miss. Well, my elbow itches; I shall change bed fellows.

Lady Smart. And my right hand itches; I shall receive money.

Lady

Lady Answ. And my right eye itches; I shall cry.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear your friend mistress Giddy has discarded Dick Shuttle: pray, has she got another lover?

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady Smart. Why, the fellow's rich, and I think she was a fool to throw out her dirty water before she got clean.

Lady Answ. Miss, that's a very handsome gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

Miss. I am glad your ladyship likes it.

Lady Answ. Your lover will be in raptures; it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay; I assure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him say I.

Lady Smart. [*to lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, when did you see sir Peter Muckworm?

Lady Answ. Not this fortnight; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

Lady Smart. What does he do for it?

Lady Answ. I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but patience and flannel.

Miss. Pray, how does he and my lady agree?

Lady Answ. You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

Miss. They say, she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady Answ. Upon my word, they must rise early that would cheat her of her money; sharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assured from a good

hand, that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas; make money of that.

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear that Mrs. Plump is brought to bed at last?

Miss. And pray, what has God sent her?

Lady Smart. Why, guess if you can.

Miss. A boy, I suppose.

Lady Smart. No, you are out; guess again.

Miss. A girl then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

Miss. O madam, the gentlemen say, all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady Answ. Well she had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock; she ris' with her a— upwards.

Miss. Fie, madam; what do you mean?

Lady Smart. O miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, madam; but they say, hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, I can't help it; you know, I'm old Telltruth; I love to call a spade a spade.

Lady Smart [*mistakes the teatongs for the spoon.*] What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to day.

Miss. Why, madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear that you and lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

Lady Answ. Ay, miss, as great as the devil and the earl of Kent.

Lady

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the haystack.

Miss. I own I love her very well; but there's difference between staring and stark mad.

Lady Smart. They say, she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

Lady Smart. Indeed, lady Answerall (pray forgive me) I think your ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I think not; but your ladyship is one of Job's comforters.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and sold: but really, miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young lord for your sake.

Miss. O madam, your love's a million.

Lady Smart [*to lady Answ.*] Madam, will your ladyship let me wait on you to the play tomorrow?

Lady Answ. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turn'd out for a wrangler?

The gentlemen come in to the ladies to drink tea.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the way when you should be hang'd.

Neverout. You wanted me! pray, miss, how do you look when you lie?

Miss. Better than you when you cry. Man-

ners indeed! I find you mend like sour ale in summer.

Neverout. I beg your pardon, miss; I only meant, when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down stairs.

Neverout. Come, miss, be kind for once, and order me a dish of coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest: besides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They say, a woman need but look on her apronstring to find an excuse.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are grown so peevish, a dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I beg your diversion: no offence, I hope; but truly in a little time you intend to make the colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as can be.

Neverout. My lord, don't you think miss improves wonderfully of late? why, miss, if I spoil the colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for you know, love me, love my dog.

Col. How's that, Tom? Say that again: why, if I am a dog, shake hands, brother.

Here a great, loud, long, laugh.

Ld. Smart. But pray, gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor miss? on my conscience, Colonel and Tom Neverout, one of you two are both knaves.

Col. My lady Answerall, I intend to do myself the

the honour of dining with your ladyship to-morrow.

Lady Answ. Ay, colonel, do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. Miss, I thank you; and to reward you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Col. [*to lady Smart.*] Your ladyship has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then?

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my lord's; for they say a married woman has nothing of her own, but her wedding-ring and herhair-lace: but if women had been the law makers it would have been better.

Col. This watch seems to be quite new.

Lady Smart. No, sir; it has been twenty years in my lords family; but *Quare* put a new case and dial-plate to it.

Neverout. Why, that's for all the world like the man, who swore he kept the same knife forty years, only he sometimes changed the haft, and sometimes the blade.

Ld. Smart. Well, Tom, to give the devil his due thou art a right woman's man.

Col. Odd so! I have broke the hinge of my snuff box; I'm undone beside the loss.

Miss. Alack-a-day, colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty shillings.

Neverout. Why, colonel; all that I can say to comfort you, is, that you must mend it with a new one.

Miss.

Miss laughs.

Col. What, miss! you can't laugh, but you must show your teeth.

Miss. I'm sure you show your teeth when you can't bite: well, thus it must be, if we sell ale.

Neverout. Miss, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes.

Miss. Perfumes! No, sir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the grain of my skin.

Col. Tom, you have a good nose to make a poor man's sow.

Ld. Sparkish. So, ladies and gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: come box it about; 'twill come to my father at last.

Col. Why, my lord, you see miss has no mercy; I wish she were married; but I doubt the gray mare would prove the better horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that wish.

Ld. Sparkish. Never fear him, miss.

Miss. What, my lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

Ld. Smart. What have you to say to that, colonel?

Neverout. O my lord, my friend the colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

Miss. Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Col. Well, miss; they say, a woman's tongue is the last thing about her that dies; therefore let's kiss and be friends.

Miss. Hands off! that's meat for your master.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, colonel, you are for ale and

and cakes: but after all, miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your match.

Miss. All they can say, goes in at one ear and out at t'other for me, I can assure you: only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

Neverout. What! I warrant you think all is lost that goes beside your own mouth.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue for once, if it be possible; one would think you were a woman in man's clothes by your prating.

Neverout. No, miss; it is not handsome to see one hold one's tongue: besides I should slobber my fingers.

Col. Miss, did you never hear, that three women and a goose are enough to make a market?

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr. Neverout or you were among them, it would make a fair.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady Answ. O madam, no candles yet,. I beseech you; don't let us burn daylight.

Neverout. I dare swear, miss for her part will never burn daylight, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord, Mr. Neverout, one can't hear one's own ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, madam, it is blindman's holiday; we shall soon be all of a colour.

Neverout. Why then, miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss.

Miss. Fogh! these men talk of nothing but kissing. [*She spits.*

Neverout. What miss, does it make your mouth water?

Lady Smart. It is as good be in the dark as without light; therefore pray bring in candles: they say, women and linen show best by candlelight: come, gentleman, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady Answ. I'll sit down, and be a stander by.

Lady Smart. [*to lady Answ.*] Madam, does your ladyship never play?

Col. Yes; I suppose her ladyship plays sometimes for an egg at Easter.

Neverout. Ay; and a kiss at Christmas.

Lady Answ. Come, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue, and mind you knitting.

Neverout. With all my heart; kiss my wife, and welcome.

The Colonel, Mr. Neverout, Lady Smart, and miss, go to quadrille, and sit there till three in the morning.

They rise from cards.

Lady Smart. Well, miss, you'll have a sad husband, you have such good luck at cards.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you dealt me sad cards; if you deal so ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies?

Lady Answ. I'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be abed.

Miss. Indeed my eyes draw straws.

She's

She's almost asleep.

Neverout. Why, miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I'm going to the land of Nod.

Neverout. Faith, I'm for Bedfordshire.

Lady Smart. I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.

Neverout. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your sweetheart.

Miss. O, no doubt of it. I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*to Miss.*] Madam, shall I have the honour to escort you?

Miss. No, colonel, I thank you; my mamma has sent her chair and footmen. Well, my lady Smart, I'll give you revenge whenever you please.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs, and go off.

POEMS

THAT PASSED BETWEEN

DEAN SWIFT AND DR. SHERIDAN.

TAKEN FROM "THE WHIMSICAL MEDLEY;"*

AND NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

Communicated by DR. BARRETT,
Vice Provost of TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

* See Vol. I. p. cxlvi. n.

POEMS,

That passed between DEAN SWIFT, SHERIDAN, &c.

TAKEN FROM

THE WHIMSICAL MEDLEY *.

A Couplet, *by* Thomas Sheridan †; *in continuation of a Poem, printed in Vol. XVI. p. 267.*

IF you say this was made for friend Dan, you belie it:
I'll swear he's so like it, that he was made by it.
THOMAS SHERIDAN sculpsit.

THE PARDON ‡.

THE suit which humbly you have made,
Is fully and maturely weigh'd;
And as 'tis your petition,
I do forgive, for well I know,
Since you're so bruis'd, another blow
Would break the head of Priscian.

'Tis not my purpose or intent
That you should suffer banishment;
I pardon, now you've courted;
And yet I fear this clemency
Will come too late to profit thee,
For you're with grief transported.

* See vol. i. p. cxlvii. n. † Whimsical Medley, p. 331.
‡ Ibid. p. 342.

However, this I do command,
That you your birch do take in hand,
Read concord and syntax on;
The bays, you own, are only mine,
Do you then still your nouns decline,
Since you've declin'd Dan Jackson.

The last Speech and dying Words of Daniel Jackson.

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

—— Mediocribus esse poetis
Non funes, non gryps, non concessere columnæ.

To give you a short translation of these two lines from Horace's Art of Poetry, which I have chosen for my neck-verse, before I proceed to my speech, you will find they fall naturally into this sense:

For poets who can't tell [high] rocks from stones,
The rope, the hangman, and the gallows groans.

I was born in a fen near the foot of Mount Parnassus, commonly called the Logwood Bog. My mother, whose name was Stanza, conceived me in a dream, and was delivered of me in her sleep. Her dream was, that Apollo, in the shape of a gander with a prodigious long bill, had embraced her; upon which she consulted the Oracle of Delphos, and the following answer was made:

You'll have a gosling, call it Dan,
And do not make your goose, a swan.
Tis true, because the God of Wit
To get him in that shape thought fit,
He'll have some glowworm sparks of it.
Venture you may to turn him loose,
But let it be to another goose.

The

The time will come, the fatal time,
When he shall dare a swan to rhyme;
The tow'ring swan comes sousing down,
And breaks his pinions, cracks his crown.
From that sad time and sad disaster,
He'll be a lame, crack'd, poetaster.
At length, for stealing rhymes and triplets,
He'll be condemn'd to hang in giblets.

You see now, gentlemen, this is fatally and literally come to pass; for it was my misfortune to engage with that Pindar of the times, Tom Sheridan, who did so confound me by sousing on my crown, and did so batter my pinions, that I was forced to make use of borrowed wings, though my false accusers have deposed that I stole my feathers from Hopkins, Sternhold, Silvester, Ogilby, Durfey, &c. for which I now forgive them and all the world. I die a poet, and this ladder shall be my Gradus ad Parnassum, and I hope the critics will have mercy on my works.

Then lo, I mount as slowly as I sung,
And then I'll make a line for every rung;*
There's nine I see,—the Muses too are nine.
Who would refuse to die a death like mine?

1. Thou first rung, Clio, celebrate my name;
2. Euterp, in tragick numbers do the same.
3. This rung I see Terpsichore's thy flute;
4. Erato, sing me to the Gods; ah do't:
5. Thalia, don't make me a comedy;
6. Urania, raise me tow'rds the starry sky;
7. Calliope, to ballad-strains descend,
8. And, Polyhymnia, tune them for your friend;
9. So shall Melpomene mourn my fatal end.

Poor Dan Jackson.

* The Yorkshire term for the rounds or steps of a ladder; still used in every part of Ireland.

The Dean of St. Patrick's *to* Thomas Sheridan*.

SIR,

I CANNOT but think that we live in a bad age,
O tempora, O mores! as 'tis in the adage.
My foot was but just set out from my cathedral,
When into my hands comes a letter from thé droll.
I can't pray in quiet for you and your verses;
But now let us hear what the Muse from your car says.
Hum—excellent good—your anger was stirr'd;
Well, punners and rhymers must have the last word.
But let me advise you when next I hear from you,
To leave off this passion which does not become you;
For we who debate on a subject important,
Must argue with calmness, or else will come short on't.
For myself, I protest, I care not a fiddle,
For a riddle and sieve, or a sieve and a riddle;
And think of the sex as you please, I'd as lieve
You call them a riddle, as call them a sieve.
Yet still you are out, (tho' to vex you I'm loth,)
For I'll prove it impossible they can be both;
A schoolboy knows this, for it plainly appears
That a sieve dissolves riddles by help of the shears;
For you can't but have heard of a trick among wizards,
To break open riddles with shears or with scissars.

* Whimsical Medley, p. 346. This makes part of a series of verses which passed between Swift and Dr. Sheridan. The first of this series was written by Sheridan:—"Dear Dean, since in cruxes," &c. Swift's answer begins with this line,—"In reading your letter alone in my hackney." To this Sheridan replied:—"Don't think these few lines which I send, a reproach," &c. All these have been printed. [See vol. xvi. pp. 190, 191.] The poem before us, and the two following, are a continuation of the same subject. They all appear to have been written in 1718: though some of them have been improperly ascribed to the subsequent year.

Think

Think again of the sieve, and I'll hold you a wager,
You'll dare not to question my minor or major.*
A sieve keeps half in, and therefore, no doubt,
Like a woman, keeps in less than it lets out.
Why sure, Mr. Poet, your head got a jar,
By riding this morning too long on your car:
And I wish your few friends, when they next see your car go,
For the sake of your senses would lay an embargo.
You threaten the stocks; I say you are scurrilous,
And you durst not talk thus, if I saw you at our ale-house.
But as for your threats, you may do what you can,
despise any poet that truckled to Dan.
But keep a good tongue, or you'll find to your smart,
From rhyming in cars, you may swing in a cart.
You found out my rebus with very much modesty;
But thanks to the lady; I'm sure she's too good to ye:
Till she lent you her help, you were in a fine twitter;
You hit it, you say;—you're a delicate hitter.
How could you forget so ungratefully a lass,
And if you be my Phœbus, pray who was your Pallas?
As for your new rebus, or riddle, or crux,
I will either explain, or repay it by trucks:
Tho' your lords, and your dogs, and your catches, methinks,
Are harder than ever were put by the Sphinx.
And thus I am fully reveng'd for your late tricks,
Which is all at present from the

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

From my closet, Sept. 12, 1718,
just 12 at noon.

* Ut tu perperàm argumentaris.

To

To the Dean of St. Patrick's.

SIR,

YOUR Billingsgate Muse methinks does begin
With much greater noise than a conjugal din.
A pox of her bawling, her *tempora et mores!*
What are times now to me? a'n't I one of the Tories?
You tell me my verses disturb you at prayers;
Oh, oh, Mr. Dean, are you there with your bears?
You pray, I suppose, like a Heathen, to Phœbus,
To give his assistance to make out my rebus:
Which I don't think so fair; leave it off for the future;
When the combat is equal, this God should be neuter.
I'm now at the tavern, where I drink all I can,
To write with more spirit; I'll drink no more Helicon;
For Helicon is water, and water is weak;
Tis wine on the gross lee, that makes your Muse speak.
This I know by her spirit and life; but I think
She's much in the wrong to scold in her drink.
Her damn'd pointed tongue pierc'd almost to my heart;
Tell me of a cart,—tell me of a ——.
I'd have you to tell her on both sides her ears,
If she comes to my house, that I'll kick her down stairs:
Then home she shall limping go, squalling out, O my knee!
You shall soon have a crutch to buy for your Melpomene.
You may come as her bully, to bluster and swagger;
But my ink is my poison, my pen is my dagger.

Stand

Stand off, I desire, and mark what I say to you,
If you come I will make your Apollo shine thro' you.
Don't think, Sir, I fear a Dean, as I would fear a dun;
Which is all at present from yours,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

The Dean *to* Thomas Sheridan.*

SIR,

WHEN I saw you to-day, as I went with Lord Anglesey,
Lord, said I, who's that parson, how awkwardly dangles he?
When whip you trot up, without minding your betters,
To the very coach-side, and threaten your letters.
Is the poison [and dagger] you boast in your jaws, trow?
Are you still in your cart with *convitia ex plaustro?*
But to scold is your trade, which I soon should be foil'd in,
For scolding is just *quasi diceres*—school-din:
And I think I may say, you could many good shillings get,
Were you drest like a bawd, and sold oysters at Billingsgate:
But coach it or cart it, I'd have you know, sirrah,
I'll write, tho' I'm forc'd to write in a wheelbarrow:
Nay, hector and swagger, you'll still find me stanch,
And you and your cart shall give me *carte blanche.*

* Ibid, p. 350.

Since

Since you write in a cart, keep it *tecta et sarta*,
'Tis all you have for it; 'tis your best Magna Carta;
And I love you so well, as I told you long ago,
That I'll ne'er give my vote for *Delenda Cart-ago.*
Now you write from your cellar, I find out your art;
You rhyme as folks fence, in *tierce* and in *cart:*
Your ink is your poison *, your pen is what not;
Your ink is your drink †, your pen is your pot.
To my goddess Melpomene, pride of her sex,
I gave, as you beg, your most humble respects:
The rest of your compliment I dare not tell her,
For she never descends so low as the cellar;
But before you can put yourself under her banners,
She declares from her throne, you must learn better manners.
If once in your cellar my Phœbus should shine,
I tell you I'd not give a fig for your wine;
So I'll leave him behind, for I certainly know it,
What he ripens above ground, he sowers below it.
But why should we fight thus, my partner so dear,
With three hundred and sixty-five poems a year?
Let's quarrel no longer, since Dan and George Rochfort
Will laugh in their sleeves; I can tell you they watch for't,
Then George will rejoice, and Dan will sing high-day:
Hoc Ithacus velit, et magni mercentur Atridæ.

JON. SWIFT.

Written, signed and sealed, five minutes and eleven seconds after the receipt of yours, allowing seven seconds for sealing and superscribing, from my bedside, just eleven minutes after eleven, Sept. 15, 1718.

* Viz. ut tu prædicas. † Viz. ut ego assero verius.

Erratum

Erratum in your last, l. antepenult. pro "fear a *Dun*," lege "fear a *Dan*:" ita omnes MSS. quos ego legi, et ita magis congruum tam sensui quam veritati.

In page 351, we find "*Sir*, Delany *reports, and he has a shrewd tongue*," &c.

This poem [which has been printed in Vol. XVI.] p. 187, is dated Sept. 20, 1718.

To the Dean of St. Patrick's*.

SINCE your poetick prancer is turn'd into Cancer,
I'll tell you at once, Sir, I'm now not your man, Sir;
For pray, Sir, what pleasure in fighting is found
With a coward, who studies to traverse his ground?
When I drew forth my pen, with your pen you ran back;
But I found out the way to your den by its track:
From thence the black monster I drew, o' my conscience,
And so brought to light what before was stark nonsense.
When I with my right hand did stoutly pursue,
You turn'd to your left, and you writ like a Jew;
Which, good Mister Dean, I can't think so fair,
Therefore turn about to the right, as you were;
Then if with true courage your ground you maintain,
My fame is immortal, when Jonathan 's slain:
Who 's greater by far than great Alexander,
As much as a teal surpasses a gander;

* Whimsical Medley, p. 352.

As

As much as a game-cock 's excell'd by a sparrow;
As much as a coach is below a wheelbàrrow:
As much and much more as the most handsome man
Of all the whole world is exceeded by Dan.

T. SHERIDAN.

This was written with that hand which in others is commonly called the left-hand.

OFT have I been by poets told,
That, poor Jonathan, thou grow'st old.
Alas, thy numbers falling all,
Poor Jonathan, how they do fall!
Thy rhymes, which whilom made thy pride swell,
Now jingle like a rusty bridle:
Thy verse, which ran both smooth and sweet,
Now limp upon their gouty feet;
Thy thoughts, which were the true sublime,
Are humbled by the tyrant, Time:
Alas! what cannot Time subdue?
Time has reduc'd my wine and you;
Emptied my casks, and clipp'd your wings,
Disabled both in our main springs;
So that of late we two are grown
The jest and scorn of all the town.
But yet, if my advice be ta'en,
We two may be as great again:
I'll send you wings, and send me wine;
Then you will fly, and I shall shine.

This was written with my right-hand, at the same time with the other.

How does Melpy like this? I think I have vext her:
Little did she know, I was *ambidexter*.

T. SHERIDAN.

To Mr. Thomas Sheridan.

Reverend and learned Sir,

I am teacher of English, for want of a better, to a poor charity-school, in the lower end of St. Thomas's-street; but in my time I have been a Virgilian, tho' I am now forced to teach English, which I understood less than my own native language, or even than Latin itself; therefore I made bold to send you the inclosed, the fruit of my Muse, in hopes it may qualify me for the honour of being one of your most inferior Ushers: if you will vouchsafe to send me an answer, direct to me next door but one to the Harrow, on the left-hand in Crocker's-lane.

I am your's,

Reverend Sir, to command,

PAT. REYLY.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.—Horat.

Deliciæ Sheridan Musarum, dulcis amice, &c.*
Ends with, —— noctemque profundam.
Sic cecini.

AD te, doctissime Delany,
Pulsus à foribus Decani,
Confugiens edo querelam,
Pauper petens clientelam.
Petebam Swift doctum patronum,
Sed ille dedit nullum donum,
Neque cibum neque bonum.
Quæris quàm malè sit, stomacho num?

* Printed in vol. xvi. p. 180.

Iratus

Iratus valdè, valdè latrat,
Crumenicidam fermè patrat:
Quin ergo releves ægrotum,
Dato cibum, dato potum.
Ita in utrumvis oculum,
Dormiam bibens vestrum poculum.

Quæso, Reverende Vir, digneris hanc epistolam inclusam cum versiculis perlegere, quam cum fastidio abjecit et respuebat Decanus ille (inquam) lepidissimus et Musarum et Apollinis comes.

Reverende Vir,

De vestrâ benignitate et clementiâ in frigore et fame exanimatos, nisi persuasum esset nobis, hanc epistolam reverentiæ vestræ non scripsissem; quam profectò, quoniam eo es ingenio, in optimam accipere partem nullus dubito. Sævit Boreas, mugiunt procellæ, dentibus invitis maxillæ bellum gerunt. Nec minus intestino depræliantibus tumultu visceribus, classicum sonat venter. Ea nostra est conditio, hæc nostra querela. Proh Deûm atque hominum fidem! quare illi, cui ne libella nummi est, dentes, stomachum, viscera concessit natura? mehercule nostro ludibrium debens corpori, frustra laboravit a patre voluntario exilio, qui macrum ligone macriorem reddit agellum. Huc usque evasi ad te, quasi ad asylum, confugiens, quem nisi bene nossem succurrere potuisse, mehercule neque fores vestras pultassem, neque limina tetigissem. Quàm longum iter famelicus peregi! nudus, egenus, esuriens, perhorrescens, despectus, mendicans; sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem carnaria tangunt. In viâ nullum fuit solatium præterquam quod Horatium, ubi macros in igne turdos versat, perlegi. Catii dapes, Mæcenatis convivium, ita me picturâ pascens inani, sæpius

sæpius volvebam. Quid non mortalium pectora cogit Musarum sacra fames? Hæc omnia, quæ nostra fuit necessitas, curavi ut scires; nunc re experiar quid dabis, quid negabis. Vale.

Vivitur parvo malè, sed canebat
Flaccus ut parvo benè; quod negamus:
Pinguis et laute saturatus ille
Ridet inanes.

Pace sic dicam liceat poetæ
Nobilis læti salibus faceti
Usque jocundi, lepidè jocantis
Non sine curâ.

Quis potest versus, (meditans merendam
Prandium, cœnam) numerare? quis non
Quot panes pistor locat in fenestrâ
Dicere mallet?

Ecce jejunus tibi venit unus;
Latrat ingenti stomachus furore;
Quæso digneris renovare fauces,
Docte Patrone.

Vestiant lanæ tenues libellos,
Vestiant panni dominum trementem,
Ædibus vestris trepidante pennâ
Musa propinquat.

Nuda ne fiat, renovare vestes
Urget, et nunquam tibi sic molestam
Esse promittit, nisi sit coacta
Frigore iniquo.

Si modo possem? Vetat heu pudor me
Plura, sed præstat rogitare plura,
An dabis binos digitos crumenæ imponere vestræ.

To the Dean of St. Patrick's.*

DEAR SIR, Since you in humble wise
Have made a recantation †,
From your low bended knees arise;
I hate such poor prostration.

'Tis bravery that moves the brave,
As one nail drives another;
If you from me would mercy have,
Pray, Sir, be such another.

You that so long maintain'd the field
With true poetic vigour;
Now you lay down your pen and yield,
You make a wretched figure ‡.

Submit, but do't with sword in hand,
And write a panegyrick
Upon the man you cannot stand;
I'll have it done in lyrick:

That all the boys I teach may sing
The atchievements of their Chiron §;
What conquests my stern looks can bring,
Without the help of iron.

A small goose-quill, yclep'd a pen,
From magazine of standish,
Drawn forth, 's more dreadful to the Dean,
Than any sword we brandish.

My ink 's my flash, my pen 's my bolt;
Whene'er I please to thunder,
I'll make you tremble like a colt,
And thus I'll keep you under.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

* Whimsical Medley, p. 359. † See vol. xvi. p. 418.
‡ A leg awry. § A fair open for you.

To

To the Dean of St. Patrick's.*

DEAR DEAN, I'm in a sad condition,
I cannot see to read or write;
Pity the darkness of thy Priscian,
Whose days are all transform'd to night.

My head, tho' light, 's a dungeon grown,
The windows of my soul are clos'd;
Therefore to sleep I lay me down,
My verse and I are both compos'd.

Sleep, did I say? that cannot be;
For who can sleep, that wants his eyes?
My bed is useless then to me,
Therefore I lay me down, to rise.

Unnumber'd thoughts pass to and fro
Upon the surface of my brain;
In various maze they come and go,
And come and go again.

So have you seen in sheet burnt black,
The firy sparks at random run;
Now here, now there, some turning back,
Some ending where they just begun.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

* Whimsical Medley, p. 359.

To Thomas Sheridan*.

DEAR SHERRY, I'm sorry for your bloodsheded sore eye,
And the more I consider your case, still the more I
Regret it, for see how the pain on't has wore ye.
Besides; the good Whigs, who strangely adore ye,
In pity cry out, "he's a poor blinded Tory."
But listen to me, and I'll soon lay before ye
A sovereign cure well attested in Gory.
First wash it with *ros*, that makes dative *rori*,
Then send for three leeches, and let them all gore ye;
Then take a cordial dram to restore ye,
Then take Lady Judith, and walk a fine boree,
Then take a glass of good claret *ex more*,
Then stay as long as you can, *ab uxore*;
And then if friend Dick † will but ope your back-door, he
Will quickly dispell the black clouds that hang o'er ye,
And make you so bright, that you'll sing tory rory,
And make a new ballad worth ten of John Dory:
(Tho' I work your cure, yet he'll get the glory.)
I'm now in the back school-house, high up one story,
Quite weary with teaching, and ready to *mori*.
My candle's just out too, no longer I'll pore ye,
But away to Clem Barry's,—there's an end of my story.

* Whimsical Medley, p. 362.

† Dr. Richard Helsham. See p. 163.

FROM

FROM THE SAME MISCELLANY *.

I LIKE your collyrium,
Take my eyes, Sir, and clear ye 'um,
'Twill gain you a great reputation;
By this you may rise,
Like the Doctor so wise †,
Who open'd the eyes of the Nation.

And these, I must tell ye,
Are bigger than its belly;—
You know, there's in Livy a story
Of the hands and the feet
Denying of meat,—
Don't I write in the dark like a Tory?

Your water so far goes,
'Twould serve for an Argus,
Were all his whole hundred sore;
So many we read
He had in his head,
Or Ovid's a son of a whore.

For your recipe, Sir,
May my lids never stir,
If ever I think once to see you;
For I'd have you to know,
When abroad I can go,
That it's honour enough, if I see you.

* P. 363.
† Probably Dr. Davenant. N.

FROM THE SAME MISCELLANY *.

MY pedagogue dear, I read with surprise
Your long sorry rhymes, which you made on my eyes;
As the Dean of St. Patrick's says, earth, seas, and skies!
I cannot lie down, but immediately rise,
To answer your stuff and the Doctor's likewise.
Like a horse with a gall, I'm pester'd with flies,
But his head and his tail new succour supplies,
To beat off the vermin from back, rump, and thighs.
The wing of a goose before me now lies,
Which is both shield and sword for such weak enemies.
Whoever opposes me, certainly dies,
Tho' he were as valiant as Condé or Guise.
The women disturb me, a crying of pies,
With voice twice as loud as a horse when he neighs.
By this, Sir, you find, should we rhyme for a prize,
That I'd gain cloth of gold, when you'd scarce merit frize.

To Thomas Sheridan †.

DEAR Tom, I'm surpris'd that your verse did not jingle;
But your rhyme was not double, 'cause your sight was but single.
For as Helsham observes, there's nothing can chime,
Or fit more exact, than one eye and one rhyme.

* P. 363. † Ibid, p. 364.

If

If you had not took physick, I'd pay off your bacon,
But now I'll write short, for fear you're short-taken.
Besides, Dick * forbid me, and call'd me a fool;
For he says, short as 'tis, it will give you a stool.

In libris bellis, tu parum parcis ocellis;
Dum nimium scribis, vel talpâ cæcior ibis,
Aut ad vina redis, nam sic tua lumina lædis:
Sed tibi cœnanti sunt collyria tanti?
Nunquid eges visu, dum comples omnia risu?
Heu Sheridan cœcus, heu eris nunc cercopithecus.
Nunc bene nasutus mittet tibi carmina tutus:
Nunc ope Burgundi, malus Helsham ridet abunde,
Nec Phœbi fili versum quis † mittere Ryly.
Quid tibi cum libris? relavet tua lumina Tybris ‡
Mixtus Saturno §; penso sed parcè diurno
Observes hoc tu, nec scriptis utere noctu.
Nonnulli mingunt et palpebras sibi tingunt.
Quidam purgantes, libros in stercore nantes
Lingunt; sic vinces videndo, mi bone, lynces.
Culum oculum tergis, dum scripta hoc flumine mergis;
Tunc oculi et nates, ni fallor, agent tibi grates.
Vim fuge Decani, nec sit tibi cura Delani:
Heu tibi si scribant, aut si tibi fercula libant,
Pone loco mortis, rapis fera pocula fortis.
Hæc tibi pauca dedi, sed consule Betty my Lady,
Huic te des solæ, nec egebis pharmacopolæ.
Hæc somnians cecini,

Oct. 23, 1718. JON. SWIFT.

* Dr. Richard Helsham.
† Pro potis. Horat.
‡ Pro quovis fluvio. Virg.
§ Saccharo Saturni.

FROM THE SAME MISCELLANY.*

PERLEGI versus versos, Jonathan bone, tersos;
Perlepidos quidèm; scribendo semper es idem.
Laudibus extollo te, tu mihi magnus Apollo;
Tu frater Phœbus, oculis collyria præbes,
Ne minus insanæ reparas quoque damna Dianæ,
Quæ me percussit radiis (nec dixeris ussit)
Frigore collecto; medicus moderamine tecto
Lodicum binum premit, et negatis mihi vinum.
O terra et cœlum! quàm reddit pectus anhelum.
Os mihi jam siccum, liceat mihi bibere dic cum?
Ex vestro grato poculo, tam sæpe prolato,
Vina crepant: sales ostendet quis mihi tales?
Lumina, vos sperno, dum cuppæ gaudia cerno:
Perdere etenim pellem nostram, quoque crura mevellem.
Amphora, quàm dulces risus queis pectora mulces,
Pangitur a Flacco, cum pectus turget Iaccho:
Clarius evohe ingeminans geminatur et ohe;
Nempe jocosa propago, hesit sic vocis imago.

To the Rev. Mr. Dan. Jackson, *to be humbly presented by* Mr. Sheridan *in person, with respect, care, and speed, to be delivered by and with* Mr. Sheridan†.

DEAR DAN,

Here I return my trust, nor ask, &c.

Ends at,—we'll send him to Delany.‡

* P. 365. † Ibid, p. 366.

‡ Printed in vol. xvi. p. 280.

P. S. Lean Tom, when I saw him last week on his horse awry, &c.

Ends at,—glad then of it.*

After which follows *(not printed)*,†

A HIGHLANDER once fought a Frenchman at Margate,
The weapons a rapier, a backsword, and target;
Brisk Monsieur advanc'd as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood;
While Sawny with backsword did slash him and nick him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick him,
Cry'd, " Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,
Me'll fight you, begar, if you'll come from your door!"
Our case is the same; if you'll fight like a man,
Don't fly from my weapon, and sculk behind Dan;
For he's not to be pierc'd; his leather's so tough,
The devil himself can't get through his buff.
Besides, I cannot but say that it is hard,
Not only to make him your shield, but your vizard;
And, like a tragedian, you rant and you roar,
Thro' the horrible grin of your *larva's* wide bore.
Nay further, which makes me complain much, and frump it,
You make his long nose your loud speaking-trumpet;
With the din of which tube my head you so bother,
That I scarce can distinguish my right ear from t'other.

* Printed in vol. xvi. p. 283.
† Whimsical Medley, p. 367.

You

You made me in your last a goose;
I lay my life on't you are wrong,
To raise me by such foul abuse;
My quill you'll find's a woman's tongue;

And slit, just like a bird, will chatter,
And like a bird do something more;
When I let fly, 'twill so bespatter,
I'll change you to a black-a-moor.

I'll write while I have half an eye in my head;
I'll write while I live, and I'll write when you're dead.
Tho' you call me a goose, you pitiful slave,
I'll feed on the grass that grows on your grave.

TOM, for a goose you keep but base quills,
They're fit for nothing else but pasquills.
I've often heard it from the wise,
That inflammations in the eyes
Will quickly fall upon the tongue,
And thence, as fam'd John Bunyan sung,
From out the pen will presently
On paper dribble daintily.
Suppose I call'd you goose, it is hard
One word should stick thus in your gizzard,
You're my goose, and no other man's;
And you know, all my geese are swans:
Only one scurvy thing I find,
Swans sing when dying, geese when blind.
But now I smoke where lies the slander,—
I call'd you goose, instead of gander;
For that, dear Tom, ne'er fret and vex,
I'm sure you cackle like the sex.

I know

I know the gander always goes
With a quill stuck across his nose;
So your eternal pen is still
Or in your claw, or in your bill.
But whether you can tread or hatch,
I've something else to do than watch.
As for you're writing I am dead,
I leave it for the second head.

Deanry House, Oct. 27, 1718.

I CAN'T but wonder, Mr. Dean,
To see you live, so often slain.
My arrows fly and fly in vain,
But still I try and try again.
I'm now, Sir, in a writing vein;
Don't think, like you, I squeeze and strain.
Perhaps you'll ask me what I mean;
I will not tell, because it's plain.
Your Muse, I am told, is in the wane;
If so, from pen and ink refrain.
Indeed, believe me, I'm in pain
For her and you; your life's a scene
Of verse, and rhymes, and hurricane,
Enough to crack the strongest brain.
Now to conclude, I do remain,
Your honest friend,

TOM SHERIDAN.

POOR Tom, wilt thou never accept a defiance,
Tho' I dare you to more than quadruple alliance.
You're so retrograde, sure you were born under
Cancer;
Must I make myself hoarse with demanding an answer?
If this be your practice, mean scrub, I assure ye,
And swear by each Fate, and your new friends, each
Fury,
I'll drive you to Cavan, from Cavan to Dundalk;
I'll tear all your rules, and demolish your pun-talk:
Nay, further, the moment you're free from your
scalding,
I'll chew you to bullets, and puff you at Baldwin.

A PROLOGUE *to a Play, performed at* Mr. Sheridan's *School, spoke by one of the Scholars.* *

AS in a silent night a lonely swain,
Tending his flocks on the Pharsalian plain,
To heaven around directs his wandering eyes,
And every look finds out a new surprise;
So great's our wonder, ladies, when we view
Our lower sphere made more serene by you.
O could such light in my dark bosom shine,
What life, what vigour, should adorn each line!
Beauty and Virtue should be all my theme,
And Venus brighten my poetic flame.
The advent'rous painter's fate and mine are one,
Who fain would draw the bright meridian sun;

* Ibid, p. 270.

Majestic

Majestic light his feeble art defies,
And for presuming, robs him of his eyes.
Then blame your power, that my inferior lays
Sink far below your too exalted praise:
Don't think we flatter, your applause to gain;
No, we're sincere,—to flatter you were vain.
You spurn at fine encomiums misapply'd,
And all perfections but your beauties hide.
Then as you're fair, we hope you will be kind,
Nor frown on those you see so well inclin'd
To please you most. Grant us your smiles, and then
Those sweet rewards will make us act like men.

THE EPILOGUE.*

NOW all is done, ye learn'd spectators, tell,
Have we not play'd our parts extremely well?
We think we did, but if you do complain,
We're all content to act the play again:
'Tis but three hours or thereabouts, at most,
And time well spent in school cannot be lost.
But what makes you frown, you gentlemen above?
We guess'd long since you all desired to move:
But that's in vain, for we'll not let a man stir,
Who does not take up Plautus first, and construe†.
Him we'll dismiss, that understands the play;
He who does not, i'faith he's like to stay.
Tho' this new method may provoke your laughter,
To act plays first, and understand them after;

* P. 371.

† The author appears to have intended that the vulgar pronunciation, *conster*, should be here adopted.

We

We do not care, for we will have our humour,
And will try you, and you, and you, Sir, and one or two more.
Why don't you stir? there's not a man will budge;
How much they've read, I'll leave you all to judge.

THE SONG.*

MY time, O ye Grattans, was happily spent,
When Bacchus went with me, wherever I went;
For then I did nothing but sing, laugh, and jest;
Was ever a toper so merrily blest?
But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown,
Because I must go to my wife back to town;
To the fondling and toying of "honey" and "dear,"
And the conjugal comforts of horrid small beer.
My daughter I ever was pleased to see
Come fawning and begging to ride on my knee:
My wife too was pleas'd, and to the child said,
Come, hold in your belly, and hold up your head:
But now out of humour, I with a sour look,
Cry, hussy, and give her a souse with my book;
And I'll give her another; for why should she play,
Since my Bacchus, and glasses, and friends are away.
Wine, what of thy delicate hue is become,
That tinged our glasses with blue, like a plumb?
Those bottles, those bumpers, why do they not smile,
While we sit carousing and drinking the while?
Ah, bumpers, I see that our wine is all done,
Our mirth falls of course, when our Bacchus is gone.
Then since it is so, bring me here a supply;
Begone, froward wife, for I'll drink till I die.

* Whimsical Medley, p. 333.

TO

TO THE REV. JOHN BRANDRETH,

DEAN OF EMLY *.

SIR,

IF you are not an excellent philosopher, I allow you personate one perfectly well; and if you believe yourself, I heartily envy you; for I never yet saw in Ireland a spot of earth two feet wide, that had not in

* This gentleman was also rector of Kilmore, in the diocese of Armagh. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his first degree in 1717, and that of Master of Arts in 1721. He was therefore probably born in 1698. He died in 1764. Mr. Brandreth had been tutor to Charles Earl of Middlesex, eldest son of Lionel Duke of Dorset; and very soon after that nobleman was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, (June 1730,) he appears to have obtained from his Grace the preferments in the church, which he held till he died. See a letter from Archbishop Boulter to the Duke of Dorset, dated Dublin, February 20, 1730-31: "On the 8th instant Mr. Brandreth brought me the honour of your Grace's of the 16th past. We have since dispatched his instruments, agreeably to your Grace's directions. I found he did not want a faculty to hold the TWO PREFERMENTS; else I was ready to have granted one, as I shall be to give him my favour and protection on all occasions. He seems to be a sensible gentleman, and very well behaved; and I doubt not will give general satisfaction here." Letters of his Excellency Hugh Boulter, D.D. Lord Primate of Ireland, 8vo. 1770. Lady Elizabeth Germaine, who, we find, had recommended Dean Brandreth to Swift, doubtless became acquainted with him in the family of the Duke of Dorset, with whom she was very intimate.

After the death of the Dean of Emly, this letter was found among his papers by the Rev. Mr. Field, his curate at Kilmore, whom he appointed his executor; and by his permission a copy of it was taken by a gentleman of that parish, in the hands of whose widow it has remained for near thirty years. It was obligingly communicated to us by the Reverend and learned Dr. Richardson, (formerly

in it something to displease. I think I once was in your county, Tipperary *, which is like the rest of the whole kingdom,—a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations:—filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures, scarce in human shape; —one insolent, ignorant, oppressive 'squire to be found in twenty miles riding;—a parish church to be found only in a summer-day's journey, in comparison of which an English farmer's barn is a cathedral; —a bog of fifteen miles round;—every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, and marsh;—and every male and female, from the farmer inclusive to the day-labourer, infallibly a thief, and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. The Shannon is rather a lake than a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London Bridge. There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage; yet it is better improved than the people: and all these evils are effects of English tyranny;—so your sons and grandchildren will find to their sorrow. Cork indeed was a place of trade; but for some years past is gone to decay; and the wretched merchants, instead of being dealers, are dwindled into pedlars and cheats. I desire you will not write such accounts to your friends in England. Did you ever see one cheerful countenance among our country vulgar?

(formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and now beneficed in the North of Ireland) through the hands of Mr. Malone. Not having reached us time enough for insertion with Swift's other Letters, we have been obliged to introduce it here. N.

* Emly, of which Mr. Brandreth was Dean, is in the diocese of Cashel, and in the county of Tipperary. N.

unless

unless once a year at a fair or on a holiday, when some poor rogue happened to get drunk, and starved the whole week after.—You will give a very different account of your winter campaign, when you can't walk five yards from your door without being mired to your knees, nor ride half a mile without being in slough to your saddle-skirts; when your landlord must send twenty miles for yeast, before he can brew or bake; and the neighbours for six miles round must club to kill a mutton.—Pray, take care of damps, and when you leave your bedchamber, let a fire be made, to last till night; and after all, if a stocking happens to fall off a chair, you may wring it next morning.—*I nunc, et tecum versus meditare canoros.*

I have not said all this out of any malicious intention, to put you out of conceit with the scene where you are, but merely for your credit; because it is better to know you are miserable, than to betray an ill taste: I consult your honour, which is dearer than life; therefore I demand that you shall not relish one bit of victuals, or drop of drink, or the company of any human creature, within thirty miles of Knoctoher, during your residence in those parts; and then I shall begin to have a tolerable opinion of your understanding.

My lameness is very slowly recovering; and if it be well when that the year is out, I shall gladly compound; yet I make a shift to ride about ten miles a-day by virtue of certain implements called gambadoes, where my feet stand firm as on a floor; and I generally dine alone, like a king or an hermit, and continue alone until I go to bed; for even my wine will not purchase company, and I begin to think the lame are forsaken as much as the poor and the blind.

Mr.

Mr. Jebb * never calls at the Deanry of late: perhaps he hath found out that I like him as a modest man, and of very good understanding.—This town is neither large nor full enough to furnish events for entertaining a country correspondent. Murder now and then is all we have to trust to. Our fruit is all destroyed with the long spring and eastern winds; and I shall not have the tenth part of my last year's fruit. Miss Hoadley hath been nine days in the small-pox, which I never heard of till this minute; but they say, she is past danger. She would have been a terrible loss to the Archbishop †. Dr. Felton, of Oxford, hath writ an octavo about Revelation ‡; I know not his character. He sent over four copies to me, one of which was for Mr. Tickell §, two for the Bishops of Cork and Waterford ||, and one to

* Dr. John Jebb, afterwards Dean of Cushell. He was the brother of Dr. Samuel Jebb, an eminent physician. N.

† Hugh Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh. He died September 27, 1742. The lady here mentioned was perhaps a daughter or near relation of his successor in the primacy, Dr. John Hoadly, who in 1727 was constituted Bishop of Ferns. N.

‡ "The Christian faith asserted against Deists, Arians, and Socinians, in eight sermons, preached at the Lady Moyer's Lectures." By Henry Felton, D.D. 8vo. 1732, (probably the author of the Essay on the Classicks.) N.

§ Thomas Tickell, Esq. the friend of Addison, and then Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. N.

|| Dr. Peter Browne, famous for having written against drinking *memories*, was at that time Bishop of Cork. The Bishop of Waterford was Dr. Thomas Mills, who sat in that see from 1707 to 1742. He had been Professor of Greek in Oxford, and went to Ireland as Chaplain to Thomas Earl of Pembroke, by whom he was promoted. He published the Works of St. Cyrill, in folio, in 1703; and the "Natural Immortality of the Soul asserted and proved from the Scriptures and first Fathers, in Answer to Mr. Dodwell," 8vo. Oxon, 1707. N.

myself,

myself, by way of payment for sending the rest, I suppose, for he sent me no letter. I know him not. —Whenever you are in this town, I hope you will mend your usage of me, by coming often to a philosophical dinner at the Deanry: this I pretend to expect for the sake of our common princess, Lady E. Germaine, to whom I've [q. I owe] the happiness of your acquaintance; and on her account I expect your justice to believe me to be, with truest esteem,

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

J. S.

[Dublin], 30th June, 1732.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS

FROM

SWIFT'S REMARKS

ON

"BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES*;"

FOLIO EDITION, 1724.

From the Original, in the Library of the late
MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN.

PREFACE, p. 3. *Burnet.* "Indeed the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many Clergymen, has sharpened my spirits, perhaps, too much against them—so I *warn* my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance."—*Swift.* "I will take his *warning*."

P. 11. *Burnet.* "Colonel Titus assured me that he had it from king Charles the First's own mouth, that he was well assured his brother, prince Henry, was poisoned by the earl of Somerset's means."—*Swift.* "Titus was the greatest rogue in England."

P. 18. *Burnet.* "Gowry's conspiracy against king James was confirmed to me by my father."—*Swift.* "And yet Melville makes nothing of it."

P. 20. *Burnet.* "Charles I. had such an ungracious way of bestowing favours, that the manner of bestowing was almost as mortifying as the favour was obliging."—*Swift.* "Not worth knowing."

* See before, in vol. V. pp. 99, 101.

P. 23. *Burnet.* "This person [Mr. Stewart], who was only a private gentleman, became so considerable, that he was raised by several degrees to be made earl of Traquair, and lord treasurer of Scotland; and was in great favour: but suffered afterwards such a reverse of fortune, that I saw him so low that he wanted bread; and it was generally believed that he died of hunger."—*Swift.* "A strange death! Perhaps it was want of meat!"

P. 26. *Burnet.* "How careful lord Balmerinoch's father was to preserve the petition and the papers relating to that trial, of which, says he, I never saw any copy beside, and which I have now by me, and which indeed is a very noble piece, full of curious matter."—*Swift.* "Puppy!"

P. 28. *Burnet.* "The earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices."—*Swift.* "As a man is free of a corporation, he means."

P. 29. *Burnet.* "The lord Wharton and the lord Howard of Escrick undertook to deliver some of these; which they did, and were *clapt up* upon it."—*Swift.* "What dignity of expression!"

P. 30. *Burnet.* "King Charles I. was now in great straits—his treasure was exhausted—his subjects highly irritated—his ministry frightened, being exposed to the anger and justice of parliament. He loved high and rough methods; but had neither the skill to conduct them, nor the height of genius to manage them."—*Swift.* "Not one good quality named."

P. 31. *Burnet.* "The queen of Charles I. was a woman of great vivacity in conversation, and loved all her life long to be *in intrigues of all sorts.*"—*Swift.* "Not of love, I hope."

P. 34. *Burnet.* "Dickison, Blair, Rutherford, Baily, Cant, and other popular preachers in Scotland, affected great sublimities in devotion. They poured themselves out in their prayers with a loud voice, and often with many tears. They had but an ordinary proportion of learning among them; somewhat of Hebrew, and very little Greek. Books of controversy with the Papists, but above all with the Arminians, was the height of their study."—*Swift.* "Great nonsense! Rutherford was half fool, half mad."

P. 40. *Burnet,* speaking of the bad effects of the marquis of Montrose's expedition and defeat, says, "It alienated the Scots much from the king; it exalted all that were enemies to peace; and there seemed to be some colour for all those aspersions that they had cast on the king, as if he had been in a correspondence with the Irish rebels, when the worst tribe had been thus employed by him."—*Swift.* "Lord Clarendon differs from all this."

P. 41. *Burnet.* "The earl of Essex told me, that he had taken all the pains he could to inquire into the origin of the Irish Massacre; but could never see any reason to believe that the king had any accession to it."—*Swift.* "And who but *a beast* ever believed it?"

P. 42. *Burnet.* Arguing with the Scots concerning the propriety of the king's death, he observes, that Drummond said, "That Cromwell had plainly the better of them at their own weapons."—*Swift.* "And Burnet thought as Cromwell did."

P. 46. *Burnet.* "Fairfax was much distracted in his mind, and changed purposes often every day."—*Swift.* "Fairfax had hardly common sense."

P. 49. *Burnet.* "I will not enter further into the military part; for I remember an advice of marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in the relation of military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness, when there were blunders in every part of them'."—*Swift.* "Very foolish advice—for soldiers cannot write."

P. 50. *Burnet.* "Laud's defence of himself, when in the Tower, is a very mean performance. In most particulars, he excuses himself by this—That he was but one of many, who either in council, star-chamber, or high commission, voted illegal things. Now, though this was true, yet a chief minister, and one in high favour, determines the rest so much, that they are little better than machines acted by him.—On other occasions, he says, 'the thing was proved but by one witness.' Now, how strong soever this defence may be in law, it is of no force in appeal to the world; for, if a thing is true, it is no matter how full or defective the proof is."—*Swift.* "All this is full of malice and ill judgment."

P. 50. *Burnet,* speaking of the Basilicon, "supposed to be written by Charles the First."—*Swift.* "I think it is a poor treatise, and that the king did not write it."

P. 51. *Burnet.* "Upon the king's death, the Scots proclaimed his son king, and sent over sir George Wincan, that married my great aunt, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey."—*Swift.*

—*Swift.* "Was that the reason why he was sent?"

P. 53. *Burnet.* "King Charles the Second, when in Scotland, wrought himself into as grave a deportment as he could. He heard many prayers and sermons, some of great length. I remember, in one fast-day, there were six sermons preached, without intermission. I was there myself, and not a little weary of so tedious a service."—*Swift.* "Burnet was not then eight years old."

P. 61. *Burnet,* speaking of the period of usurpation in Scotland—"Cromwell built three citadels, Leith, Ayr, and Inverness, beside many little forts. There was good justice done, and vice was suppressed and punished; so that we always reckon those eight years of usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity."—*Swift.* "No doubt, you do."

P. 63. *Burnet,* speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars, says, "The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches, or the reach of their voices."—*Swift.* "And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd—I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister."

P. 64. *Burnet.* "The resolutions sent up by one Sharp, who had been long in England, and was an active and an eager man."—*Swift.* "Afterwards a Bishop, and murdered."

P. 66. *Burnet.* "Thus Cromwell had all the king's party in a net: he let them dance in at pleasure, and upon occasions *clapt* them up for a short time.—*Swift.* "A pox of his *claps*."

P. 87. *Burnet,* speaking of the Restoration—"Of all this, Monk had both the praise and the reward;

reward; for I have been told a very small share of it belonged to him."—*Swift.* "Malice."

P. 126. *Burnet* speaking of the execution of the marquis of Argyle;—*Swift.* "He was the greatest villain of his age."

P. 127. *Burnet.* "The proceeding against Warriston was soon dispatched."—*Swift.* "Warriston was an abominable dog."

P. 134. *Burnet,* of bishop Leightoun's character, "The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion—his style, however, was rather too fine." —*Swift.* "A fault that Burnet is not guilty of."

P. 140. *Burnet.* "Leightoun did not stand much upon it. He did not *think* orders given without bishops were null and void. He *thought* the forms of government were not settled by such positive laws as were unalterable, but only by apostolical practices, which, as he *thought,* authorized Episcopacy, as the best form: yet he did not *think* it necessary to the being of a church, but he *thought* that every church might make such rules of ordinations as they pleased."—*Swift.* "Here's a specimen of style!—*think!*—*thought!*—*thought!*—*think! thought!*"

P. 154. *Burnet,* speaking of a proclamation for shutting up 200 churches in one day! "Sharpe said to myself, he knew nothing of it; yet he was glad it was done without his having any share in it, for by it he was furnished with somewhat in which he was no way concerned, upon which he might cast all the blame of all that followed; yet this was suitable enough to a maxim that he and all that sort of people set up—that the execution of the laws was

that

that by which all governments maintained their strength as well as their honour."—*Swift.* "Dunce! Can there be a better maxim?"

P. 163. *Burnet.* "John Goodwin and Milton did also escape all censure, to the surprize of all people."—*Swift.* "He censures even mercy."

P. 163. *Burnet.* "Milton was not excepted out of the Act of Indemnity; and afterwards he came out of his concealment, and lived many years, much visited by all strangers, and much admired by all at home for the poems he writ, though he was then blind; chiefly that of "Paradise Lost," in which there is a nobleness both of contrivance and execution, that though he affected to write in blank verse without rhyme, and made many new and rough words, yet it was esteemed the beautifulest and perfectest poem that ever was writ, at least in *our* language."—*Swift.* "A mistake!—for it is *in English.*"

P. 164. *Burnet.* "The great share that sir Henry Vane had in the attainder of the earl of Strafford, and in the whole turn of affairs to the total change of government, but above all, the great opinion that was had of his parts and capacity to embroil matters again, made the court think it necessary to put him out of the way."—*Swift.* "A malicious turn!—Vane was a dangerous enthusiastic beast."

P. 164. *Burnet.* "When sir Henry Vane saw his death was designed, he composed himself to it with a resolution that surprised all who knew how little of that was natural to him. Some instances of this were very extraordinary, though they cannot be mentioned with *decency.*"—*Swift.* "His lady *conceived* by him the night before his execution."

P. 180. *Burnet*, speaking of the Dissenters in Charles the Second's time looking for a new liturgy, continues, "But all this was overthrown by Baxter, who was a man of great piety, and if he had not meddled in too many things, would have been esteemed one of the learned men of the age. He writ near *two hundred books*."—*Swift*. "Very sad ones indeed!"

P. 186. *Burnet*, speaking of the great fines raised on the church ill applied, he proceeds, "If the half had been applied to the buying of tithes or glebes for small vicarages, here a foundation had been laid for a great and effectual reformation."—*Swift*. "He judges here right, in my opinion."

P. 186. *Burnet*, continuing the same subject, "The men of merit and services were loaded with many livings and many dignities. With this accession of wealth there broke in upon the church a great deal of luxury and high living, on the pretence of hospitality, whilst others made purchases, and left great estates, most of which we have seen melt away."—*Swift*. "An uncharitable aggravation, a base innuendo."

P. 189. *Burnet*. "Patrick was a great preacher, and wrote well on the scriptures. He was a laborious man in his function, of great strictness of life, but a little too severe against those who differed from him; but that was where he thought their doctrines struck at the fundamentals of religion. He became afterwards more moderate."—*Swift*. "Yes; for he turned a rank whig."

P. 190. *Burnet*. "Archbishop Tenison was a very learned man, endowed schools, set up a public

lic library," &c. &c.—*Swift.* "The dullest good-for-nothing man I ever knew."

P. 191. *Burnet,* condemning the bad style of preaching before Tillotson, Lloyd, and Stillingfleet, says, "Their discourses were long and heavy; all was *pye-bald,* full of many sayings of different languages."—*Swift.* "A noble epithet! How came Burnet not to learn this style? He surely neglected his own talents."

P. 193. *Burnet,* speaking of the first formation of the Royal Society, "Many physicians and other ingenious men went into a society for natural philosophy; but he who laboured most, was Robert Boyle, the earl of Cork's youngest son, who was looked upon by all who knew him as a very perfect pattern. He was a very devout Christian, humble, and modest almost to a fault; of a most spotless and exemplary life in all respects. He was highly charitable, and was a mortified and self-denied man, that delighted in nothing so much as in doing good. He neglected his person, despised the world, and lived abstracted from all pleasures, designs, and interest."—*Swift.* "And yet Boyle was a very silly writer."

P. 195. *Burnet.* "Peter Walsh, who was the honestest and learnedest man I ever knew amongst the Popish clergy, often told me, there was nothing which the whole Popish party feared more than an union of those of the church of England with the Presbyterians. The Papists had but two maxims, from which they never daparted. The one was to divide us, and the other, to keep themselves united." —*Swift.* "Rogue!!!"

P. 202. *Burnet.* "The queen-mother had brought over

over from France one Mrs. Stewart, *a great beauty.*" —*Swift.* "A pretty phrase this!"

P. 203. *Burnet.* "One of the first things that was done this session of parliament (1663) was *the execution of my unfortunate uncle Warriston.* He was so disordered both in body and mind, that it was a reproach to government to proceed against him. He was brought before the parliament to hear what he had to say why his execution should not be awarded. He spoke long, but in a disordered and broken strain, which his enemies fancied was put on to create pity. He was sentenced to die. His deportment was unequal, as might be expected from a man in his condition, yet when the day of execution came he was very serene.—He was cheerful, and seemed fully satisfied with his death. He read a speech twice over on the scaffold, that, to my knowledge, he composed himself, in which he justified all the proceedings in the Covenant, and asserted his own sincerity; but condemned his joining with Cromwell and the sectaries, though even in that his intentions had been sincere for the good of his country and the security of religion. Lord Lauderdale had lived in great friendship with him; but he saw the king was so set against him, that he, who at all times took more care of himself than of his friends, would not, in so critical a time, seem to favour a man whom the Presbyterians had set up as a sort of an idol amongst them, and on whom they did depend more than on any other man alive."—*Swift.* "Pray, was this Warriston hanged, or beheaded? A very fit uncle for such a Bishop!"

P. 220. *Burnet.* "Pensionary De Witt had the notion of a Commonwealth from the Greeks and Romans,

Romans, and from thence he came to fancy that an army commanded by officers of their own country was both more in their own power, and would serve them with the more zeal, since they themselves had such an interest in their success."—*Swift.* "He ought to have judged the contrary."

P. 225. *Burnet*, speaking of the slight rebellion in the West, 1666, says, "The rest of the rebels were favoured by the darkness of the night, and the king's troops were not in case to pursue them, for they were a poor harmless company of men, become mad with oppression."—*Swift.* "A fair Historian!"

P. 238. *Burnet.* "Sir John Cunningham was not only an eminent lawyer; but was above all a man of eminent probity, and of a sweet temper, and indeed one of the *piousest* men of the nation."—*Swift.* "Pray, is that Scotch?"

P. 242. *Burnet.* "When the Peace of Breda was concluded, the king writ to the Scottish council, and communicated *that* to them, and with *that* signified *that* it was his pleasure *that* the army should be disbanded."—*Swift.* "Here are four *thats* in one line."

P. 243. *Burnet.* "Sir Robert Murray, apprehensive that Episcopacy was to be pulled down, wrote a long and sorrowful letter to Sheldon, and upon that Sheldon wrote a very long one to sir Robert, which I read, and found more temperate than I could have expected from him."—*Swift.* "Sheldon was a very great and excellent man."

P. 245. *Burnet.* "The countess of Dysart was a woman of great beauty, but of far greater parts; she had studied, not only Divinity and History, but Mathematics and Philosophy. She was violent in every thing

thing she set about—a violent friend, but much more violent enemy. When Lauderdale was prisoner after Worcester fight, she made him believe he was in great danger of his life, and that she saved it by her intrigues with Cromwell."—" *Swift.* " Cromwell had gallantries with her."

P. 253. *Burnet,* speaking of Sheldon's remonstrating with the king about his mistresses, adds, " From that day Sheldon could never recover the king's confidence."—*Swift.* " Sheldon refused the sacrament to the king, for living in adultery."

P. 257. *Burnet.* " Thus lord Clarendon fell under the common fate of great ministers, whose employment exposes them to envy, and draws upon them the indignation of all who are disappointed in their pretensions."—*Swift.* " Stupid moralist!"

P. 258. *Burnet,* speaking of the earl of Rochester, second son of the lord Clarendon: " He was thought the smoothest man in the court, and during all the disputes concerning his father, he made his court so dextrously, that no resentments ever appeared on that head. He is a man of far greater parts than his brother (who, in resentment of his father's ill treatment, always opposed the court), has a *very good pen,* but speaks not gracefully."—*Swift.* " Pray, was this pen of gold or silver?"

P. 258. *Burnet.* " In a conversation I had with the king in his closet, I was struck to hear a prince of his course of life so much disgusted at the ambition and covetousness of the clergy.—He said, if the clergy had done their part, it would have been an easy matter to run down the Nonconformists. He told me, he had a chaplain, that was a very honest man, but a very great blockhead, to whom he had

had given a living in Suffolk, that was full of that sort of people. He had gone about among them from house to house, though he could not imagine what he could say to them, for he said he was a very silly fellow, but that he 'believed his nonsense suited theirs,' for he had brought them all to church, and in reward for his diligence he had given him a bishopric in Ireland."—*Swift.* "Bishop Wolley, of Clonfert."

P. 259. *Burnet.* "If the sectaries were humble and modest, and would tell what would satisfy them, there might be some colour for granting them some concessions."—*Swift.* "I think so too."

P. 263. *Burnet*, Speaking of the king's attachment to Nell Gwyn, says, "And yet, after all, he never treated her with the *decencies* of a mistress." —*Swift.* "Pray, what *decencies* are these?"

P. 263. *Burnet.* "The king had another mistress, who was managed by lord Shaftesbury, who was the daughter of a clergyman (one Roberts), in whom her first education had so deep a root, that though she fell into many scandalous disorders, with very dismal adventures in them all, yet a principle of religion was so deeply laid in her, that though it did not restrain her, yet it kept alive in her such a constant horror of sin, that she was never easy in an ill course of life, and died with great sense of her former conduct. I was *often with her* the last three months of her life."—*Swift.* "Was she handsome then?"

P. 265. *Burnet.* "Sedley had a more copious wit, and sudden, than that which furnished a perpetual run of discourse; but he was not so correct

as

as lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as lord Rochester."—*Swift.* "No better a critic in wit than in style."

P. 266. *Burnet.* "Lord Robarts, afterwards earl of Radnor, who succeeded the duke of Ormond in his government of Ireland, was a morose man, believed to be sincerely just, and as wise as a *cynical* humour could allow him to be."—*Swift.* "How does that hinder wisdom?"

P. 273. *Burnet.* "Charles II. confessed himself a Papist to the prince of Orange; and the prince told me, he never spoke of this to any other person till *after his death.*"—*Swift.* "What! *after his own death?*"

P. 288. *Burnet.* "The Episcopal party thought I intended to make myself popular at their cost; so they began that strain of fury and calumny that has pursued me ever since from *that sort of people.*"—*Swift.* "A civil term for all who are Episcopal!"

P. 298. *Burnet.* "In compiling the Memoirs of the duke of Hamilton, I found there materials for a very large history. I writ it with great sincerity, and concealed none of their errors. I did, indeed, conceal several things that related to the king—I left out some passages that were in his letters, in some of which was too much weakness."—*Swift.* "These letters, if they had been published, could not have given a worse character of him."

P. 300. *Burnet,* speaking of the Scotch clergy refusing to be made bishops, says, "They had an ill opinion of the court, and could not be brought to leave their retirement."—*Swift.* "For that reason they should have accepted bishoprics."

P. 303.

P. 303. *Burnet.* "Madame (Charles the Second's sister) had an intrigue with another person, whom I knew well, the count of Treville. When she was in her last agonies, she said, "Adieu, Treville!" He was so struck with this accident, that it had a good effect on him, for he went and lived many years amongst the Fathers of the Oratory, and became both a very learned and devout man. He came afterwards out into the world. I saw him often. He was a man of a very sweet temper, only a little too formal for a Frenchman; but he was very sincere. He was a Jansenist. He hated the Jesuits, and had a very mean opinion of the king, which appeared in all the instances in which it was safe for him to shew it."—*Swift.* "Pretty jumping periods!"

P. 304. *Burnet.* "When a foreign minister asked the king's leave to treat with Lockhart in his master's name, the king consented, but with this severe reflection, That he believed he would be true to any body but himself."—*Swift.* "Does he mean, Lockhart would not be true to Lockhart?"

P. 306. *Burnet.* "The earl of Shaftsbury was the chief man who advised the king to shut up the Exchequer."—*Swift.* "Clifford had the merit of it."

P. 321. *Burnet.* "As soon as king William was brought into the command of the armies, he told me he spoke to De Witt, and desired to live in an entire confidence with him—His answer was cold, so he saw he could not depend upon him: when he told me this, he added, He certainly was one of the greatest men of the age, and he believed he served his country faithfully."—*Swift.*

"And

" And yet, for all this, the prince contrived that he should be murdered."

P. 322. *Burnet.* " In this famous campaign of Louis XIV. against the Dutch (1672) there was so little heart or judgment shewn in the management of that run of success, that when that year is properly set out, it will appear to be one of the least glorious of his life."—*Swift.* " A metaphor, only fit for a gamester."

P. 328. *Burnet.* " Prince Waldeck was their chief general, a man of great compass, and a true judgment, equally able in the cabinet and in the camp. But he was always unsuccessful, because he was never furnished according to the schemes he had laid down. The opinion that armies had of him, as an unfortunate general, made him really so, for soldiers cannot have much heart, when they have not an entire confidence in him that has the chief command."—*Swift.* " When he speaks of his great compass, I suppose he means he was very fat."

P. 327. *Burnet.*—" It seems, the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns."—*Swift.* " What! ten shillings apiece! By much too dear for a Dutchman."

P. 337. *Burnet.* " This year (1672) the king declared a new mistress, and made her duchess of Portsmouth. She had been maid of honour to Madame, the king's sister; and had come over with her to Dover, where the king had expressed such a regard for her, that the duke of Buckingham, who hated the duchess of Cleveland, intended to *put her on the king.*"—*Swift.* " Surely, he means the contrary."

P. 341. *Burnet.* "Duke of Lauderdale called on me all of a sudden, and put me in mind of the project I had laid before him of putting all the ousted ministers by *couples* into parishes, that, instead of wandering about the country to hold Conventicles, they might be stationary, and may have half a benefice."—*Swift.* "A pretty Scotch project! instead of feeding *fifty*, you starve one *hundred*."

P. 370. *Burnet.* "I was ever of Nazanzien's opinion, who never wished to see any more synods of the clergy."—*Swift.* "Dog!"

P. 372. *Burnet*, speaking of an insurrection in Scotland, says, "The king said, he was afraid I was too busy, and wished me to be more quiet."—*Swift.* "The king knew him right."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "I preached in many of the churches in London, and was so well received, that it was probable I might be accepted of in any way that depended *on a popular election*."—*Swift.* "Very much to his honour!"

P. 373. *Burnet.* "This violent and groundless prosecution lasted some months; and during this time I said to some, that duke Lauderdale had gone so far in opening some wicked designs to me, that I perceived he could not be satisfied unless I was undone—so I told what was mentioned before of the discourses that passed between him and me."—*Swift.* "A Scotch dog!"

P. 378. *Burnet.* "I will henceforth leave the account of our affairs beyond sea wholly to Temple's Letters, in which they are very truly and fully set forth."—*Swift.* "Sir William Temple was a man of sense and virtue, to which Burnet was a stranger."

P. 380. *Burnet*, speaking of his being pressed before parliament to reveal what passed between him and the duke of Lauderdale *in private*; and the parliament, in case of refusal, threatening him; he says, "Upon this I yielded, and gave an account of what I formerly mentioned."—*Swift.* "Treacherous villain!"

P. 382. *Burnet.* "Sir Harbottle Grimston had always *a great tenderness for Dissenters*, though still in the communion of the Church."—*Swift.* "Burnet's test of all virtues."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "Lady Grimston was the humblest, the devoutest, and best-tempered person I ever *knew of that sort*" (Church of England).—*Swift.* "Ah! Rogue!"

P. 392. *Burnet.* "Sancroft, dean of St. Paul's, was raised to the see of Canterbury. He was a man of solemn deportment, had a sullen gravity in his looks, and was considerably learned. He had put on a monastic strictness, and lived abstracted from company. These things, together with his living unmarried, and his being fixed in the old maxims of high loyalty, and a superstitious valuing of little things, made the Court conclude that he was a man who might be entirely gained to serve all their ends, or at least that he would be an unactive speculative man, and give them little opposition in any thing they might attempt, when they had more promising opportunities."—*Swift.* "False and detracting."

P. 406. *Burnet.* "In this battle between the prince of Orange (afterwards king William) and the duke of Orleans, some regiments of marines, on whom the prince depended, did basely run away; yet the other bodies fought so well that he lost not much

much except the *honour of the day.*"—*Swift.* "What he was pretty well used to."

P. 413. *Burnet.* "Upon the examination of Mitchell before the privy council for the intended assassination of archbishop Sharpe, it being first proposed to cut off the prisoner's right hand, and then his left; lord Rothes, who was a pleasant man, said, 'Then how shall he wipe his b—ch?'—This is not very *decent* to be mentioned in such a work, if it were not necessary."—*Swift.* "As decent as a thousand other passages, so he might have spared his apology."

P. 414. *Burnet*, in the last article of the above trial, observes, "That the judge, who hated Sharpe, as he went up to the bench, passing by the prisoner whispered him—"Confess nothing, except you are sure of your limbs as well as your life."—*Swift.* "O rare judge!"

P. 416. *Burnet*, speaking of the execution of the above Mitchell for the attempt against Sharpe, says, "Yet the duke of Lauderdale had a chaplain (Hickes), afterwards dean of Worcester, who published a false and partial relation of this matter, in order to the justifying it."—*Swift.* "He was a learned and a pious man."

P. 425. *Burnet.* "Titus Oates had gotten to be a chaplain in one of the king's ships, from which he was dismissed upon complaint of some unnatural practices."—*Swift.* "Only s——y."

P. 441. *Burnet.* "On the impeachment of lord Danby, Maynard, an antient and eminent lawyer, explained the words of the statute 25th Edward III. that the courts of law could not proceed but upon

one of the crimes there enumerated, but the parliament had still a power by the clause in that act to declare what was treason."—*Swift.* "Yes—by a new act, but not by retrospect there; for Maynard was a *knave and a fool, with all his law.*"

P. 455. *Burnet.* "The Bill of Exclusion certainly disinherited the next heir, which the king and parliament might do as well as any private man might disinherit his next heir."—*Swift.* "This is not always true; yet it was certainly in the power of the king and parliament to exclude the next heir."

P. 459. *Burnet.* "For a great while I thought the limitations proposed in the Exclusion Bill was the wisest and best method."—*Swift.* "It was the wisest, because it would be less opposed, and the king would consent to it—otherwise an *exclusion* would have done better."

Burnet, speaking of the party-writings for and against the Presbyters and Churchmen, continues, "The chief manager of all these angry writings was one sir Roger L'Estrange, a man who had lived in all the late times, and was furnished with many passages, and an unexhausted copiousness in writing."—*Swift.* "A superficial meddling coxcomb."

P. 483. *Burnet.* "I laid open the cruelties of the church of Rome in queen Mary's time, which were not then known; and I *aggravated,* though *very truly,* the danger of falling under the power of that religion."—*Swift.* "A BULL!"

Ibid. *Burnet.* "Sprat had studied a polite style much, but there was little strength in it. He had the beginnings of learning laid well in him; but he has

has allowed himself in a course of some years in much sloth, and too many liberties."—*Swift.* "Very false."

P. 509. *Burnet,* speaking of the grand juries in the latter end of king Charles's reign returning *Ignoramus* so frequently on bills of indictment, states, that in defence of those *Ignoramus Juries* it was said, "That, by the express words of their oath, they were bound to make true presentments of what should appear true to them; and therefore, if they did not believe the evidence, they could not find a bill, though sworn to. A book was writ to support this, in which both law and reason were brought to confirm it."—*Swift.* "This book was written by lord Somers."

P. 525. *Burnet.* "Home was convicted on the credit of *one* evidence.—Applications, 'tis true, were made to the duke of York for saving his life; but he was not born under *a pardoning planet.*"—*Swift.* "Silly fop!"

Burnet, speaking of the surrender of the charters in 1682—"It was said that those who were in the government in corporations, and had their charters and seals trusted to their keeping, were not the proprietors nor masters of those rights. They could not extinguish those corporations, nor part with any of their privileges. Others said, 'that whatever might be objected to the reason and equity of the thing, yet when the seal of a corporation was put to any deed, such a deed was good in law.' This matter goes beyond my skill in law to determine." —*Swift.* "What does he think of the surrender of charters, abbeys, &c. &c.?"

P. 528. *Burnet.* "The Non-conformists were

now

now persecuted with much eagerness. This was visibly set on by the Papists; and it was wisely done by them; for they knew how much the *Nonconformists were set against them.*"—*Swift.* "Not so much as they are against the Church."

P. 536. *Burnet.* "The truth is, juries became at that time the shame of the Nation, as well as a reproach to Religion; for they were packed, and prepared to bring in verdicts as they were directed, and not as matters appeared in the evidence."—*Swift.* "So they are now."

P. 543. *Burnet,* on Rumbold's proposal to shoot the king at Hodsdon in his way to Newmarket, adds, "The conspirators then ran into much *wicked talk,* about the means of executing it —but nothing was fixed upon; all was *but talk.*" —*Swift.* "All plots begin with talk."

P. 548. *Burnet.* At the time of lord Russel's plot—"Baillie being asked by the king whether they had any design against his person?—he frankly said not; but being asked whether he had any consultation with lords or other persons about an insurrection in Scotland, Baillie faultered at this; for his *conscience* restrained him from *lying.*"—*Swift.* "The author and his *cousins* could *not lie,* but they *could plot.*"

P. 553. *Burnet,* speaking of lord Essex's suicide (1683), "His man thinking he staid longer than ordinary in his *closet,* looked through the key-hole, and saw him lying dead."—*Swift.* "He cut his throat with a razor on the close-stool."

P. 555. *Burnet.* "On lord Russel's trial Finch summed up the evidence against him, but shewed more of a vicious eloquence in turning matters against

against the prisoner than law."—*Swift.* "Finch was afterwards earl of Aylesford. An arrant r——l!"

P. 568. *Burnet.* "All people were apprehensive of very black designs when they saw Jefferies made chief justice of the king's bench *, who was so scandalously vicious, and was drunk every day; beside, he had a drunkenness of fury in his temper that looked like enthusiasm. He did not consider the decencies of his post; nor did he seem so much as to affect to seem impartial, as became a judge, but ran out upon all occasions into declamations that

* "Amongst the many scandalous appointments of trust during the profligate reign of Charles the Second, calling up Jefferies to such high situations as he possessed, was one of the most notorious. In addition to his well-known character of a *libertine* and a *servile courtier*, he was that of a dishonest man and a shuffler in his private dealings, as the following anecdote (never before published) will evince.——Having obtained a grant from king Charles II. of a lot of ground on the East side of St. James's park, he employed an architect to build him a very magnificent house there, with a private chapel, &c. As soon as the building was completed, the architect of course called upon him for payment, but was put off; he called again and again, but never could see him, and was often repulsed from his gate by the porter with rudeness and ill language. The general character and despotic power of Jefferies prevented the architect from taking any legal steps in the business, till Jefferies' power began to wane upon the first flight of king James. He then made his way into Jefferies' study, saw him, and pressed for his money in very urgent terms. Jefferies appeared all humbled and much confused; made many apologies for not settling the matter before; said, he had many weighty affairs pressing on his mind at that time; but if he would call the Tuesday following it should be finally settled. The architect went away after this promise; but between that and Tuesday, Jefferies, in endeavouring to make his escape from England, was found out, reviled, and much bruised by the populace." Mr. SEWARD, in the European Magazine, 1795, vol. XXVIII. p. 248.

did

did not become the bar, much less the bench. He was not learned in his profession either: and his eloquence, though viciously copious, was neither correct nor agreeable."—*Swift.* "Somewhat like Burnet's eloquence."

P. 572. *Burnet,* on Algernon Sydney's trial, observes, "that Finch aggravated the matter of the book, as a proof of his intentions: for he said, "*Scribere est agere.*"—*Swift.* "And yet king George made him earl of Aylesford."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "When Sydney charged the sheriffs who brought him the execution-warrant, with having packed the jury, one of the sheriffs wept. He told it to a person from whom Tillotson had it, who told it to me."—*Swift.* "Abominable authority!"

P. 577. *Burnet.* "So that it was plain that, after all the story which they had made of the Rye-house Plot, it had gone no further, and that a company of seditious and inconsiderable persons were framing among themselves some treasonable schemes that were never likely to come to any thing."—*Swift.* "Cursed partiality!"

P. 579. *Burnet.* "The king (Charles II.) had published a story all about the Court, as a reason for his severity against Armstrong, that he had been sent over by Cromwell to murder him beyond sea; and upon Armstrong's conviction, though the king promised he would not reveal it during his life, yet now looking upon him as dead in law, he was free from that promise."—*Swift.* "If the king had a mind to lie, he would have waited till Armstrong was hanged."

P. 585. *Burnet.* "Finding the difficulty of discovering

covering any thing, and in confidence, I saved myself out of these difficulties by saying to all my friends, that I would not be involved in any such confidence; for as long as I thought our circumstances were such that resistance was not lawful, I thought the concealing any design in order to it was likewise unlawful."—*Swift.* "Jesuitical!"

P. 586. *Burnet.* "Baillie suffered several hardships and fines for being supposed to be in the Ryehouse Plot; yet during this he seemed so composed, and ever so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the revival of the spirit of the noblest Greeks and Romans."—*Swift.* "Take notice, he was *our Cousin.*"

P. 587. *Burnet,* speaking of Baillie's execution, says, "The only excuse there was ever pretended for this infamous prosecution was, that they were sure he was guilty, and that the whole secret of the negotiation between the two kingdoms was trusted to him; and, since he would not discover it, all methods might be taken to destroy him." —*Swift.* "Case of the bishop of Rochester."

P. 588. *Burnet.* "Lord Perth wanting to see Leighton, I wrote so earnestly to him, that he came to London; and on his coming up was amazed to see a man of seventy years of age look so well and fresh, as if time seemed to stand still with him; and yet the next day both speech and sense left him, and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pang or convulsion."—*Swift.* "Burnet killed him by bringing him up to London."

P. 589. *Burnet.* "There were two remarkable circumstances in Leighton's death. He used often to say, that if he were to chuse a place to die in, it

should

should be an inn, it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion of it. He added, that the officious tenderness of his friends was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. He had his wish."—*Swift.* "Canting puppy!"

P. 590. *Burnet.* "Stearne, archbishop of York, died this year (1684), in the 86th year of his age. He was a sour ill-tempered man, and minded chiefly to enrich his family."—*Swift.* "And yet he was thought to be the author of the Whole Duty of Man."

P. 596. *Burnet.* "Being appointed to preach the sermon on the Gunpowder Plot (1684) at the Rolls chapel, I took for my text, 'Save me from the lion's mouth; thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorn.'—I made no reflections in my thoughts on the lion and unicorn, as being the two supporters of the king's escutcheon, for I ever hated all points of that sort, as a profanation of Scriptures."—*Swift.* "I doubt that."

Burnet, speaking of the suspicion of Charles II. being poisoned—"Needham called twice, to have the stomach opened, but the surgeons seemed not to hear him; and when he moved it a second time, as he told me, heard Lower say to one that stood next him, 'Needham will undo us, calling thus to have the stomach opened, for he may see they will not do it.' They were diverted to look to somewhat else; and when they returned to look upon the stomach, it was carried away, so that it was never viewed. Le Fevre, a French physician,

sician, told me, he saw a blackness in the shoulder, upon which he made an incision, and saw it was all mortified. Short, another physician, who was a Papist, but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing, and he had talked more freely of it than any of the Protestants durst do at that time." —*Swift.* "A physician told me, who had it from Short himself, that he believed him to be poisoned."

P. 596. *Burnet*, concluding the character of Charles II.—"His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect pretty near—his hating of business, and love of pleasures—his raising of favourites, and trusting them entirely, and then his putting them down, and hating them excessively—his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth; but, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that prince Borghese and signior Dominica, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him."—*Swift.* "He was certainly a very bad prince, but not to the degree described in this character, which is poorly drawn, and mingled with malice, very unworthy an historian: the style is likewise abominable, as is the whole history, of observations trite and vulgar."

P. 651. *Burnet.* "Goodenough, who had been under-sheriff of London when Cornish was sheriff, offered to swear against Cornish, and also said, that Rumsey had not discovered all he knew. So Rumsey, to save himself and Goodenough, swore against Cornish; and he was seized on, tried, and executed in a week."—*Swift.* "Goodenough afterwards went to Ireland, practised the law, and died there."

P. 654. *Burnet.* "The archbishop of Armagh * (1685) had continued lord chancellor of Ireland, and was in all respects so complaisant to the Court, that even his religion became suspected."—*Swift.* "False!"

Ibid. *Burnet.* "And yet this archbishop was not thought thorough-paced;—so sir Charles Porter, who was a zealous promoter of every thing the king proposed, and was a man of ready wit, and, being poor, was thought a person fit to be made a tool of, was declared lord chancellor of Ireland †." —*Swift.* "False and scandalous."

P. 669. *Burnet.* "Solicitor-general Finch had been continued in this employment only to lay the load of this judgment upon him (the prosecution of Lord De la Mere). He was presently after turned out, and Powis succeeded him, who was a com-

* Michael Boyle, who, when Archbishop of Dublin, was made Chancellor soon after the Restoration (1665), and continued in that office to January 1686, during which time he was raised to the Archbishopric of Armagh. SEWARD.

† Notwithstanding this character of sir Charles Porter, king James did not think him thorough-paced enough to carry on his views in Ireland; accordingly, he remained in office but one year, and was succeeded as Chancellor by sir Alexander Fitter, a man every way qualified to stretch both Law and Gospel to Court purposes. SEWARD.

pliant,

pliant, young, aspiring lawyer."—*Swift.* "Sir Thomas Powis—good dull lawyer."

P. 672. *Burnet.* "Intimations were every where given, that the king would not have the Dissenters or their meetings disturbed. Some of them began to grow insolent upon this show of favour."—*Swift.* "The whole body of them grew insolent, and complying to the king."

P. 675. *Burnet.* "Sancroft lay silent at Lambeth. He seemed zealous against Popery in private discourse; but he was of such a timorous temper, and *so set on the enriching his nephew,* that he shewed no sort of courage."—*Swift.* "False as Hell."

P. 681. *Burnet.* "The Episcopal clergy were in many places so sunk in sloth and ignorance, that they were not capable of conducting their zeal; but the Presbyterians, though smarting under great severities, expressed on all occasions their unconquerable aversion to Popery."—*Swift.* "Partial dog!"

P. 690. *Burnet,* speaking of king William's character, says, "He had no vice but one sort, in which he was very *cautious* and *secret.*"—*Swift.* "It was of two sorts—*mule* and *female*—in the *former* he was neither cautious nor secret."

P. 691. *Burnet.* "In a conversation with the prince of Orange at the Hague (1686); when I told him my opinion of toleration, he said, 'that was all he would ever attempt to bring us to, for quieting our contentions at home'."—*Swift.* "So it seems the prince even then thought of being king."

P. 692. *Burnet.* "The advice I gave the princess of Orange when queen of England was, to endeavour to get the power of king to the prince for life;

life; for this would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation of a perfect union between them, which had of late been a little embroiled."—*Swift.* "On account of Mrs. Villiers, now lady Orkney; but he proved a *d——d husband for all that.*"

P. 693. *Burnet.* "Penn, the Quaker, was a talking, vain man, who had been long in the king's favour, he being the vice-admiral's son."—*Swift.* "He spoke very agreeably, and with much spirit."

P. 695. *Burnet.* "Cartwright was promoted to Chester. He was a man of good capacity, and had made some progress in learning. He was ambitious and servile, cruel and boisterous; and, by the great liberties he allowed himself, he fell under much scandal of the *worst sort.*"—*Swift.* "Only s——y."

P. 697. *Burnet.* "In all nations the privileges of colleges and universities are esteemed such sacred things, that few will venture to disturb them."——*Swift.* "Yet, in king George's reign, Oxford was insulted with troops, for no manner of cause but their steadiness to the Church."

P. 701. *Burnet,* speaking of king James's proceedings against the universities, and that several of the clergy wrote over to the prince of Orange to engage in their quarrel, adds—"When that was communicated to me, I was still of opinion that this was an act of despotic and arbitrary power; yet I did not think it struck at the whole, so that it was not, in my opinion, a lawful case of resistance."—*Swift.* "He was a better *Tory* than I, if he spoke as he thought."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "The main difference between the

the Presbyterians and Independents was, that the former seemed reconcileable to the church; *for they loved episcopal ordination and a liturgy,* but the Independents were for a commonwealth."—*Swift.* "A damnable lie!"

P. 702. *Burnet.* "So the most considerable amongst them (the Dissenters) resolved not to stand at too great a distance from the Court, nor provoke the king too far, so as to give him cause to think they were irreconcileable to him, lest they should provoke him to make up matters at any time with the Church-party."—*Swift.* "Another piece of dissimulation."

Burnet. The king's choice of Palmer, earl of Castlemain, was liable to great exceptions; for, as he was believed to be a Jesuit, he was certainly as hot and eager in all high notions as any of them could be. The Romans were amazed when they heard he was to be the person. His misfortunes were so eminent and public, that they who take their measures much from astrology, and from the characters they think are fixed on men, thought it strange to see such a negotiation put into the hands of so unlucky a man."—*Swift.* "This man was the duchess of Cleveland's husband."

P. 710. *Burnet.* "The restless spirit of some of that religion (Popery), and of their clergy in particular, shewed they could not be quiet till they were masters."—*Swift.* "All sects are of that spirit."

P. 726. *Burnet.* "When king James memorialized the States to deliver up Burnet, he says, "I argued, that, being now naturalized ir Holland, my allegiance was, during my stay in those parts, transferred

transferred from his Majesty to the States."—*Swift.* "Civilians deny that; but I agree with him."

P. 727. *Burnet.* "I now come to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary and *unheard*-of Revolution."—*Swift.* "The devil's in that! Sure all Europe *heard* of it."

P. 746. *Burnet.* "But, after all, the soldiers were *bad Englishmen, and worst Christians*; yet the Court of James II. found them too good Protestants to trust much to them."—*Swift.* "Special doctrine!"

P. 752. *Burnet,* doubting of the legitimacy of the pretender, and describing the queen's manner of lying-in, says, "All this while the queen lay in bed; and, in order to the warming one side of it, a warming pan was brought; but it was not opened, that it might be seen whether there was any fire in it."—*Swift.* "This, the ladies say, is very foolish."

P. 762. *Burnet.* "The earl of Shrewsbury seemed to be a man of great probity, and to have a high sense of honour."—*Swift.* "Quite the contrary."

P. 763. *Burnet.* "Russel told me, that, on his return to England from Holland, he communicated his design (relative to the Revolution) to lord Lumley, who was a late convert from Popery, and had stood out very firmly all this reign. He was a man who had his interest much to heart, and he resolved to embark deep in this design."—*Swift.* "He was a knave and a coward."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "But the man in whose hands the conduct of the whole design was chiefly deposited,

ted, by the Prince's own order, was Mr. Sydney, brother to the earl of Leicester and Mr. Algernon Sydney. He was a graceful man, and had lived long in the Court, where he had some adventures that became very public. He was a man of sweet and caressing temper."—*Swift.* "An idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour."

P. 764. *Burnet.* "But because Mr. Sydney was lazy, and the business required an active man who could run about, and write over full and long accounts, I recommended a kinsman of my own, Johnston, whom I had formed, and knew to be both faithful and diligent."—*Swift.* "An arrant Scotch rogue."

P. 765. *Burnet.* "Lord Churchill (afterwards duke of Marlborough) was a man of a noble and graceful appearance, bred up in the court with no literature, but he had a solid and clear understanding, with a constant presence of mind. He knew the arts of living in a court better than any man in it. He caressed all people with a soft and obliging deportment, and was always ready to do good offices. He had no fortune to set up on. This put him on all the methods of acquiring one; and that went so far into him, that he did not shake it off when he was in a much higher elevation; nor was his expences suited enough to his posts; but when allowances are made for that, it must be acknowledged, that he is one of the greatest men the age has produced."—*Swift.* "A composition of perfidiousness and avarice."

Ibid. *Burnet,* still speaking of lord Churchill: "He was very doubtful of the pretended birth; so he resolved, when the prince should come over, to go in to

him, but to betray no post, nor any thing more than withdrawing himself with such officers as he could trust with such a secret."—*Swift.* "What could he do more to a mortal enemy?"

P. 772. *Burnet.* "The king of France thought himself tied by no peace, but that when he suspected his neighbours were intending to make war upon him, he might, upon such a suspicion, begin a war upon his part."—*Swift.* "The common maxim of princes."

P. 782. *Burnet.* "The morning the prince of Orange embarked for England, he took God to witness he went to that country with no other intentions but those he had set out in his Declaration."—*Swift.* "Then he was perjured, for he designed to get the crown, which he denied in the Declaration."

P. 783. *Burnet.* "After describing the storm which put back the prince of Orange's fleet, he observes, "In France and England they triumphed, believing it to be a *miracle*; we, on the contrary, looked upon it as a mark of God's great care to be delivered out of so great a storm."—*Swift.* "Then still it must be a *miracle*."

P. 785. *Burnet.* When matters were coming to a crisis at the Revolution, an order was sent to the bishop of Winchester to put the president of Magdalen college again into possession, but when the court heard the prince's fleet was blown back, the order was countermanded."—*Swift.* "The bishop of Winchester assured me otherwise."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "And now the Court thought it necessary, as an *after-game*, to offer some satisfaction on the point of the legitimacy of the prince

of

of Wales."—*Swift.* And this was the proper time."

P. 786. "The princess Anne was not present at the queen's delivery; she excused herself, thinking she was breeding, and all motion was forbidden her; but none believed this to be the true reason." —*Swift.* "I have reason to believe this to be true of the princess Anne."

P. 790. *Burnet.* "The prince of Orange's army staid a week at Exeter before any of the gentlemen of the county came into us. Every day some persons of condition came to us from other parts. The first were, the lord Colchester, the eldest son of the earl of Powis, and the lord Wharton."—*Swift.* "Famous for his cowardice in the rebellion."

P. 791. *Burnet.* "Soon after that prince George, the duke of Ormond, and the lord Drumlanerick, the duke of Queensbury's eldest son, left king James, and came over to the prince."—*Swift.* "Yet how has he been rewarded for this?"

P. 792. *Burnet.* "In a little while a small army was formed about the princess Anne, who chose to be commanded by the bishop of London, of which he too easily accepted."—*Swift.* "And why should he not?"

Ibid. *Burnet.* "A foolish ballad was made about this time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burthen said to be Irish words, 'Lero, Lero, Lillibulero,' that made an impression on the army that cannot well be imagined by those who saw it not." —*Swift.* They are not Irish words, but better than Scotch."

P. 796. *Burnet,* speaking of king James's first

attempt to leave the kingdom, says, "With this his reign ended, for it was a plain desertion of his people, and exposing the nation to the pillage of an army which he had ordered the earl of Feversham to disband."—*Swift.* "An abominable assertion, and false consequences."

P. 797. *Burnet.* "The incident of the king's being retaken at Feversham, gave rise to the party of Jacobites; for, if he had got clear away, he would not have had a party left, all would have agreed it was a desertion, and therefore the nation was free, and at liberty to secure itself; but what followed upon this gave them a colour to say, "he was forced away, and driven out."—*Swift.* "So he most certainly was, both now and afterwards."

P. 798. *Burnet.* "Jefferies, finding the king was gone, saw what reason he had to look to himself, and apprehending that he was now exposed to the rage of the people, whom he had provoked with a particular brutality, he had disguised himself to make his escape; but he fell into the hands of some who knew him, and was insulted by them with as much scorn and rudeness as they could invent. After many hours tossing him about, he was carried to the lord mayor, whom they charged to commit him to the Tower, which the lord Lucas had then seized, and in it had declared for the prince. The lord mayor was so struck with the terror of this rude populace, and with the disgrace of a man who had made all people tremble before him, that he fell into fits upon it, of which he died soon after."—*Swift.* "When Jefferies was committed to the Tower, he took to drinking strong liquors, which he occasionally

sionally did when in power, but now increased his habit most inordinately, with a view to put an end to his life, which it soon did."

P. 799. *Burnet.* "When I had the first account of king James's flight, I was affected with this dismal reverse of the fortune of a great prince more than I think fit to express."—*Swift.* "Or than I will believe."

P. 800. *Burnet,* speaking of the dilemma the prince of Orange was in about the king upon his being brought from Feversham, says, "It was thought necessary to stick to the point of the king's deserting his people, and not to give up that by entering into any treaty with him."—*Swift.* "Base and villainous!"

P. 803. *Burnet.* "Now that the prince was come, all the bodies about the town came to welcome him. The bishops came the next day (the archbishop of Canterbury excepted). The clergy of London came next. The city and a great many other bodies came likewise, and expressed a great deal of joy for the deliverance wrought for them by the prince's means. Old serjeant Maynard came with the men of the law. He was then near ninety, and yet he said the liveliest thing that was heard of on that occasion. The prince took notice of his great age, and said, 'that he had outlived all the men of the law of his time;' he answered, 'he had like to have outlived the law itself, if his highness had not come over."—*Swift.* "Maynard was an old rogue, for all that."

P. 805. *Burnet,* speaking of the first effects of the revolution upon the Presbyterians in Scotland, says, "They broke in upon the Episcopal clergy with

with great insolence and much cruelty; they tore their gowns, and drove them from their churches and houses."—*Swift.* "To reward them for which, king William abolished Episcopacy."

P. 805. *Burnet.* "The Episcopal party in Scotland saw themselves under a great cloud, so they resolved all to adhere to the earl of Dundee, who had served some years in Holland, and was a man of good parts, and some valuable virtues; but was proud and ambitious, and had taken a violent hatred to the whole Presbyterian party."—*Swift.* "He was the best man in Scotland."

P. 807. *Burnet.* "Those who were employed by Tyrconnel to deceive the prince, made an application to sir William Temple, who had a long and established credit with him."—*Swift.* "A lie of a Scot; for sir William Temple, to my knowledge, did not know Tyrconnel."

P. 811. *Burnet,* speaking of the various opinions then agitated relative to the settlement of the state —"Some were of opinion that king James had, by his ill administration of the government, brought himself into an incapacity of holding the exercise of the sovereign authority any more in his own hand: but, as in the case of *lunatics,* the right still remained in him, only the guardianship, or the exercise of it, was to be lodged with a *prince regent*; so that the right of sovereignty should be owned to remain still in the king, and that the exercise of it should be vested in the prince of Orange, as prince regent."—*Swift.* "A regency certainly was by much the best expedient."

P. 811. *Burnet.* "The third party was made up of those who thought there was an original contract between

between the king and the people of England, by which the kings were bound to defend their people, and govern them according to law; in lieu of which the people were bound to obey and serve the king." —*Swift.* "I am of this party, and yet I would have been for a regency."

P. 813. *Burnet.* "This scheme of a regency was both more illegal and more unsafe than the method they proposed. The law of England had settled the point of the subject's security in obeying the king in possession, by the statute of Henry VII. So every man knew he was safe under a king, and so would act with zeal and courage; but all such as should act under a *prince regent,* created by this convention, were upon a bottom that had not the necessary forms of law for it."—*Swift.* "There is something in this argument."

P. 816. *Burnet.* "It was proposed that the birth of the pretended prince might be examined into, and I was ordered to gather together all the presumptive proofs that were formerly mentioned: it is true these did not amount to a full and legal proof; yet they seemed to be such violent presumptions, that when they were all laid together, they were more convincing than plain and downright evidence, for that was liable to the suspicion of subornation, whereas the other seemed to carry on them very convincing characters of truth and conformity."—*Swift.* "Well said, bishop."

P. 817. *Burnet.* "Some people thought it would be a good security for the nation to have a dormant title to the crown lie as it were neglected, to oblige our princes to govern well, while they would apprehend the danger of a revolt to a pretender still in their

their eye."—*Swift.* "I think this was no ill design, yet it hath not succeeded in mending kings."

P. 819. *Burnet.* "The princess continued all the while in Holland, being shut in there by the East winds, and by the freezing of the rivers, so that she came not to England till the debates were over."—*Swift.* "Why was she sent for till the matter was agreed? This clearly shews the prince's original design was to be king, against what he professed in his Declaration."

P. 824. *Burnet.* "A pamphlet was published at this time (1689), which was laid thus: 'The prince had a just cause of making war on the king.' In that most of them agreed; in a just war, which is an appeal to God, success is considered as the decision of heaven: so the prince's success against king James gave him the right of conquest over him, and by it all his rights were transferred to the prince."—*Swift.* "The author wrote a paper to prove this. It was burnt by the hangman, and was a very foolish scheme."

P. 525. *Burnet* (second volume) speaking of the act for the general naturalization of protestants, and the opposition made against it by the high church, adds, "It was at last carried in the House of Commons by a great majority: but all those who appeared for this large and comprehensive way were reproached for their coldness and indifference in the concerns of the Church; and in that I had a large share."—*Swift.* "Dog!"

P. 526. *Burnet.* "The faction here found out proper instruments to set the same humour on foot in Ireland, during the last of Rochester's government, and, as was said, by his directions. So the clergy

clergy were making the same bold claims there that had raised such disputes amongst us."—*Swift.* "Dog! dog! dog!"

P. 580. *Burnet.* "*One Prior,* who had been Jersey's secretary, upon his death was employed to prosecute that peace which his principal did not live to finish. Prior had been taken a boy out of a tavern by the earl of Dorset, who accidentally found him reading Horace, and he being very generous, gave him an education in literature."—*Swift.* "Malice!"

P. 581. *Burnet.* "Many mercenary pens were set at work to justify our proceedings, and to defame our allies, more particularly the Dutch. This was done with much art, but *with no regard to truth,* in a pamphlet entitled 'The Conduct of the Allies, and of the late Ministry'."—*Swift.* "*It was all true.*"

P. 582. *Burnet.* "The Jacobites did with the greater joy entertain this prospect of peace, because the dauphin had, in a visit to St. Germaine, congratulated that court upon it, which made them conclude it was to have a happy effect with relation to the pretender's affairs."—*Swift.* "The queen hated and despised the pretender, to my knowledge."

P. 583. *Burnet.* "In a conference I had with the queen on the subject of peace, 'she hoped bishops would not be against peace.' I said, a good peace was what we prayed for; but any treaty by which Spain and the West Indies were left to king Philip, must in a little time deliver all Europe into the hands of France; and if any such peace could be made, she was betrayed, and we were all ruined; in less than three years time she would be murdered, and

and the fires would again be raised in Smithfield."—*Swift.* "A false prophet in every particular."

P. 589. *Burnet.* "The queen having sent a message to the lords to adjourn, it was debated that the queen could not send a message to any one house to adjourn, when the like message was not sent to both houses. The pleasure of the prince in convening, dissolving, proroguing, or ordering the adjournment of parliament, was always directed to both houses; but never to one house, without the same intimation being given to the other."—*Swift.* "Modern nonsense."

P. 591. *Burnet.* "The House of Commons after their recess entered on the observations of the commissioners for taking the public accounts, and began with Walpole (sir Robert Walpole), whom they resolved to put out of the way of disturbing them in the house. The thing laid to his charge stood thus: after he, as secretary at war, had contracted with some for forage to the horse that lay in Scotland, he, finding that the two persons who had contracted for it made some gain by it, named a friend of his own as a third person, that he might have a share in the gain; but the other two had no mind to let him in to know the secret of their management, so they offered him *five hundred pounds* for his share; he accepted it, and the money was remitted. But they not knowing his address, directed their bill to Walpole, who endorsed it, and the person concerned received the money. This transaction was found out, and Walpole was charged with it as a bribe that he had taken for his own use for making the contract. Both the persons that remitted the money and he who received

ceived it were examined, and affirmed that Walpole was neither directly or indirectly concerned in the matter; but the house insisted upon his having endorsed the bill, and not only voted this a corruption, but sent him to the Tower, and expelled him the House."—*Swift.* "Walpole began early, and has been thriving in this business *twenty-seven years* up to January 1739."

P. 609. *Burnet.* "A new set of addresses ran about. Some mentioned the Protestant succession and the house of Hanover with zeal, others more coldly, and some made no mention at all of it; and it was universally believed that no addresses were so acceptable to the minister as those of *the last sort.*" —*Swift.* "Foolish and factious."

P. 610. *Burnet.* "The duke of Ormond had given the States such assurances of his going along with them through the whole campaign, that he was let into the secrets of all their councils, which by that confidence were all known to the French; and if the auxiliary German troops had not been prepared to disobey his orders, it was believed he, in conjunction with the French army, would have forced the States to come into the new measures; but that was happily prevented."—*Swift.* "Vile Scotch dog! how does he dare to touch Ormond's honour so falsely?"

P. 669. *Burnet,* speaking of the progress of his own life, says, 'The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate'."—*Swift.* "Not so soon with the wine of some elections."

Here end the remarks on Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times; but opposite to the title page of "The

"The Life of the Author, by Thomas Burnet, Esq." and in the Life, are the following remarks:

Opposite the title page.—*Swift.* "A rude violent party-business."

In the Life, p. 722. *Thomas Burnet.* "The character I have given of his wives will scarce make it an addition to his character that he was a most affectionate husband. His tender care of the *first*, during a course of sickness that lasted for many years, and *his fond love of the other two*, and the deep concern he expressed for their loss, were no more than their just due from one of his humanity, gratitude, and discernment."—*Swift.* "What! only three wives!"

P. 723. *Thomas Burnet.* "The bishop was a kind and bountiful master to his servants, whom he never changed but with regret, and through necessity; friendly and obliging to all in employment under him, and peculiarly happy in the choice of them; particularly in that of the steward to the bishoprick and his courts, William Wastefield, esq. (a gentleman of a plentiful fortune at the time of his accepting this post), and in that of his domestic steward, Mr. *Macknay.*"—*Swift.* "A Scot; his own countryman."

DR. PARNELL TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1713.

URG'D by the warmth of Friendship's sacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame;
By all those offsprings of thy learned mind,
In judgment solid, as in wit refin'd,
Resolv'd, I sing; tho' labouring up the way
To reach my theme; O SWIFT, accept my lay.
Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Thro' Contemplation's airy fields I rove;
Where powerful Fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter sky;
Fresh paints the meadows, bids green shades ascend,
Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend;
Then fills its landscape thro' the varied parts
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts:
Superior forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more serenely fair.
Of these two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame,
Ye Future times, I heard the silver sound!
I saw the Graces form a circle round!
Each, where she fix'd, attentive seem'd to root,
And all, but Eloquence herself, was mute.
High, o'er the rest, I see the Goddess rise,
Loose to the breeze her upper garment flies:
By turns, within her eyes the Passions burn,
And softer Passions languish in their turn:
Upon her tongue Persuasion, or Command;
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.

From

From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day.
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the listening audience to admire,
How strong thy flight, how large thy grasp of thought,
How just thy schemes, how regularly wrought;
How sure you wound when ironies deride,
Which must be seen, and feign to turn aside.
'Twas thus, exploring, she rejoic'd to see
Her brightest features drawn so near by thee:
" Then here, she cries, let future ages dwell,
" And learn to copy where they can't excel."
She spake. Applause attended on the close:
Then Poesy, her sister-art, arose;
Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,
Not made so much for bus'ness, more to please,
Upon her cheek sits Beauty, ever young;
The soul of Music warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleasing ardour glows,
And from her heart the sweetest temper flows;
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air;
She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And, from the spheres, she takes a pitch to sing:
" Thrice happy Genius his, whose Works have hit
" The lucky point of bus'ness and of wit!
" They seem like showers, which April months prepare
" To call their flowery glories up to air:
" The drops, descending, take the painted bow,
" And dress with sunshine, while for good they flow.
" To me retiring oft, he finds relief
" In slowly-wasting care, and biting grief:
" From me retreating oft, he gives to view
" What eases care and grief in others too.

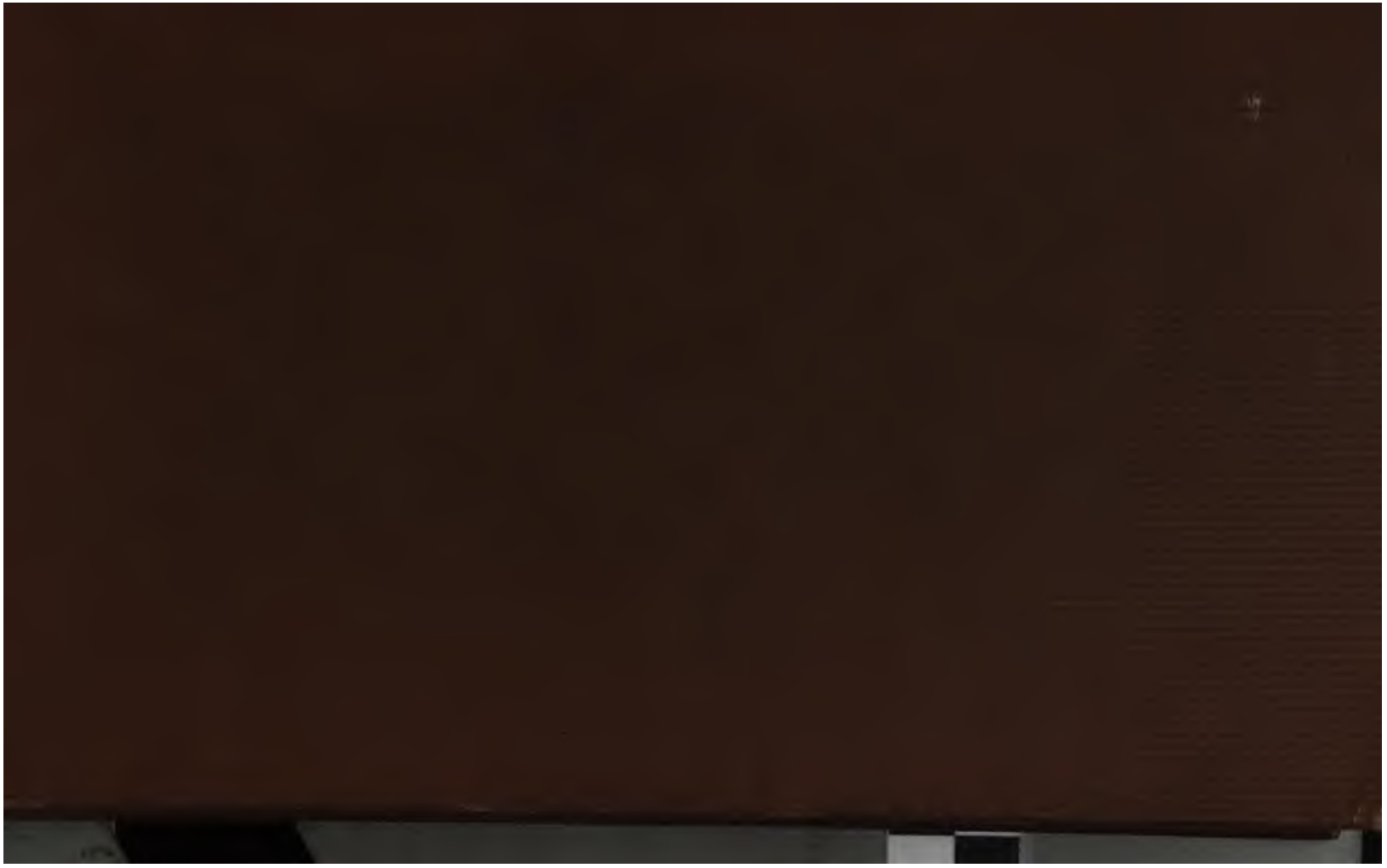
" Ye

" Ye fondly grave, be wise enough to know,
" *Life ne'er unbent were but a life of woe.*
" Some full in stretch for greatness, some for gain,
" On his own rack each puts himself to pain.
" I'll gently steal you from your toils away,
" Where balmy winds with scents ambrosial play;
" Where, on the banks as crystal rivers flow,
" They teach immortal amaranths to grow:
" Then from the mild indulgence of the scene,
" Restore your tempers strong for toils again."
She ceas'd: soft music trembled in the wind,
And sweet delight diffus'd through every mind:
The little Smiles, which still the Goddess grace,
Sportive arose, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bless)
A gentle band their eager joys express:
Here Friendship asks, and love of merit longs
To hear the Goddesses renew their songs;
Here great Benevolence to man is pleas'd;
These own their SWIFT, and grateful hear him prais'd.
You, gentle band, you well may bear your part,
You reign superior Graces in his heart.
O SWIFT! if fame be life (as well we know
That Bards and Heroes have esteem'd it so),
Thou canst not wholly die; thy Works will shine
To future times, and Life in Fame be thine.

CHARACTER OF SWIFT:

BY MR. GRANGER.

JONATHAN SWIFT was blessed, in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries, with the powers of a creative genius. The more we dwell upon the character and writings of this great man, the more they improve upon us: in whatever light we view him, he still appears to be an original. His wit, his humour, his patriotism, his charity, and even his piety, were of a different cast from those of other men. He had, in his virtues, few equals; and, in his talents, no superior. In that of humour, and more especially in irony, he ever was, and probably ever will be, unrivalled. He did the highest honour to his country by his parts; and was a great blessing to it by the vigilance and activity of his public spirit. His style, which generally consists of the most naked and simple terms, is strong, clear, and expressive; familiar, without vulgarity or meanness; and beautiful, without affectation or ornament. He is sometimes licentious in his satire; and transgresses the bounds of delicacy and purity. He, in the latter part of his life, availed himself of the privilege of his great wit, *to trifle:* but when, in this instance, we deplore the misapplication of such wonderful abilities, we, at the same time, admire the whims, if not the dotages, of a Swift. He was, perhaps, the only Clergyman of his time who had a thorough knowledge of men and manners. His "Tale of a Tub," his "Gulliver's Travels," and his "Drapier's Letters," are the most considerable of his prose works; and his "Legion Club," his "Cadenus and Vanessa," and his "Rhapsody on Poetry," are at the head of his poetical performances. His writings, in general, are regarded as standing models of our language, as well as perpetual monuments of their Author's fame.

END OF VOL. XVII.

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